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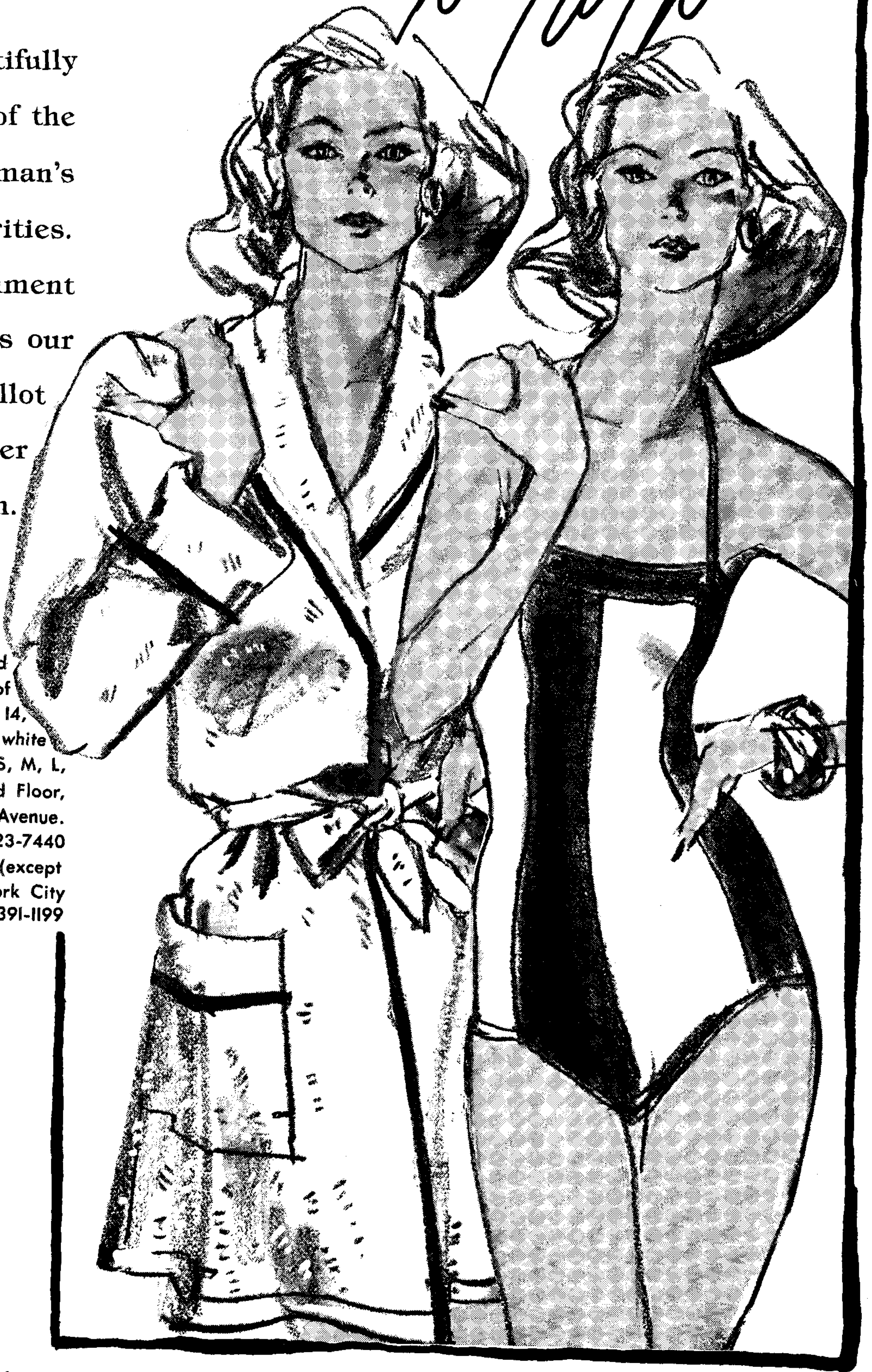

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
			22	23	24	25
26	27	28	29	30	31	1

THE THEATRE

(This week and next, some theatres, as indicated below, are rearranging their schedules because of Christmas and New Year's Day. There may be further changes, so it would be wise to check with the newspapers before making plans.)

PLAYS AND MUSICALS

Agnes of God—A distinctly flaky young nun has given birth to a baby, whose body is subsequently found in a wastepaper basket in her convent room. The nun maintains that God is the father of the child, and the Mother Superior of the convent is inclined to agree with her, but a court-appointed psychiatrist (herself a lapsed Catholic) has other notions. More of a debate than a play, but brilliantly enacted by Elizabeth Ashley, Geraldine Page, and Amanda Plummer. The author is John Pielmeier. (Reviewed in our issue of 4/12/82.) (Music Box, 239 W. 45th St. 246-4636. Wednesday, Dec. 22, at 2 and 8; Thursday, Dec. 23, at 8; Christmas at 2 and 8; Sunday, Dec. 26, at 3 and 7:30; Monday, Dec. 27, at 8; Tuesday, Dec. 28, at 3 and 8; Wednesday, Dec. 29, at 2 and 8; and Thursday through Saturday, Dec. 30-Jan. 1, at 8.)

Alice in Wonderland—An adaptation by Eva Le Gallienne and Florida Friebus of the Lewis Carroll classic, with Kate Burton in the title role. The direction is by John Strasberg and Miss Le Gallienne, who also appears as the White Queen. Previews Wednesday, Dec. 22. Opens officially on Thursday, Dec. 23. (Virginia, 245 W. 52nd St. 977-9370. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8; opening-night curtain at 6:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Breakfast with Les and Bess—Lee Kalcheim's relentlessly jokey and rather disagreeable comedy, set in 1961, about a husband-and-wife team who broadcast daily over WOR while their personal lives collapse into smithereens. The jokes, bright or brutal, are delivered with precision by the company, under Barnet Kellman's direction. Reopens Wednesday, Dec. 29, and will run through Sunday, Jan. 9. (Hudson Guild Theatre, 441 W. 26th St. 760-9810. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)

The Butter and Egg Man—A revival of the 1925 George S. Kaufman play. (Manhattan Punch Line, 410 W. 42nd St. 279-4200. Monday through Wednesday, Dec. 27-29, and New Year's Eve at 8; and Saturday, Jan. 1, at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Cats—Some twenty poems about cats by T. S. Eliot, set to music by Andrew Lloyd Webber. A mighty spectacle about mighty little, owing its effectiveness to Trevor Nunn's direction and to the sets and costumes by John Napier. (10/18/82) (Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. 239-6222. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Circle Repertory Company—A play by Michael Cristofer, **black angel**, is the second in this season's series. With Tom Aldredge, Jonathan Bolt, Mary McDonnell, and Josef Sommer. (Circle Repertory Company Theatre, 99 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. 924-7100. Tuesdays through Saturdays, except Christmas, at 8, and Sundays at 7. Matinées Saturdays, except Christmas, at 2, and Sundays at 3; special matinée Wednesday, Dec. 22, at 2. Closes Sunday, Jan. 9.)

Do Lord Remember Me—James de Jongh has made his tense, dramatic play from reminiscences of former slaves who were still alive in the nineteen-thirties. The performances—the acting, singing, and dancing—under Regge Life's direction are often humorous and always moving. With Frances Foster, Glynn Turman, Ebony Jo-Ann, Charles H. Patterson, and Lou Myers. Reopens Wednesday, Dec. 29. (11/8/82) (American Place, 111 W. 46th St. 247-0393. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Thursdays and Sundays at 3.)

84 Charing Cross Road—Ellen Burstyn and Joseph Maher, along with a small, able cast of minor characters, bring a certain measure of life to what is little more than a recital of letters posted back and forth across the Atlantic. The correspondents are a failed playwright in New York and a London dealer in secondhand books. (12/20/82) (Nederlander, 208 W. 41st St. 921-8000. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Extremities—Susan Sarandon in a play by William Mastrosimone. Opens Wednesday, Dec. 22. (Westside Arts, 407 W. 43rd St. 541-8394. Opening-night curtain at 6:45; thereafter, Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3; special matinée Wednesday, Dec. 29, at 2.)

Foxfire—In the Blue Ridge Mountains of northern Georgia, an elderly widow and the exceptionally lively ghost of her husband talk about their life together, their children, and the fate of the farm to which they came in the promise of youth. Jessica Tandy and Hume Cronyn are superb as the widow and ghost. (11/22/82) (Ethel Barrymore, 243 W. 47th St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays, except Christmas, at 2, and Sundays at 3. Special performances Sunday, Dec. 26, at 7:30, and Monday, Dec. 27, at 8.)

Geniuses—Jonathan Reynolds, a gifted playwright, has written an annoying, campy comedy about some movie people on location near Manila during a typhoon. (5/24/82) (Douglas Fairbanks Theatre, 432 W. 42nd St. 279-4200. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Good—A first-rate play in a first-rate production by the Royal Shakespeare Company. The author is C. P. Taylor and his subject is the rise of Hitlerism as reflected in the lives of two close friends, one a German who is Christian and the other a German who is Jewish. Alan Howard and Gary Waldhorn play the two friends superbly. The director is Howard Davies. Not to be missed. (10/25/82) (Booth, 222 W. 45th St. 239-6200. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays, except Christmas, at 2.)

Greater Tuna—Joe Sears and Jaston Williams, a

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The New Yorker (ISSN 0028-792X), published weekly by The New Yorker Magazine, Inc., 25 W. 43rd St., N.Y., N.Y. 10036; Peter F. Fleischmann, chairman; George J. Green, president; J. Kennard Bosee, vice-president & treasurer; Milton Greenstein, Sam R. Spoto, vice-presidents; Elaine M. Matteo, secretary; Robert F. Young, advertising director. Branch advertising offices: 111 East Wacker Drive, Chicago, Ill. 60601; 155 Montgomery St., San Francisco, Calif. 94104; Suite 2360, 5900 Wilshire Blvd., Los Angeles, Calif. 90036; 1175 Peachtree St. N. E., Atlanta, Ga. 30361; 67½ Chestnut St., Boston, Mass. 02108; 21 Grosvenor St., London, W1X 0ED. Vol. LVIII, No. 45, December 27, 1982. Second-class postage paid at New York, N.Y., and at additional mailing offices. Authorized as second-class mail by the Post Office Department, Ottawa, Canada, and for payment of postage in cash. © 1982 by The New Yorker Magazine, Inc., in the United States and Canada. All rights reserved. No part of this periodical may be reproduced without the consent of The New Yorker. Printed in U.S.A. Subscription rates: In U.S. and possessions, one year, $28.00; two years, $46.00. In Canada, one year, $34.00. Other foreign, $40.00. POSTMASTER: Send address changes to The New Yorker, 25 W. 43rd St., New York, N.Y. 10036.

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

pair of nimble, clever actors, portray twenty citizens (m. and f.) of the third-smallest town in Texas, in a play that is as broad as a cartoon but is also sharp and satiric and frequently funny. It was written by Mr. Williams, Mr. Sears, and their director, Ed Howard. (11/1/82) (Circle in the Square Downtown, 159 Bleecker St. 254-6330. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

HAMLET—A harmless curiosity, which has an actress named Diane Venora in the title role. (12/13/82) (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 598-7150. Nightly, except Mondays, Christmas Eve, and Christmas, at 7.)

THE HOLLY AND THE IVY—An English domestic play that all but stifles in its own gentility. The late Wynyard Browne was the dramatist. Staged by Lindsay Anderson. (11/29/82) (Susan Bloch Theatre, 307 W. 26th St. 242-7800. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2.)

LIGHT OPERA OF MANHATTAN—Victor Herbert's **BABES IN TOYLAND:** Wednesday and Thursday, Dec. 22-23, at 2 and 7:30; Friday, Dec. 24, at 2; Sunday, Dec. 26, at 2 and 6:30; Tuesday and Wednesday, Dec. 28-29, at 2 and 7:30; and Thursday, Dec. 30, at 2. . . . ¶ Gilbert and Sullivan's **H.M.S. PINAFORE:** New Year's Eve at 8:30. (Eastside, 334 E. 74th St. 861-2288.)

A LITTLE FAMILY BUSINESS—Poor Angela Lansbury and John McMartin trapped in a mirthless comedy. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Martin Beck, 302 W. 45th St. 246-6363. Nightly, except Sundays and Christmas Eve, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2; special matinée Sunday, Dec. 26, at 3.)

LITTLE SHOP OF HORRORS—Based on Roger Corman's 1960 horror quickie about a man-eating plant, this exuberant, jokey musical is untainted by camp. *The spirited, tuneful* rock score is by Alan Menken, and Howard Ashman wrote the witty book and witty lyrics; the singing and comic acting by the entire company is a credit to Mr. Ashman, the inventive director. Martin P. Robinson designed and manipulates the menacing plant, and it speaks and sings in the menacing baritone of Ron Taylor. With Lee Wilkof as the apprentice florist who discovers and nurtures it, and Ellen Greene as the lady he loves. (9/27/82) (Orpheum, 126 Second Ave, at 8th St. 477-2477. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3; special matinée Wednesday, Dec. 29.)

MASTER HAROLD . . . AND THE BOYS—The theme of this short, elegantly written melodrama is the desolation of failed relations, whether in the family or out in the world. The scene is South Africa. The author, Athol Fugard, has directed his superb cast with appropriate energy. With James Earl Jones. (5/17/82) (Lyceum, 149 W. 45th St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays, except Christmas Eve, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays, except Christmas, at 2, and Sundays at 3. Special performance Sunday, Dec. 26, at 8.)

MR. DICKENS' CHRISTMAS CAROL—A comic adaptation by Orson Bean, in which he plays Scrooge. (Perry Street Theatre, 31 Perry St. 255-9186. Wednesday, Dec. 22, at noon and 8; Thursday, Dec. 23, at 3 and 8; Christmas at 5 and 8; and Sunday through Saturday, Dec. 26-Jan. 1, at 3 and 8.)

MONDAY AFTER THE MIRACLE—William Gibson wrestles for a second time (the first time was "The Miracle Worker") with the lives of Helen Keller and her teacher-companion, Annie Sullivan. A brave try and occasionally something more than a try. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Eugene O'Neill, 230 W. 49th St. 246-0220. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

NINE—A musical version of Fellini's "8½," with charming music and lyrics by Maury Yeston, a stunning set by Lawrence Miller, and sensationally attractive costumes by William Ivey Long, but the book (credited to *Arthur Kopit) is an embarrassing anti-feminist* tract. Raul Julia is the star—one man surrounded by an army of hard-breathing women. (5/24/82) (46th Street Theatre, 226 W. 46th St. 246-0246. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

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PLENTY—The fascinating heroine of this play by the English dramatist David Hare is a woman who, after her experiences with the French underground during the Second *World War, conducts her own private war* against every aspect of English life. Most of Mr. Hare's post-John Osborne targets are familiar by now, but his characters and scenes and lines are original and strong, and the performances, under his direction, are first-rate. Kate Nelligan is his driven heroine and Edward Herrmann is her stalwart, victimized husband; among the supporting actors are Ellen Parker, Daniel Gerroll, and George Martin. A recent offering downtown, the play will reopen uptown on Tuesday, Dec. 28. (Plymouth, 236 W. 45th St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

PRESENT LAUGHTER—A better play than it has the reputation for being, this autobiographical work by Noël Coward—a case of Coward mocking Coward with the witty malice he was famous for—has been turned into a slapstick farce by George C. Scott, its director and star. *The rest of the cast is more cowed* than Cowardly. (7/26/82) (Circle in the Square, Broadway at 50th St. 581-0720. Tuesdays through Saturdays, except Christmas, at 8. Matinées Saturdays at 2 and Sundays at 3. Special performances Sunday, Dec. 26, at 8, and Wednesday, Dec. 29, at 2. Closes Sunday, Jan. 2.)

THE SHOWGIRL—Mary Soreanu in a Yiddish musical, with an English narration. (Town Hall, 123 W. 43rd St. 840-2824. Wednesdays at 8 and Saturdays at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Thursdays at 2, and Sundays at 2 and 5:30.)

SNOOPY—*David Garrison in a musical based on* Charles M. Schulz's comic strip, "Peanuts." The music is by Larry Grossman, the lyrics by Hal Hackady, and the book by Warren Lockhart, Arthur Whitelaw, and Michael L. Grace. (Lambs Theatre, 130 W. 44th St. 997-1780. Tuesdays through Saturdays, except Christmas Eve, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays, except Christmas, at 2, and Sundays at 3. Special performance Sunday, Dec. 26, at 7.)

STEAMING—The British novelist Nell Dunn has written a play about six women sitting around in a Turkish bath in London; there they take off their clothes and talk about their troubles, which mainly concern men. (12/20/82) (Brooks Atkinson, 256 W. 47th St. 245-3430. Weeknights, except Christmas, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays, except Dec. 22, and Saturdays at 2. Special performances Sunday, Dec. 26, at 3 and 7:30.)

THE THREE SISTERS—Chekhov's play, in a new English version by Jean-Claude van Itallie. With Mia Dillon, Lisa Banes, and Dianne Wiest. (Manhattan Theatre Club, 321 E. 73rd St. 472-0600. Nightly, except Mondays and Christmas Eve, at 8. Matinées Saturdays, except Christmas, and Sundays at 2:30. Closes Sunday, Jan. 9.)

TRUE WEST—Sam Shepard's comedy about two rival brothers in California, which was given an unsatisfactory production last year, has now been transformed by the superb clowning of John Malkovich and Gary Sinise, of Chicago. Mr. Sinise was the admirable director. (11/29/82) (Cherry Lane, 38 Commerce St. 989-2020. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

TWICE AROUND THE PARK—Anne Jackson and Eli Wallach make a couple of one-act plays by Murray Schisgal bearable if not always risible by dint of artful acting and much energy. The title doesn't mean a thing. (11/15/82) (Cort, 138 W. 48th St. 239-6200. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

WHODUNNIT—A play by Anthony Shaffer, first seen in London as "The Case of the Oily Levantine." Directed by Michael Kahn, the cast includes George Hearn, Hermione Baddeley, and Fred Gwynne. Previews through Wednesday, Dec. 29. Opens officially on Thursday, Dec. 30. (Biltmore, 261 W. 47th St. 582-5340. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8; opening-night curtain at 6:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

YELLOW FEVER—Donald Li in a mystery-comedy by R. A. Shiomi. (28th Street Playhouse, 120 W. 28th St. 255-7293. Tuesdays through Saturdays, except *Christmas Eve and Christmas*, at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays, except Christmas, and Sundays at 3.)

LONG RUNS—**AMADEUS:** We are at the court of Joseph II, in Vienna, in the eighteenth century, and the court composer Salieri is engaged in killing off his upstart rival, Mozart, either by actual poison or by denigration. A sumptuously staged melodrama by Peter Shaffer, with David Dukes, John Pankow, and Suzanne Lederer heading the large cast. (Broadhurst, 235 W. 44th St. 239-6200. Wednesdays through Fridays at 8, and Saturdays at 6:45. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2. Special performance Monday, Dec. 27, at 8.) . . . **ANNIE:** Daddy Warbucks is transformed into a benign New Dealer and Little Orphan Annie is not very waiflike in this pleasant but uninspired musical. (Uris, 51st St. west of Broadway. 586-6510. Wednesday, Dec. 22, at 2 and 8; Thursday, Dec. 23, at 8; Friday, Dec. 24, at 3; Christmas at 6:45; Sunday, Dec. 26, at 2 and 6:45; Tuesday, Dec. 28, at 8; Wednesday and Thursday, Dec. 29-30, at 2 and 8; Friday and Saturday, Dec. 31-Jan. 1, at 8; and final performance Sunday, Jan. 2, at 3.) . . . **A CHORUS LINE:** A group of young dancers audition for a handful of chorus jobs in a show not yet in rehearsal, and by the time the evening is over we know everything about all of them. (Shubert, 225 W. 44th St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays, except Christmas, at 2; and Sundays at 3. Special performances Sunday, Dec. 26, at 7:30, and Monday, Dec. 27, at 8.) . . . **CLOUD 9:** Caryl Churchill's comedy about the "confusion" of sexuality—first in a British outpost in Africa in 1880 and then in a park in London in 1980—is a bright and original work that adds a measure of confusion all its own. It is very well performed under Tommy Tune's brilliant direction. (Lucille Lortel Theatre, 121 Christopher St. 924-8782. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **CRIMES OF THE HEART:** In a small town in Mississippi, a number of terrible things happen, but the author, Beth Henley, makes nearly all of them appear very funny indeed. (Golden, 252 W. 45th St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sun-

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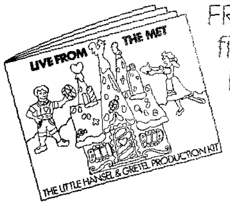
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ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

days at 3. Special performance Monday, Dec. 27, at 8.) . . . **THE DINING ROOM:** The action of A. R. Gurney, Jr.,'s delightful play takes place over the past fifty years or so, in a formal dining room somewhere in New England, and this action is a matter of brief scenes about a large assortment of characters who are portrayed by six nimble, accomplished actors. David Trainer was the good director. (Astor Place Theatre, 434 Lafayette St., near Astor Pl. 254-4370. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **DREAMGIRLS:** Traditional musical-comedy hokum, directed and choreographed by Michael Bennett at his usual frantic pace. The enormous cast is young, tireless, and talented. (Imperial, 249 W. 45th St. 239-6200. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **EVITA:** A sung version of the life of Eva Perón, with Loni Ackerman, Anthony Crivello, and David Cryer. Nancy Opel substitutes for Miss Ackerman at the Wednesday and Saturday matinée performances. (Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays, except Christmas Eve, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3. Special performances Sunday, Dec. 26, at 7:30, and Monday, Dec. 27, at 8.) . . . **THE FANTASTICKS:** 9,424 performances so far. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. 674-3838. Tuesdays through Thursdays, and Christmas Eve, at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3. Special performances New Year's Eve at 6 and 9.) . . . **42ND STREET:** A musical based on the old Warner Brothers movie and by no means an improvement on it. Directed and choreographed by the late Gower Champion. (Majestic, 245 W. 44th St. 246-0730. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **JOSEPH AND THE AMAZING TECHNICOLOR DREAMCOAT:** Andy Gibb heads the cast of a musical derived from the Old Testament story. Andrew Lloyd Webber composed the score and Tim Rice wrote the lyrics. (Royale, 242 W. 45th St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays, except Christmas Eve, at 8:15. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3. Special performances Sunday, Dec. 26, at 6:30, and Monday, Dec. 27, at 8:15.) . . . **OH! CALCUTTA!:** A collection of short sketches that purport to give us a refreshing view of sex and do not. (Edison, 240 W. 47th St. 757-7164. Mondays through Wednesdays, and Fridays, at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 9:30; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3. Special performances Wednesday, Dec. 29, at 2, and Thursday, Dec. 30, at 8.) . . . **ONE MO' TIME:** A sunny salute to the good old days of black vaudeville, in good old N'Orleans. Vernel Bagneris is the clever inventor of this oddity. Dick Vance plays trumpet in the accompanying jazz band. (Village Gate, 160 Bleecker St. 473-7270. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **PUMP BOYS AND DINETTES:** A thoroughly engaging and spirited little cabaret musical, set in a gas station with diner attached, somewhere in the South. Most of the appealing songs were written by Jim Wann or by his wife, Cass Morgan. (Princess, Broadway at 48th St. 586-3903. Nightly, except Sundays and Christmas Eve, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays, except New Year's Day, at 2. Special performances Sunday, Dec. 26, at 3 and 7, and Friday, Dec. 31, at 3.) . . . **SISTER MARY IGNATIUS EXPLAINS IT ALL FOR YOU** and **THE ACTOR'S NIGHTMARE:** "Sister Ignatius," the second of Christopher Durang's brace of one-acters, is a scathing satire on Catholic education: a crazy nun verbally molests her small pupils until she is given her comeuppance by four visiting alumni. With Nancy Marchand. In the curtain-raiser, "The Actor's Nightmare," a businessman dreams that he is on a stage and forced to perform, giving rise to a cluster of shrewd parodies of respected playwrights. (Westside Arts, 407 W. 43rd St. 541-8394. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **A SOLDIER'S PLAY:** The Negro Ensemble Company production of Charles Fuller's gripping drama about an investigation into the shooting of a black sergeant at an Army camp in Louisiana in 1944. The performances by all members of the company are excellent, under Douglas Turner Ward's direction. (Theatre Four, 424 W. 55th St. 246-8545. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 8:30; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Saturdays at 3 and Sundays at 2:30. Closes Sunday, Jan. 2.) . . . **SOPHISTICATED LADIES:** A stunning potpourri of Duke Ellington numbers, affording us again and again a welcome shock of recognition. The cast, headed by Maurice Hines, sings and dances with extraordinary energy; few musicals have ever moved so swiftly from a confident start to a no less confident finish. (Lunt-Fontanne, 205 W. 46th St. 586-5555. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **TORCH SONG TRILOGY:** Three plays —humorous, sad, sentimental, and witty— by and starring Harvey Fierstein, as a Jewish homosexual hustler and drag queen. Richard DeFabees substitutes for Mr. Fierstein at the matinée performances. (Little Theatre, 240 W. 44th St. 944-9450. Weeknights, except Christmas Eve, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays, except New Year's Day, at 2. Special performances Sunday, Dec. 26, at 2 and 7:30, and Tuesday, Dec. 28, at 2.) . . . **WOMAN OF THE YEAR:** Raquel Welch heads the cast of this musical-comedy version of the old Hepburn-Tracy movie. The clever songs are by Kander and Ebb, and the direction is by Robert Moore. (Palace, Broadway at 47th St. 757-2626. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

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MISCELLANY

FORBIDDEN BROADWAY—A musical satire of Shubert Alley denizens. The lyrics to the song parodies are by Gerard Alessandrini. (Palsson's Upstairs, 158 W. 72nd St. 595-7400. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 9; Fridays and Saturdays, except Christmas Eve and Christmas, at 9 and midnight; and Sundays at 9.)

MARTIN CHARNIN'S UPSTAIRS AT O'NEALS'—A lively little revue with a young cast of six, whose ranks may or may not include a future Chita Rivera or Joel Grey. (O'Neals', 147 W. 43rd St. 382-1614. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 8 and 10:30; Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 8 and 10:30; Sunday, Dec. 26, at 7; and Monday, Dec. 27, at 8. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

45 TEHERAN 45
M. IAN

NEW YORK GILBERT AND SULLIVAN PLAYERS—Presenting the first two of nine performances of "Iolanthe." (Symphony Space, Broadway at 95th St. Friday and Saturday, Dec. 31-Jan. 1, at 8. For information about tickets, call 724-9159.)

RADIO CITY MUSIC HALL—The annual Christmas show. (Radio City Music Hall, Sixth Ave. at 50th St. 246-4600. Wednesday and Thursday, Dec. 22-23, at 11 and 2:30; Friday, Dec. 24, at 2:30; Christmas at 2:30 and 7:30; Sunday, Dec. 26, at 12:30, 4, and 7:30; Monday through Thursday, Dec. 27-30, at 11, 2:30, and 7:30; Friday, Dec. 31, at 11 and 2:30; and New Year's Day at 2:30 and 7:30. Through Thursday, Jan. 6.)

BIG APPLE CIRCUS—A one-ring circus in a heated tent. (Damrosch Park, Lincoln Center. Wednesday, Dec. 22, at 11 and 7:30; Thursday, Dec. 23, at 4 and 7:30; Saturday through Thursday, Dec. 25-30, at 1 and 4; Friday, Dec. 31, at 1 and 8; and final performances Saturday and Sunday, Jan. 1-2, at 1 and 4. For information about tickets, call 860-7320.)

DANCE

NEW YORK CITY BALLET—Performances of "The Nutcracker" are being presented through Sunday, Jan. 2. (New York State Theatre, Lincoln Center. 870-5570. Wednesday and Thursday, Dec. 22-23, at 6; Friday, Dec. 24, and Sunday, Dec. 26, at 1 and 5; Monday through Thursday, Dec. 27-30, at 6; and Friday, Dec. 31, at 2 and 8. Through Sunday, Feb. 20.)

JOFFREY BALLET—Opening performances of a four-week engagement that will run through Sunday, Jan. 16—Wednesday and Thursday, Dec. 22-23, at 8, and Friday, Dec. 24, and Sunday, Dec. 26, at 2: "The Taming of the Shrew." . . . ¶ Tuesday, Dec. 28, at 8: "Light Rain," "Night," "Return to the Strange Land," and "Trinity." . . . ¶ Wednesday, Dec. 29, at 8: "Suite Saint-Saëns," "L'Après-Midi d'un Faune," "Return to the Strange Land," and "Cakewalk." . . . ¶ Thursday, Dec. 30, at 8: "Suite Saint-Saëns," "Fire" (première), and "Cakewalk." . . . ¶ Friday, Dec. 31, at 2: "Les Patineurs," "Random Dances," and "Cakewalk." . . . ¶ Friday, Dec. 31, at 8: "Light Rain," "Deuce Coupe II," "Fire," and "Trinity." (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. 246-8989.)

PAUL SANASARDO DANCE COMPANY—"Shadows," "Metallics," "Abandoned Prayer," and "The Abiding Void." (New York University Theatre, 35 W. 4th St. 989-6070. Wednesday and Thursday, Dec. 22-23, at 8.)

NIGHT LIFE

(A highly arbitrary listing, in which bold-face type is used to pick out a few of the more notable performers in town. . . . ¶ Musicians and night-club proprietors live complicated lives that are subject to last-minute change; it is therefore always advisable to call ahead.)

ANGRY SQUIRE, 216 Seventh Ave., at 23rd St. (242-9066)—A long, narrow nautical bar and restaurant that's been a Chelsea fixture for years. Friday and Saturday, Dec. 31-Jan. 1, **JAKI BYARD,** the simultaneously free and stride pianist, will guide a trio. Sets at ten, eleven-thirty, and one. No music Christmas Eve and Christmas.

BLUE NOTE, 131 W. 3rd St., near Sixth Ave. (475-8592)—According to the barman, there've been scads of clubs at this address, going all the way back to speakeasy days. Guitarist **KENNY BURRELL** and his trio are present Wednesday through Sunday, Dec. 22-26, and Tuesday through Thursday, Dec. 28-30; Monday, Dec. 27, jazz-showcase night, will be claimed by Dave Ades and Stephanie Crawford; and on Friday, Dec. 31, longtime tenor-sax amigos **AL COHN** and **ZOOT SIMS** will begin a nine-night visit. There are usually three sets, beginning at nine-thirty.

BOTTOM LINE, 15 W. 4th St., at Mercer St. (228-6300)—The roster: Wednesday, Dec. 22, Roomful of Blues; Sunday, Dec. 26, Robinson's Mysteries (at eight); Tuesday, Dec. 28, Leslie West, Corky Laing, Miller Anderson & New Mountain; Wednesday, Dec. 29, folk

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and protest singer and songwriter **TOM PAXTON** and blues singer **JOHN HAMMOND**; Thursday through Saturday, Dec. 30-Jan. 1, Flo and Eddie & the Holiday on Ice Band and **FOURTEEN KARAT SOUL** (on New Year's Eve, shows at nine-thirty and one-thirty). Shows at eight-thirty and eleven-thirty Sundays through Thursdays, and at nine and midnight Fridays and Saturdays. Dining.

Bradley's, 70 University Pl., at 11th St. (228-6440)—Some of the most accomplished and famous pianists, bassists, and, occasionally, guitarists in the world (although no musician's name is ever posted anywhere on the premises) work in this dark-panelled, perpetually (it seems) crowded, talkative New York bar and restaurant. **HILTON RUIZ,** a fine young pianist, works with buzzing baritone and bassist **MAJOR HOLLEY** through Saturday, Dec. 25; on Monday, Dec. 27, Mr. Ruiz will take up with bassist **RAY DRUMMOND.** Music from nine-forty-five.

Broadway Joe's, 315 W. 46th St., near Eighth Ave. (246-6513)—The poised, swinging **JIMMY LYON,** who plays piano until ten in Peacock Alley at the Waldorf, a large, *very* subdued room, comes to this convivial, buzzing smallish barroom, where he gets an impressive second wind. He's here from ten-thirty to two Fridays and Saturdays. Dining.

Café Pierre, in the Pierre Hotel, Fifth Ave. at 61st St. (838-8000)—**BUCKY PIZZARELLI,** a subtle, rhythmically motivated guitarist who plays fervent jazz disguised as hotel music, heads a trio Tuesdays through Saturdays, except Christmas Eve, from nine to one. Dining and dancing.

Carlyle Hotel, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (744-1600)—The Café Carlyle is graced by the presence of **BOBBY SHORT,** his bassist, **BEVERLY PEER,** and his drummer, **ROBBIE SCOTT,** through Friday, Dec. 31. Shows Tuesdays through Saturdays, except New Year's Day, at ten and midnight (New Year's Eve shows begin at nine-thirty and just after midnight). Dining. . . . **BARBARA CARROLL** plays the piano and sings a bit, too, in the Bemelmans Bar, nightly, except Sundays and New Year's Day, from nine.

Carnegie Tavern, 165 W. 56th St. (757-9522)—**ELLIS LARKINS,** the demure, elegant pianist, is the star at this dark-brown room just in back of Carnegie Hall. Music nightly, except Sundays, from nine to midnight. Dining.

CBGB & OMFUG, 315 Bowery, at Bleecker St. (982-4052)—Rock and roll as a garage industry. The schedule: Wednesday, Dec. 22, Connie & the Linguistics and the Kool Rays; Thursday, Dec. 23, Ned Sublette; Friday through Sunday, Dec. 24–26, Bad Brains; and Wednesday, Dec. 29, Sylvain Sylvain & the Roman Sandals. Monday is showcase night. Music long after nine-thirty.

Cookery, 21 University Pl., at 8th St. (674-4450)—Tuesdays through Saturdays are devoted to singer, pianist, and composer **ARTHUR SIEGEL,** who is given to doing a slew of medleys—medleys of show tunes (his "New Faces" medley includes "Monotonous" and "Love Is a Simple Thing," which he wrote for the 1952 show), medleys of songs with the word "love" as a pivot, medleys of Jerome Kern songs, and Depression medleys. His sets are warm, intelligently presented, and totally charming. **CARRIE SMITH** now sings here on Sundays and Mondays. On New Year's Eve, **ROSE MURPHY,** not exactly a scat singer but, rather, a chichichi singer, will be present with Mr. Siegel to sing, no doubt, her thirty-odd-year-old hits, "I Can't Give You Anything But Chichi" and "Button Up Your Chichichi." Shows at nine and eleven-fifteen. Dining.

David K's, 1115 Third Ave. at 65th St. (371-9090)—**RONNY WHYTE** is at the piano, singing his repertoire of Porter, Gershwin, Coward, and Joel (Billy, that is), with assistance from bassist **FRANK TATE.** In the Aquarium Lounge, Tuesdays through Saturdays from nine to one.

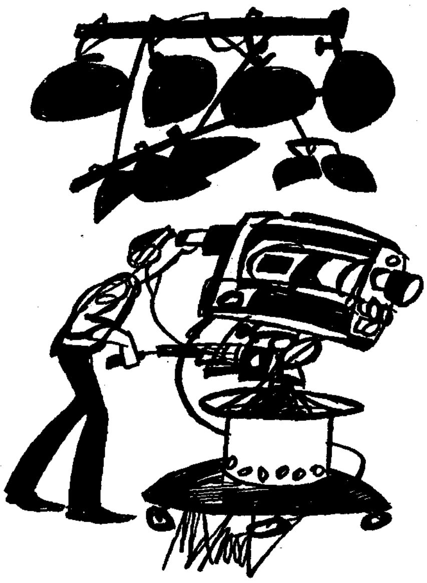
Eagle Tavern, 355 W. 14th St., at Ninth Ave. (924-0275)—A homey music room for devout admirers of bluegrass, old-time country music, and British and Irish folk music. (Devout doesn't mean subdued; there is plenty of hooting—not the self-indulgent, rowdy kind but the supporting, appreciative kind—and handclapping.) The musicians: Wednesday, Dec. 29, the **IRISH TRADITION,** and Thursday, Dec. 30, Claire Reynolds and Dave Rimelis. Music from eight-thirty on Wednesdays, from eight-fifteen on Thursdays, and from nine on Saturdays. Closed Christmas and New Year's Day.

Eddie Condon's, 144 W. 54th St. (265-8277)—A dark, sleek alternative hangout for traditional jazz (see also Jimmy Ryan's below). The house sextet works Tuesdays through Saturdays, from eight-thirty to two. On Mondays from nine-thirty, **BOB WILBER** leads his combo, the **BECHET LEGACY.** Sunday, Dec. 26, **GEORGE KELLY & THE JAZZ SULTANS** will be on the bandstand from about nine-fifteen. On Wednesdays, Bill and George Simon's quintet works from five-thirty to eight-thirty. Dining. Closed Christmas Eve.

Fat Tuesday's, 190 Third Ave., at 17th St. (533-7902)—A velvet-and-mirror-walled belowstairs room, which is patronized by tourists, people on dates, and music lovers, and which is frequently very crowded. **BETTY CARTER,** a risk-taker of a jazz singer, is here right now with her trio. Carter's vocals dip, soar, go seemingly far afield, and (in the case of novice Carter listeners) probably cause a good deal of anxiety: Will her chute open? Where's the melody? Sets begin after nine. Dining. Closed Mondays.

Folk City, 130 W. 3rd St., near Sixth Ave. (254-8449)—Folkie City, that is: Wednesday, Dec. 22, Jeffrey Lee Pierce; Thursday, Dec. 23, the **CATHY ROSE SALIT** band; Saturday, Dec. 25, mandolin ace **ANDY STATMAN**; Tuesday, Dec. 28, Mary Jean Batten and Bill Fern's Rock Jam; Wednesday, Dec. 29 (from ten), Under Heaven, Mitch Easter's Let's Active, and Wolf Enanny's; Thursday, Dec. 30, Ibis; Friday, Dec. 31, the Bermuda Triangle; and Saturday, Jan. 1, the Jump. Two shows—the first one getting under way about nine—every night but Monday, when a hootenanny begins around eight.

Greene Street, 101 Greene St., near Prince St. (925-2415)—A big, self-conscious space in which to listen to some worthwhile drummerless music. The mural is by Françoise Schein, the chairs are by David Utz, the plants are by Chris, and the graphics are by Susan Hunt Yule—those are the credits as they appear in the menu. The live music: Wednesday and Thursday, Dec. 22-23, **CEDAR WALTON** and **RON CARTER**; Friday and Saturday, Dec. 24-25, the Metropolitan Trio; Monday, Dec. 27, **BOB CUNNINGHAM** and **BROSS TOWNSEND,** with guitarist Rudy Stevenson; Tuesday through Thursday, Dec. 28-30, Kenny and Everett Brawner; and Friday, Dec. 31, Raw Sugar. Sundays are the property of singer, pianist, and composer **ANDY BEY.** Music Sundays through Thursdays at ten and eleven-thirty, and Fridays and Saturdays at nine, eleven, and one. Dining.



Gregory's, 1149 First Ave., at 63rd St. (371-2220)—Small enough to be a hamburger stand (it was) and musical enough to be a jazz landmark (it is). The Scott Hardy trio performs Wednesdays through Sundays. On Mondays, Graham Forbes and Ray Carle can be heard, and on Tuesdays a trio led by speedy bebop guitarist **CHUCK WAYNE** has the floor. All these groups begin about ten. On Sundays from five to ten, **BROOKS KERR** plays stride-piano tunes and some Ellington material and sings a little.

Griff's, Third Ave. at 37th St. (867-7179)—A pleasant, spiffy, laid-back restaurant that hangs over Third Avenue—it's one level up. Singer and pianist **NINA SHELDON** works with support from bassist **MICHAEL MOORE** through Friday, Dec. 24, and Tuesday through Friday, Dec. 28-31, have been allotted to bassist **MAJOR HOLLEY** and pianist **VALERIE CAPERS.** Music from nine.

Hanratty's, 1754 Second Ave., at 91st St. (289-3200)—**DICK WELLSTOOD,** the house stride-piano specialist, can be found at the dining-room grand Tuesdays through Thursdays from eight-thirty, and Fridays and Saturdays from nine.

Jazzmania Society, 40 W. 27th St. (532-7666)—A very big, airy room with ceiling fans and jazz fans. Saturday, Dec. 25, Guanabara; Friday, Dec. 31, the **THIAGO DE MELLO–CLAUDIO RODITI** Brazilian-jazz sextet. Sets usually from about eight-thirty; from ten on New Year's Eve.

Jimmy Ryan's, 154 W. 54th St. (664-9700)—A no-frills, uncarpeted—the music carries more vividly without a carpet to soak it up—traditional-jazz haunt and an alternative to Eddie Condon's (see above), just thirty paces east. A tradition-bound sextet led by trumpeter Spanky Davis occupies the bandstand Tuesdays through Saturdays from nine-thirty to three. On Mondays, trumpeter **MAX KAMINSKY** leads the group. On Sundays, Kaminsky directs another group of musical archivists from eight until two. Closed Christmas Eve and Christmas.

Knickerbocker Saloon, 33 University Pl., at 9th St. (228-8490)—A pleasant corner restaurant and bar that is crowded with good listeners, and for good reasons: the piano-bass teams that work here. **ROLAND HANNA,** who at times sounds clipped and percussive and at other times undulating and romantic, is at all times a powerhouse of a pianist. He's here through Saturday, Dec. 25, with bassist **MIKE RICHMOND.** The resident Sunday and Monday players, **JUNIOR MANCE** and **MARTY RIVERA,** will be on hand all week, from Sunday, Dec. 26. Music from ten.

Lone Star Café, 61 Fifth Ave., at 13th St. (242-1664)—Authentic in its Texasness except in the wide-open-spaces department. Wednesday, Dec. 22, Aztec Two-Step and Devon Square; Thursday, Dec. 23, Willie and Nenni Nininger and Don Morrell & Meteors; Sunday, Dec. 26, **FINN & THE SHARKS,** a rockabilly quintet; Monday, Dec. 27, Peter Rowan & Tex Logan and Eddie Condon; Tuesday and Wednesday, Dec. 28-29, Robert Gordon and Evan Johns & the H-Bomb; Thursday, Dec. 30, the Pousette-Dart Band and the Freelance Vandals. Music from eight-thirty. Dining.

Lush Life, 184 Thompson St., at Bleecker St. (228-3788)—A simple, unpretentious, fledgling jazz club that has an exciting, established feel to it. An impressive lineup: Wednesday and Thursday, Dec. 22-23, pianist **RICHIE BEIRACH**; Sunday, Dec. 26, alto saxophonist **PAQUITO D'RIVERA** and his flamboyant, macho Latin-jazz quintet; Monday and Tuesday, Dec. 27-28, saxophonist **HENRY THREADGILL'S** sextet; and beginning Wednesday, Dec. 29, singer **JON HENDRICKS.** Sets begin at nine-thirty. Dining. Closed Christmas Eve and Christmas.

Marty's, 1265 Third Ave., at 73rd St. (249-4100)—Baritone balladeer **ARTHUR PRYSOCK,**

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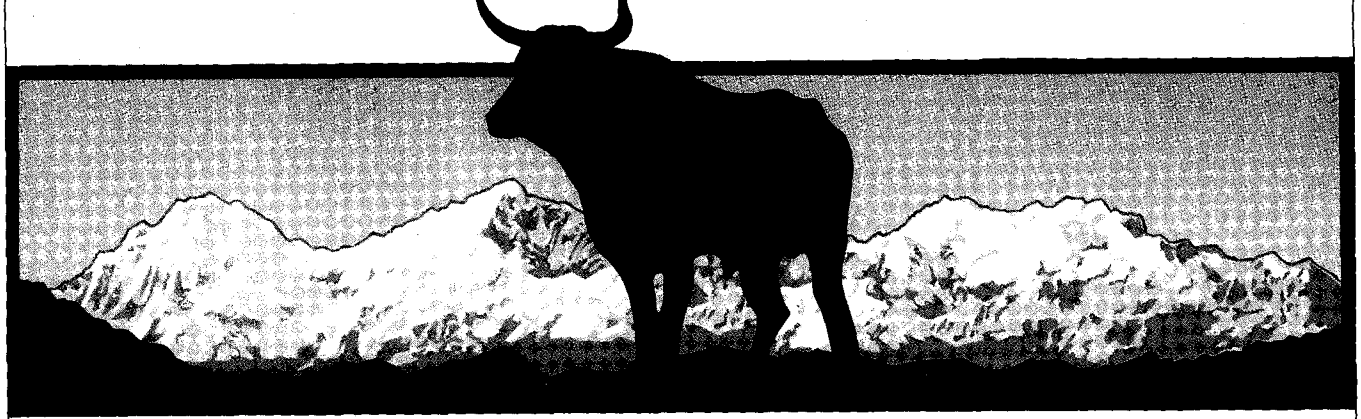

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20

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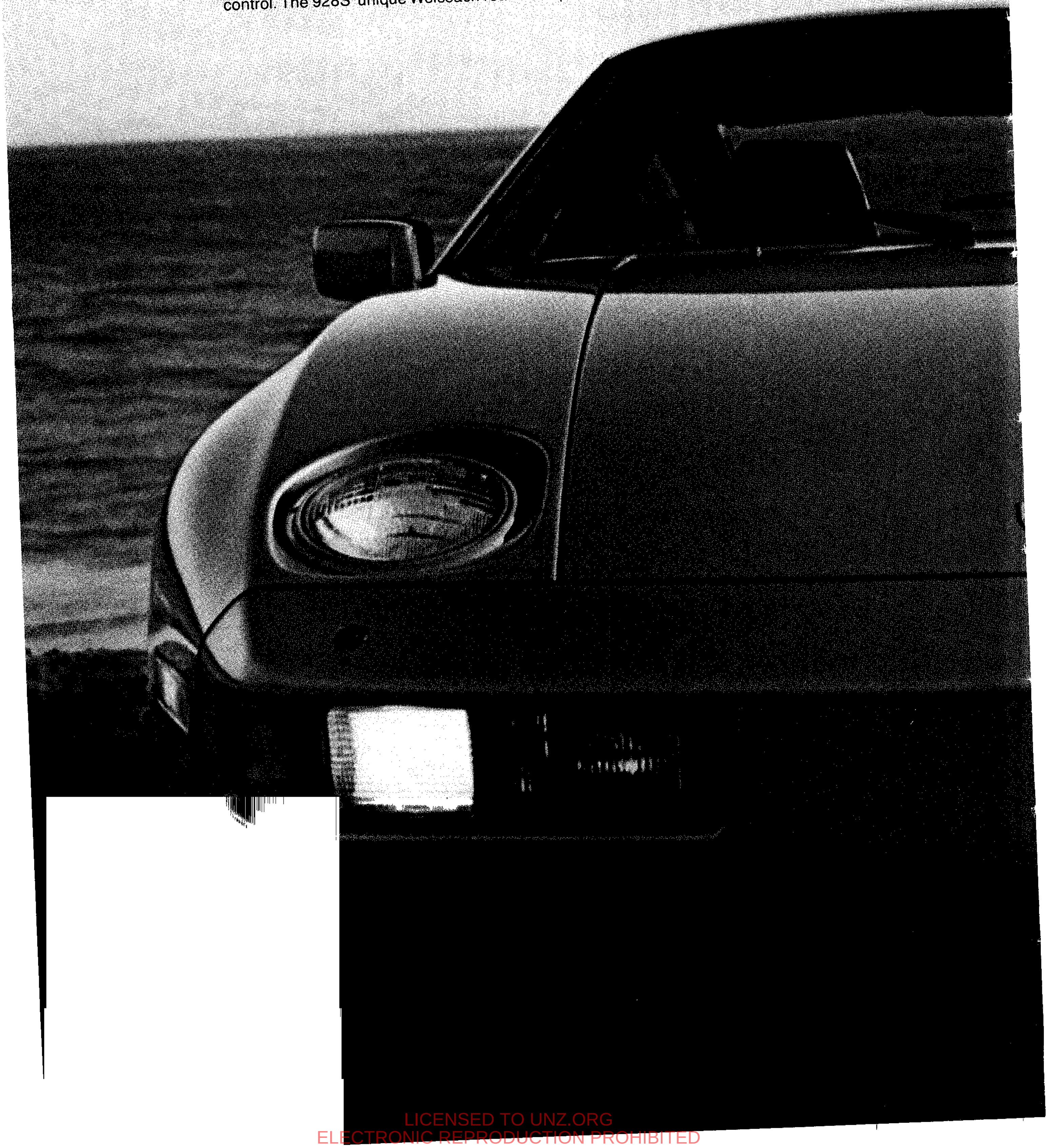

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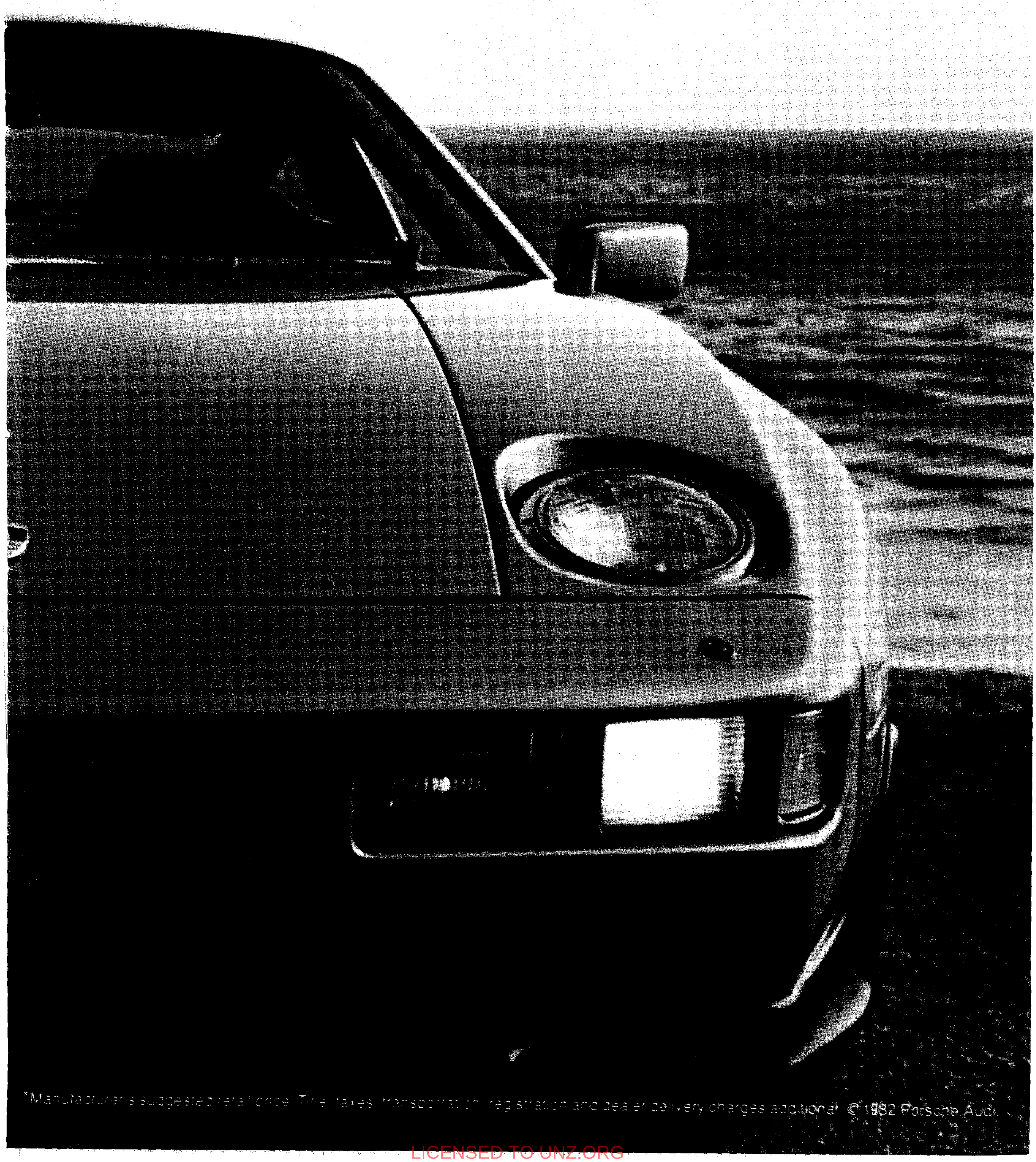

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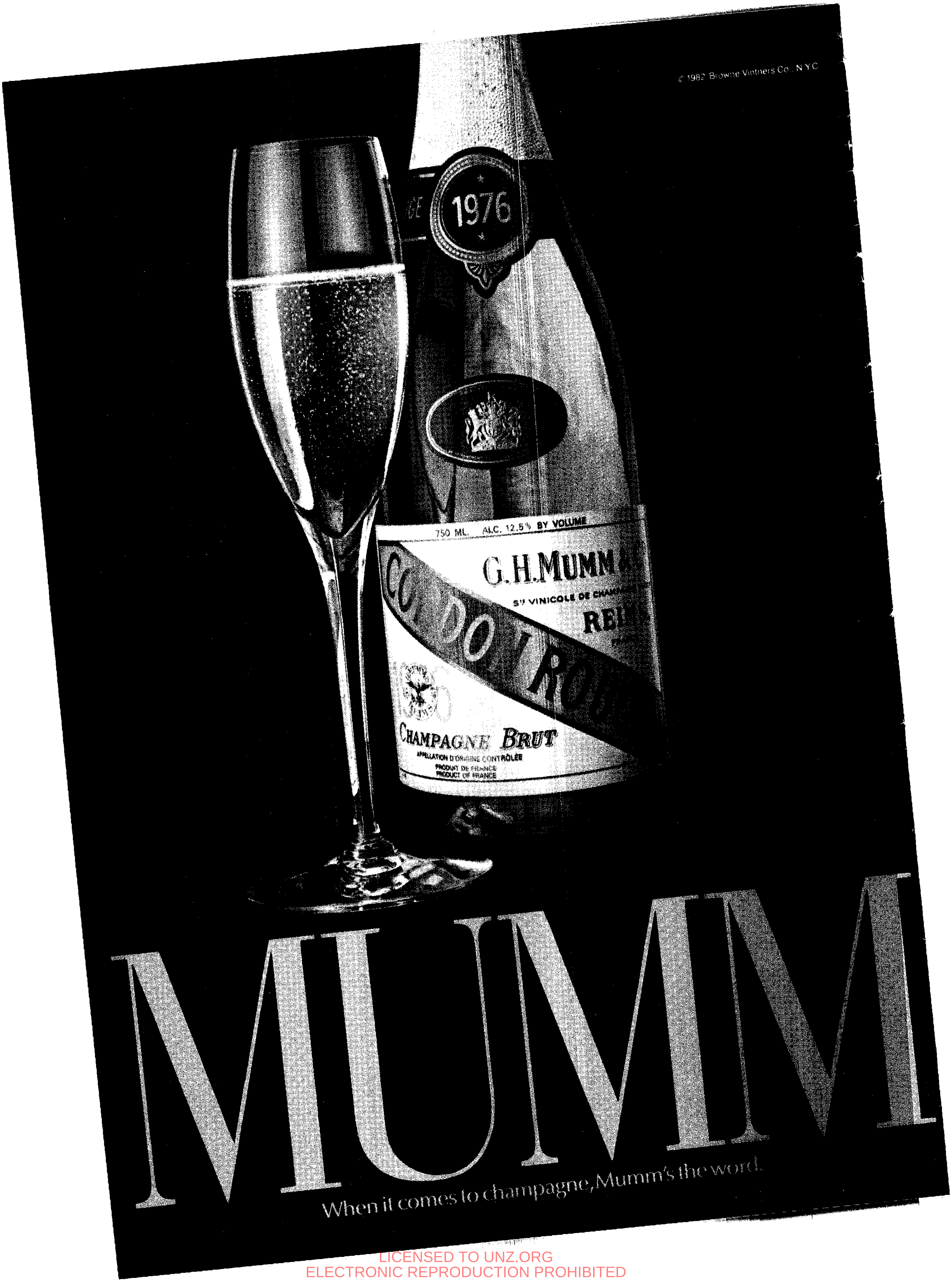
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who used to have them swooning in the aisles of the Apollo Theatre a few decades back, will move in on Monday, Dec. 27, to perform at nine and eleven Mondays through Thursdays, and at ten and midnight on Fridays and Saturdays. Dining.

Michael's Pub, 211 E. 55th St. (758-2272)—**DICK HYMAN'S PERFECT JAZZ REPERTORY QUINTET** works from a perfect repertory—Gershwin songs—Tuesdays through Saturdays from nine-fifteen. Mondays from nine to midnight, the New Orleans Funeral and Ragtime Band has the floor. Dining. Closed Sundays and New Year's Day.

Mikell's, 760 Columbus Ave., at 97th St. (864-8832)—A well-thought-of upper West Side bar and restaurant that is poised and ready, as it has been for years, for the Columbus Avenue renaissance, which, it seems, moves a few blocks north each year. It is also rhythm-and-blues headquarters in New York. The lineup: Wednesday, Dec. 22, Thom Rotella; Thursday, Dec. 23, Harry Burney; Tuesday, Dec. 28, Bryan Wells; Wednesday, Dec. 29, Dee Chase; Thursday, Dec. 30, saxophonist **RENE MC LEAN** (Jackie's boy); and Saturday, Jan. 1, baritone **JOHNNY HARTMAN,** the jazz musician's singer. Music from about ten until two.

Other End, 149 Bleecker St. (673-7030)—A folk, folk-rock, rock, and occasional jazz club. The schedule: Wednesday, Dec. 22, Elixir and Street Level; Thursday, Dec. 23, Armed Forces and Stingers; Friday and Saturday, Dec. 24-25, Eve Moon; and Wednesday through Saturday, Dec. 29-Jan. 1, the **PERSUASIONS,** the stunning a-cappella R. & B. quintet. Shows start at nine-thirty and midnight. Sundays after ten are jam-session nights. Mondays, a talent showcase begins at eight. Dining and dancing.

Peacock Alley, in the Waldorf-Astoria, Park Ave. at 49th St. (355-3000)—**JIMMY LYON** is playing piano in this quiet room, which functions as a sort of passageway connecting the hotel lobby with a dining room. Mr. Lyon, who has accompanied Mabel Mercer throughout the past decade, has a touch that seems magically smooth and cushioned, and his timing is unassailable. He's on hand Tuesdays through Saturdays from six to ten.

Rainbow Room, 30 Rockefeller Plaza. (757-9090)—**SY OLIVER** and his bouncy septet play music to dance to, to listen to, or to gawk out the windows to (the room is sixty-five stories up) Tuesdays through Thursdays from seven to one, Fridays and Saturdays from eight to two, Sundays and Christmas from six to midnight, and New Year's Eve from nine to two. Dining.

Red Blazer Too, 1576 Third Ave., at 88th St. (876-0440)—Traditional jazz off the beaten track—far from West 54th Street and the Village, that is. Different bands work from nine every night but Sunday, when the music begins at seven. Dining. Closed Christmas.

Ritz, 119 E. 11th St. (254-2800)—A big, fancy (but the appropriate dress is black sneakers rather than black tie) thirties ballroom that presents past, present, future, past-perfect, present-perfect, future-perfect, and imperfect forms of rock and roll. Thursday, Dec. 23, **RICHIE HAVENS;** Friday, Dec. 24, Josie Cotton; Monday, Dec. 27, Moonbeam; Tuesday, Dec. 28, Susan Sexton & the Sizzlers; Thursday, Dec. 30, Monochrome Set; Friday, Dec. 31, Bow Wow Wow (at midnight) and Mink DeVille (at four A.M.); and Saturday, Jan. 1, Bow Wow Wow. Shows tend to begin sometime after midnight. Dancing. Closed Sundays.

Seventh Avenue South, 21 Seventh Ave. S., at Leroy St. (242-4694)—A pleasant second-floor jazz-rock and R. & B. club, with a nice view of the street from the window tables. The schedule: Wednesday and Thursday, Dec. 22-23, Zulema; Sunday, Dec. 26, Chuck Loeb; Monday, Dec. 27, guitarist **BARRY FINNERTY;** and Tuesday through Friday, Dec. 28-31, trumpeter **WYNTON MARSALIS.** Music from nine-thirty. Closed New Year's Day.

Sounds of Brazil, 204 Varick St., at W. Houston St. (243-4940)—A new club—in a renovated luncheonette—that offers, in the words of its proprietor, Larry Gold, "the Brazilian experience." The schedule of very lively samba and Brazilian-jazz bands: Toninho Horta on Wednesdays; Brasil 2000 on Thursdays and on Friday, Dec. 31; and **PÉ-DE-BOI** on Saturday, Jan. 1. Music from ten. Dining. Closed Friday through Monday, Dec. 24-27.

Sweet Basil, 88 Seventh Ave. S., at Bleecker St. (242-1785)—**SCOTT HAMILTON,** a young tenor player who possesses a big-voiced, swing-era tone, heads up his quintet through Saturday, Dec. 25; Sunday and Monday, Dec. 26-27, will belong to pianist and French-horn soloist **SHARON FREEMAN** (at nine-thirty and eleven-thirty); and starting Tuesday, Dec. 28, **ILLINOIS JACQUET,** the flamethrower of a saxophonist and bassoonist (yup, bassoonist), will take over with a quartet that will feature **SLAM STEWART** on bass. Shows from about ten. Dining.

Tramps, 125 E. 15th St., at Irving Pl. (777-5077)—A simple, unpretentious blues club with only one blues attraction at the moment—but what an attraction! **BIG JOE TURNER** sings Wednesdays through Saturdays at nine and eleven-thirty. Sundays and Tuesdays, Greg Ryan and Brian Conway play Irish music from seven-thirty to midnight.

Trax, 100 W. 72nd St., near Columbus Ave. (799-1448)—A nonthreatening—if you can find the front door—rock-showcase club. Thursday, Dec. 23, Red Alert and Brock; Friday, Dec. 24, the Wind; Saturday, Dec. 25, Ernie & the Imports and Urgent; Tuesday, Dec. 28, Daryl Canada and Easy Money; Thursday, Dec. 30, the Pə-dant-iks and Debby McHale; Friday, Dec. 31, Blotto; and Saturday, Jan. 1, the Hardbeats and Street Kids. Music after eleven. Dancing. Closed Sundays.

Village Gate, 160 Bleecker St. (475-5120)—Mondays are nights of salsa music in the big, barnlike downstairs room. On Dec. 27 from about nine, percussion wiz **RAY BARRETTO** and his band will share the facilities with a band named Nativo; baritone saxophonist **HAMIET BLUIETT** will be the guest soloist. Fridays and Saturdays in the Top of the Gate, upstairs, flutist **HERBIE MANN** leads an East-West ensemble that features **BADAL ROY** on tablas and **VASANG RAI** on sarod; shows at nine and eleven. Meanwhile, out on the Terrace, jazz harpist **DAPHNE HELLMAN** leads a trio on Tuesdays from nine.

Village Vanguard, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (255-4037)—A hallowed basement of a jazz club. Trumpeter **WOODY SHAW** and his quintet wind up their week here on Sunday, Dec. 26; on Tuesday, Dec. 28, pianist **MAL WALDRON** will arrive with tenor saxophonist **CHARLIE ROUSE,** trumpeter **BENNY BAILEY,** bassist **REGGIE WORKMAN,** and drummer **ED BLACKWELL.** Nothing different about Monday nights here—the **MEL LEWIS** big band still owns them. Music from ten.

Village West, 577 Hudson St., near Bank St. (691-2791)—A pleasant, informal, tile-floored bar and restaurant on Abingdon Square, with live jazz. **CARLOS BARBOSA-LIMA,** most of the time a concert guitarist, is performing in this club at nine and eleven Sundays and Tuesdays through Thursdays, and at nine-thirty and eleven-thirty on Fridays and Saturdays. No music Christmas and New Year's Day.

West Boondock, 114 Tenth Ave., at 17th St. (929-9645)—Devoted patrons have sought this place out for years, and it is perhaps the best jazz club in the meat-packing district. One attraction is the authentically prepared collard greens; another is the warm atmosphere. Hank Johnson is at the piano Mondays through Wednesdays; Kuni Mikami has the Thursday-through-Sunday shift. Music from eight-thirty until two. Closed Christmas.

West End, 2911 Broadway, at 113th St. (666-8750)—Past the steam tables of piping-hot student food, beyond the pinball machines is a room full of mostly swing music. The lineup: R. & B. tenor saxophonist **WILLIS (GATOR TAIL) JACKSON** through Sunday, Dec. 26; Wednesday through Friday, Dec. 29-31, swing tenor saxophonist **GEORGE KELLY.** Mondays and Tuesdays are Percy France nights. Music from about nine.

Zinno, 126 W. 13th St. (924-5182)—A sleekly designed ground-floor town-house bar and restaurant with chamber jazz. **RAY BRYANT** and **JIMMY ROWSER** perform piano-bass duets Mondays through Saturdays from nine-thirty, and Sundays from eight-thirty. Closed Christmas.

JAZZ / FOLK / ROCK CONCERTS, PERSONAL APPEARANCES, ETC.

Flock of Seagulls—With the Producers. (Palladium, 126 E. 14th St. Friday, Dec. 31, at 8. For information about tickets, call 977-9020.)

Billy Joel—Madison Square Garden. 564-4400. Friday, Dec. 31, at 10.

Miles Davis and **Roberta Flack**—Felt Forum, Madison Square Garden. Friday, Dec. 31, at 10.

Jazz Forum—Jazz in a fifth-floor loft. Tuesdays at 9: Jam session. . . . ¶ Wednesdays at 10 and midnight: Charli Persip & Superband. . . . ¶ Thursday, Dec. 23, at 10, 11:30, and 1: Ray Mantilla & Space Station. . . . ¶ Sunday, Dec. 26, at 10 and midnight: Valery Ponomarev quintet. . . . ¶ Thursday through Sunday, Dec. 30-Jan. 2, at 10, 11:30, and 1: Art Blakey and the Jazz Messengers. (Jazz Forum, 648 Broadway, at Bleecker St. 477-2655.)

Soundscape—New music and jazz in another fifth-floor loft. Tuesdays at 9: Daniel Poncé. . . . ¶ Wednesday and Thursday, Dec. 22-23, at 9: David Murray quartet. (Soundscape, 500 W. 52nd St. 581-7032.)

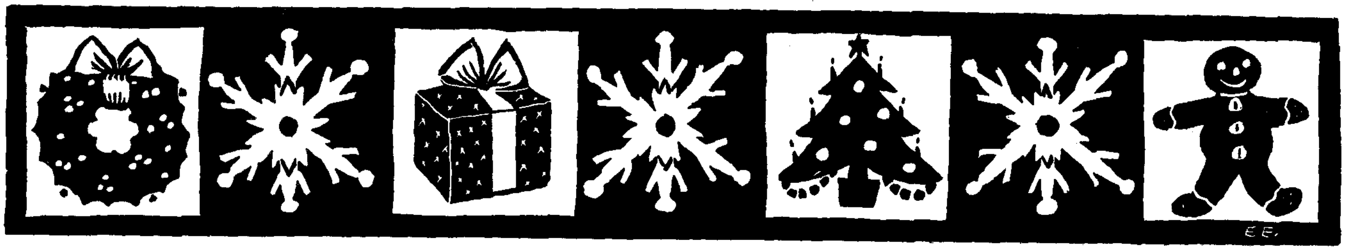
ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open Tuesdays through Saturdays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6. They will be closed Christmas and New Year's Day, and some are likely to close early on Christmas Eve and New Year's Eve.)

GALLERIES—UPTOWN

Thomas S. Buechner—Precisely rendered oil portraits that hover on the brink of caricature, and romantic landscapes. Through Jan. 8. (A.M. Adler, 21 E. 67th St.)

Tommasi Ferroni / Joseph Hilton—Mock-heroic



GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

paintings (and preparatory works) by an Italian artist. / Paintings. Through Thursday, Dec. 30. (Knowlton, 19 E. 71st St. Opens at noon on Saturdays; closed Friday, Dec. 24.)

Jean-Michel Folon—Watercolors—witty, metaphoric, and mostly suggesting travel. In one, for instance, a skeletal suitcase is superimposed on a picture-postcard landscape, framing part of it. Through Jan. 8. (Lefebre, 47 E. 77th St.)

Robert Jessup—Stylized paintings of figures in dreamlike settings. First one-man show in New York. Through Wednesday, Dec. 29. (Siegel, 29 E. 73rd St. Closed Friday, Dec. 24.)

Robert M. Kulicke—A new set of his small fruit and flower still-lifes, these done in pastels as well as in oils. Through Friday, Dec. 31. (Davis & Langdale, 746 Madison Ave., at 65th St. Closed Friday, Dec. 24.)

Giacomo Manzù—A recent sculpture, in bronze, from the cardinal series and an ebony piece whose subject is a mother and child; also, works on paper. Through Jan. 8. (Weintraub, 992 Madison Ave., at 77th St. Closed Friday, Dec. 24, and Friday, Dec. 31.)

Henri Matisse *(1869-1954)—Thirty drawings in* pencil, charcoal, and pen and ink. Through Jan. 14. (Mazoh, 13 E. 76th St. Open Mondays; closed Friday, Dec. 24, and Friday, Dec. 31.)

Mercedes Matter / Fritz Bultman—Charcoal drawings in which bovine skulls are incorporated in abstract landscapes. / Large pencil drawings of nudes. Through Thursday, Dec. 30. (Schlesinger-Boisanté, 822 Madison Ave., at 69th St. Open Mondays.)

Joan Miró—Watercolor studies the artist made in 1953 as illustrations for the book "L'Enfance d'Ubu." Through Friday, Dec. 24. (Acquavella, 18 E. 79th St.)

Malcolm Morley—Grecian beaches, Hopi Indians, Bengal tigers, schools of fish, and gaudy parrots are among the subjects of oils and watercolors by this Expressionist. Through Friday, Dec. 31. (Fourcade, 36 E. 75th St. Closed Friday, Dec. 24.)

Susan Roth—Abstract collage paintings in which one layer of folded or otherwise manipulated canvas, stiffened with pigmented gel, is laid on another. Through Friday, Dec. 31. (Salander-O'Reilly, 22 E. 80th St.)

Ludwig Sander (1906-75)—Oils, including abstractions from the sixties. Through Jan. 6. (Knoedler, 19 E. 70th St. Closed Friday, Dec. 24.)

Egon Schiele (1890-1918)—Thirty-three watercolors and drawings, all of them portraits. Through Feb. 12. (Sabarsky, 987 Madison Ave., at 77th St. Opens at noon.)

Group Shows—At **cds,** 13 E. 75th St.: Paintings by Claudio Bravo, Wifredo Lam, Rufino Tamayo, and other Latin-American artists. Through Jan. 15. (Open Mondays.) . . . **ericson,** 23 E. 74th St.: Representations of animals in a variety of mediums by more than fifty artists: Claes Oldenburg, Roy De Forest, Christie Rupp, and others. Through Jan. 8. . . . **graham,** 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St.: Paintings by six contemporary Scottish artists. Through Jan. 15.

Sculpture—At the **elkon,** 1063 Madison Ave., at 80th St.: Gloria Kisch, Bill Spira, Garth Evans, and Marilyn Davidson are represented by both wall works and freestanding pieces in an invitational show. Through Jan. 19. (Closed Friday, Dec. 24, and Friday, Dec. 31.). . . **sculpture center,** 167 E. 69th St.: The theme is houses and the pieces range from Donna Dennis's painted-wood tourist cabin to Eliot Lable's ten gold columns supporting ten Greek temples. Through Jan. 4. (Closed Friday, Dec. 24, and Friday, Dec. 31.)

GALLERIES—57th STREET AREA

Louise Bourgeois—Sculptures in bronze and marble. Through Friday, Dec. 31. (Miller, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St. A larger exhibition of sculptures is at the Museum of Modern Art.)

Brancusi and Mondrian—A congenial pairing of their respective sculptures and paintings; the works are on loan. Through Friday, Dec. 31. (Janis, 110 W. 57th St. Open Mondays.)

Scott Burton—Among four new pieces by the sculptor are a dining table, with chairs for ten, in upholstered leather and bronze. Through Thursday, Dec. 30. (Protetch, 37 W. 57th St. Closed Friday, Dec. 24.)

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Giorgio Cavallon—Abstract Expressionist oils by a painter noted for his copious use of white. Through Friday, Dec. 31. (Gruenebaum, 38 E. 57th St.)

R. J. Christensen—Abstract oils. Through Friday, Dec. 31. (Fedelé, 42 E. 57th St.)

Maryann Harman—Semi-abstract paintings of the Blue Ridge Mountains by a native of the region. Through Thursday, Dec. 30. (Haber Theodore, 29 W. 57th St. Closed Friday, Dec. 24.)

Lily Harmon—Drawings from all phases of her career. Through Jan. 8. (Summit, 101 W. 57th St. Opens at 11:30; closed Friday, Dec. 24.)

Ellsworth Kelly—Ten new monochromatic paintings on shaped canvases, each a segment of a circle. Through Jan. 8. (Blum Helman, 20 W. 57th St. Closed Friday, Dec. 24. A retrospective of sculptures is at the Whitney Museum.)

Loren Madsen—A single large sculpture combining wood, slate, granite, and wire. Also, several drawings. Through Jan. 22. (McKee, 41 E. 57th St.)

Rafael Mahdavi / Harold Gregor—Abstractions in acrylic on canvas. / Paintings of Illinois farmlands. Through Jan. 5. (De Nagy, 29 W. 57th St.)

Agnes Martin / Jean Dubuffet—Six-foot-square canvases in which thin stripes in terra-cotta hues traverse pale backgrounds. / Forty-two paintings crowded with his bright-colored, jack-in-the-box figures. Through Jan. 8. (Pace, 32 E. 57th St.)

Grandma Moses (1860-1961)—Paintings. Through Jan. 8. (Galerie St. Etienne, 24 W. 57th St.)

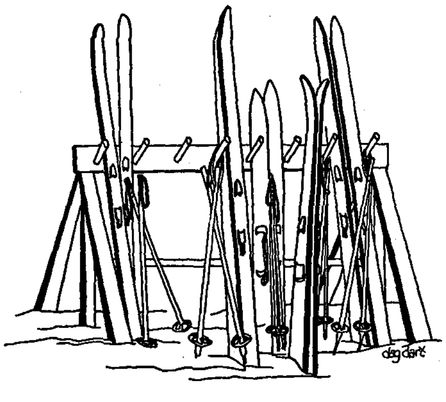
Hugh O'Donnell—Constructivist paintings done on wood panels and shaped canvases, which are fitted together in jigsaw fashion. The artist was included in the Guggenheim's 1980 show "British Art Now." Through Friday, Dec. 31. (Marlborough, 40 W. 57th St. Open Mondays; closed Friday, Dec. 24.)

Alfonso Ossorio—Recent works, including watercolor abstractions, collages, and one assemblage of wildly disparate objects—bones, beads, vacuum bottles, old labels. Through Jan. 8. (Oscarsson Hood, 41 W. 57th St.)

Stephanie Rose—Large-scale abstract oils. Through Friday, Dec. 24. (Getler-Pall, 50 W. 57th St.)

Eric Sloane—Paintings of New England landscapes in all seasons, a couple of views of Taos, and some cloud studies. Through Jan. 8. (Hammer, 33 W. 57th St. Open Mondays; closed Friday, Dec. 24.)

Sylvia Stone / Helen Frankenthaler—Huge, festive wall sculptures and freestanding pieces made up of tangles of geometric forms, some in bright-painted ragboard, some in aluminum. / Monotypes made at the Experimental Workshop, in San Francisco. Through Friday, Dec. 31. (Emmerich, 41 E. 57th St.)



Robert Wilson—Graphite drawings based on themes in his play "The Golden Windows." Through Thursday, Dec. 30. (Goodman, 24 W. 57th St. Open Mondays.)

Francisco Zuñiga—Works on paper (pastels, mostly) and some sculptures celebrating the people of his native Mexico, and a series of lithographs inspired by a 1981 trip to Egypt. Through Friday, Dec. 31. (Brewster, 41 W. 57th St.)

Group Shows—At the **alexander,** 20 W. 57th St.: Large paintings by Martha Diamond, Judy Rifka, Richard Bosman (who also has monotypes), and others. Through Thursday, Dec. 30. (Closed Friday, Dec. 24.) . . . **dintenfass,** 50 W. 57th St.: Paintings and photographs by artists (among them Arthur Dove, John Marin, Eliot Porter, and Helen Torr) who were given shows by Alfred Stieglitz, at his gallery An American Place, are joined by thirty photographs Stieglitz himself took of his family. Through Jan. 6. (Closed Friday, Dec. 24, and Friday, Dec. 31.) . . . **esman,** 29 W. 57th St.: Paintings, none of them exhibited in this country before, by Sandro Chia, Francesco Clemente, Enzo Cucchi, and Anselm Kiefer—plus some which have been seen here, by Jean Michel Basquiat. Through Jan. 15. (Closed Friday, Dec. 24, and Friday, Dec. 31.) . . . **frumkin,** 50 W. 57th St.: Self-portraits by Alice Neel (who is as candid about herself as she is about other nude figures), Paul Georges, Red Grooms, Michael Mazur, and others. Through Friday, Dec. 31. . . . **gladstone,** 41 W. 57th St.: "The Crucifix Show," a title that stems from the cross shapes—broadly defined—encountered in the works of Keith Milow, Alan Vega, Brice Marden, Nancy Haynes, and others. Through Jan. 8. (Closed Friday, Dec. 24.) . . . **kennedy,** 40 W. 57th St.: Portraits by Copley and Charles Willson Peale, one landscape each by Bierstadt and Cole, and still-lifes by Harnett are among the eighteenth- and nineteenth-century American paintings on view. Through Jan. 29. (Open Mondays; closed Friday, Dec. 24.) . . . **pearl,** 38 E. 57th St.: Louise Nevelson, Leon Polk Smith, Charmion von Wiegand, and others showing painted sculptures, wall reliefs, collages, and boxes from the past three decades. Through Jan. 8. . . . **alex rosenberg,** 20 W. 57th St.: Polychromed-steel sculptures by Ginette Heuman, and recent paintings, drawings, and constructions by gallery artists Ilse Getz, Howard Kanovitz, Sven Lukin, and Manoucher Yektai. Through Jan. 15. (Open Mondays.) . . . **the urban center,** 457 Madison Ave., at 51st St.: Gabriele Basilico's black-and-white photographs of Milan architecture of the twenties and thirties. Through Friday, Dec. 31. (Open Mondays.) . . . **zabriskie,** 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.: A juxtaposition of photographs by Henry Callahan, Lee Friedlander, and Paul Strand with sculptures by Mary Frank, Richard Stankiewicz, and William Zorach. Through Jan. 8. (Open Mondays.)

GALLERIES—SoHo

Gene Davis—Nine huge, identical cartoonlike self-portraits, plus another row of thirty-eight tiny ones, reëmphasize this artist's ties to serial imagery, the basis of his familiar stripe paintings. Through Thursday, Dec. 30. (Cowles, 420 West Broadway. Closed Friday, Dec. 24. A show of drawings is at the Brooklyn Museum.)

Dan Freeman—Large acrylic paintings apparently documenting the sexual revolution. Through Jan. 8. (Semaphore, 462 West Broadway. Closed Friday, Dec. 24.)

Helen Mayer Harrison and Newton Harrison—A hand-colored photographic mural entitled "Thinking About the Mangrove and the Pine," and other works centered on the ecological concerns of these artists. Through Jan. 22. (Feldman, 31 Mercer St.)

Sol LeWitt—Three galleries are currently showing his spectacular wall drawings, some of them in simple colored-pencil lines and some scrubbed on (over masking tape) with cloths soaked in a wash of colored ink and water. A large grid pattern in black on gray (and vice versa) is at Toll, 146 Greene St. (through Friday, Dec. 31); solid geometric forms are upstairs next door at Weber, 142 Greene St. (through Thursday, Dec. 23); and a huge six-pointed star occupies an entire wall, and dominates a group show at Cooper, one block west at 155 Wooster St. (through Thursday, Dec. 23).

Claudio Marzollo / Joyce Stillman-Myers—Abstract Plexiglas-and-metal sculptures in which fluorescent lights constantly change colors. / Superrealist paintings of candy. Through Thursday, Dec. 30. (Meisel, 141 Prince St. Closed Friday, Dec. 24.)

Matt Mullican—This artist's symbols for life, death, health, etc. (they're comparable to the symbols used on road signs) applied to huge, bright-colored cotton banners, as well as to posters and gouache paintings. Through Thursday, Dec. 30. (Boone, 417 West Broadway. Closed Friday, Dec. 24.)

Sharron Quasius / D. J. Hall—"Washington Crossing the Delaware" is one of four well-known paintings translated into large and funny relief sculptures made of a sort of quilted canvas. / Photo-Realist paintings of women in swimming pools. Through Thursday, Dec. 30. (O. K. Harris, 383 West Broadway.)

John Sanders—Abstract sculptures carved from slabs of solid steel with blowtorch and chisel (the largest weighs six and a half tons), plus one bronze casting, taken from a work in steel. Through Jan. 15. (Hutchinson, 138 Greene St.)

David Wojnarowicz—Men in space, manic cows, the drug scene are subjects for these outsize spray-paint works by a young artist. Through Jan. 8. (Milliken, 98 Prince St. Closed Friday, Dec. 24, and Friday, Dec. 31.)

Group Shows—At the **BONLOW**, 150 Greene St.: Works by twenty-odd artists, including Chia, Twombly, and Warhol, under the catchall title "Myth." Through Jan. 8. (Closed Friday, Dec. 24, and Friday, Dec. 31.) . . . **CONCORD**, 451 Broome St.: Portraits by Don Bachardy, Rafael Ferrer, Joan Semmel, Jan Groover, and others. Through Jan. 8. (Closed Friday, Dec. 24, and Friday, Dec. 31.) . . . **THE DRAWING CENTER**, 137 Greene St.: Works on paper by ten emerging artists, among them Stephen Aljian, Barbara Anello, and John Ferro. Through Jan. 15. (Open Mondays; open Wednesday evenings until 8; closed Friday, Dec. 24.) . . . **HOFFMAN**, 429 West Broadway: Works on paper by gallery artists. Through Jan. 5. . . . **KEY**, 130 Greene St.: Contemporary watercolors; Marcia Yerman, Stefano Bicini, and Joy Taylor are among the artists. Through Jan. 15. (Closed Tuesdays, Friday, Dec. 24, and Friday, Dec. 31.) . . . **NOSEI**, 100 Prince St.: Sculptures by John Ahearn; works on paper by Mimmo Paladino; and paintings by, among others, Mike Glier and Keith Haring. Through Jan. 6.

OTHER GALLERIES

Remo Salvadori—Paintings by an artist who makes his own colors from berries and minerals he finds in his native Tuscany. Through Jan. 8. (Ala, 32 W. 20th St. Closed Friday, Dec. 24.)

Carrousels—A homage to the merry-go-round, with original hand-carved-and-painted beasts (horses, a lion, a camel) made by artisans from six New York workshops active at the turn of the century, as well as photographs and examples of the wood-carving tools used by the artists. (The Dairy, in Central Park between the zoo and the carrousel. Daily, except Mondays, 10 to 4:30.)

Children's Book Illustrations—More than two hundred original illustrations for children's books published in 1982. Some of the illustrators are William Steig, James Stevenson, and Lee Lorenz. Through Feb. 10. (Master Eagle Gallery, sixth floor, 40 W. 25th St. Mondays through Fridays, 9:30 to 4:30; closed Friday, Dec. 24.)

PHOTOGRAPHY

Berenice Abbott—Photographs spanning fifty years of her career, about a quarter of them vintage prints. Through Jan. 15. (Witkin, 41 E. 57th St. Opens at noon on Saturdays.)

Eugène Atget (1857-1927)—A hundred and seventeen prints of Paris and its architecture, dated 1898 to 1927, are currently on view at the Museum of Modern Art. See below, under "Museums," for dates and times.

Grace Knowlton—A new set of photographs of room interiors, concentrating on white corners. Through Friday, Dec 31. (Books & Co., 939 Madison Ave., at 74th St. Weekdays, 10 to 7; Sundays, 11:30 to 6.)

Jacques Henri Lartigue—Photographs (dated 1902-39), which serve as an autobiographical documentation of upper-middle-class French life. Lartigue was eight when he took the earliest picture in the show. Through Jan. 9. (International Center of Photography, 1130 Fifth Ave., at 94th St. Tuesdays through Thursdays, noon to 8; Fridays through Sundays, including New Year's Day, noon to 6.)

Amy Stromsten—"Recovery—Alcoholism and Survival," a series of forty prints on that subject. (Neikrug, 224 E. 68th St. Wednesdays through Fridays, 1 to 6.) . . . ¶ In another room here, there is a selection of vintage prints by Henri Cartier-Bresson, W. Eugene Smith, and others. Both shows through Jan. 15.

Mount Everest—A show of color photographs by Ned Gillette and Jan Reynolds, who took part in the 1981-82 Camel Expedition (the first to circle the mountain's girth), will be at the Asia Society. See below, under "Museums," for dates and times.

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—"La Belle Epoque" is the title for the Costume Institute's eleventh annual exhibit, consisting of a hundred and fifty examples of men's and women's turn-of-the-century clothing (primarily from Europe but with a couple of nods to America) in period settings: Décor evoking Maxim's complements a display of evening dress; Edwardian green-flocked wallpaper and numerous portraits preside over a promenade of ball gowns and court dresses—four from the wardrobe of Queen Alexandra of England. . . . ¶ The American Wing has opened its first twentieth-century period room, a living room designed in 1912-14 by Frank Lloyd Wright. In addition, a temporary display of about a hundred Wright pieces—from drawings for the room to furniture—from the museum's collections. Through Feb. 27. . . . ¶ "The Search for Alexander," a show of nearly two hundred examples of Hellenistic art lent mostly by museums in Greece. Through Jan. 2. . . . ¶ A group of prints by Albrecht Dürer on the theme of the Holy Family, including several woodcuts from "The Life of the Virgin" series. Through Feb. 6. (Open daily except Mondays, Christmas, and New Year's Day. Hours: Tuesdays, 10 to 8:45; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 4:45; Sundays, 11 to 4:45.)

Museum of Modern Art, 18 W. 54th St.—A show of the abstract sculptures of Louise Bourgeois. Through Feb. 8. A complementary show is at the Robert Miller Gallery, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St. . . . ¶ An exhibit of Xuan-paper works by Robert Rauschenberg, who spent a month in China devising them. Through Feb. 1. . . . ¶ Frank Stella: Thirty-three prints and drawings of asymmetrical geometric shapes. Through Jan. 11. . . . **PHOTOGRAPHY:** "The Work of Atget: The Art of Old Paris." Through Jan. 4. (Open daily, except Wednesdays and Christmas, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9.)

Guggenheim Museum, Fifth Ave. at 89th St.—The Yves Klein retrospective includes a posthumous work, for which the artist left instructions, in which the museum's rotunda is covered in the ultramarine-blue pigment he often used. Through Jan. 9. . . . ¶ Selections from the Peggy Guggenheim collection of twentieth-century paintings and works on paper, brought over for the first time in a decade from the Palazzo Venier dei Leoni, in Venice. . . . ¶ A show of about thirty sculptures by Americans represented in the museum's collection, among them Joseph Cornell, Louise Nevelson, and Lucas Samaras. (Open daily except Mondays and Christmas. Hours: Tuesdays, 11 to 8, with no admission charge from 5 to 8; Wednesdays through Sundays, including New Year's Day, 11 to 5.)

Whitney Museum of American Art, Madison Ave. at 75th St.—A retrospective of sculptures by Ellsworth Kelly, accompanied by the drawings he used as studies. Through Feb. 27. A show of his paintings is at the Blum Helman Gallery, 20 W. 57th St. . . . ¶ An exhibit of forty sculptures and sixteen drawings from 1970 to the present, by the Minimalist Joel Shapiro. Through Jan. 2. . . . ¶ Jasper Johns' Savarin monotypes. Through Jan. 9. (Open daily except Mondays and Christmas. Hours: Tuesdays, 11 to 8, with no admission charge

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after 5; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 6; Sundays and New Year's Day, noon to 6.)

Brooklyn Museum, Eastern Parkway—An exhibition of paintings by turn-of-the-century Nordic artists whose work prefigured modernism. Edvard Munch is represented by eight canvases. Through Jan. 9. . . . ¶ A retrospective of drawings by Gene Davis. Through Feb. 6. A complementary show is at the Charles Cowles Gallery, 420 West Broadway. (The museum is open Wednesdays through Saturdays, except Christmas and New Year's Day, 10 to 5; Sundays, noon to 5.)

American Museum of Natural History, Central Park W. at 79th St.—"Star Gods of the Ancient Americas," or how the moon and stars governed the earthly affairs and found expression in the artifacts of various early cultures. An eleventh-century gold calendar disc from Peru on the one hand, a contemporary photomural of the Mayan observatory at Chichén Itzá on the other. (Open daily except Christmas. Hours: Mondays, Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Sundays, 10 to 5:45; Wednesdays, 10 to 9; Fridays and Saturdays, 10 to 9, with no admission charge after 5.)

Asia Society, 725 Park Ave., at 70th St.—"Arts of the Islamic Book," a show of illuminated manuscripts from the collection of Prince Sadruddin Aga Khan, which ranges in time from the ninth century to the nineteenth. Through Jan. 2. . . . **PHOTOGRAPHY:** Mount Everest. Starts Thursday, Dec. 23. (Open daily except Mondays, Friday, Dec. 24, Christmas, and Friday, Dec. 31. Hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5, and Thursday evenings until 8:30; Sundays, noon to 5.)

Cooper-Hewitt Museum, Fifth Ave. at 91st St.—An exhibit that reviews Scandinavian designs in furniture, glass, ceramics, metal, and textiles from the eighteen-eighties to the present. Through Jan. 2. (Open daily except Mondays, Christmas, and New Year's Day. Hours: Tuesdays, 10 to 9, with no admission charge after 5; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, noon to 5.)

Frick Collection, 1 E. 70th St.—A show of nearly a hundred French decorative clocks made between 1532 and 1823. Through Jan. 30. (Open Tuesdays through Saturdays, except Friday, Dec. 24, Christmas, and New Year's Day, 10 to 6; Sundays, 1 to 6.)

Japan House, 333 E. 47th St.—"The Great Age of Japanese Buddhist Sculpture, A.D. 600-1300," a show offering more than fifty bronze and wood works, ranging from small altarpieces to larger-than-life-size figures. On loan from the national museums in Tokyo and Nara, and from twenty-six temples. Through Jan. 16. (Open daily, except Christmas and New Year's Day, 11 to 5.)

Jewish Museum, Fifth Ave. at 92nd St.—An exhibit of a hundred and fifty paintings, sculptures, prints, and drawings by Max Weber. Through Jan. 23. (Open daily except Fridays and Saturdays. Hours: Mondays through Thursdays, noon to 5; Sundays, 11 to 6.)

Morgan Library, 29 E. 36th St.—A survey of medieval French illuminated manuscripts which points up the characteristics of individual artists and regional workshops. All the works are in American collections. . . . ¶ Forty etchings by Rembrandt, depicting scenes from the life of Christ. . . . ¶ A display of musical manuscripts by Stravinsky and Haydn which commemorates their birth dates. All three shows through Jan. 30. (Open Tuesdays through Saturdays—with the exceptions of Christmas, New Year's Day, and their preceding Fridays—from 10:30 to 5; Sundays from 1 to 5.)

New York Public Library, Fifth Ave. at 42nd St.—"Blake to Beardsley: English Illustrated Books of the Nineteenth Century," an exhibit that also includes the work of William Thackeray, Edward Lear, and Julia Margaret Cameron (seen in one of the first books to use photographs as illustrations). (Open daily, except Sundays, Thursdays, Christmas, and New Year's Day, 10 to 6; also, Monday through Wednesday evenings until 9.)

Schomburg Center, 515 Lenox Ave., at 135th St.—A show of nearly forty jazz-related paintings, prints, and photographs, including a monumental painting by Leonard Ruben of Thelonious Monk and Cannonball Adderly performing together; and an etching by Romare Bearden entitled "Jamming at the Savoy." Through Jan. 22. (Open Mondays through Wednesdays, noon to 8; Thursdays through Saturdays, except Christmas and New Year's Day, 10 to 6.)

MUSIC

(The box-office number for the Metropolitan Opera House is 362-6000; for Avery Fisher Hall 874-2424; and for Carnegie Hall 247-7459. Other box-office numbers are included in the listings.)

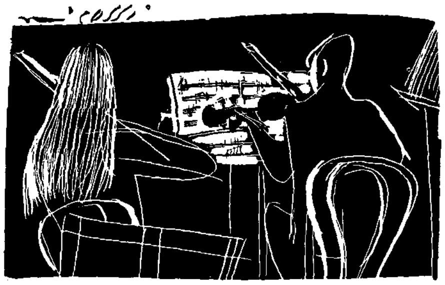
OPERA

Metropolitan Opera—Wednesday, Dec. 22 at 8: "Il Trovatore," with Teresa Zylis-Gara, Fiorenza Cossotto, Ermanno Mauro, and Giorgio Zancanaro; *conducted by Nello Santi.* . . . ¶ Thursday, Dec. 23, at 8: The Erik Satie ballet "Parade," with Gary Chryst and the Metropolitan Opera Ballet; Poulenc's opera "Les Mamelles de Tirésias," with Catherine Malfitano, David Holloway, and Brent Ellis; and Ravel's opera "L'Enfant et les Sortilèges," with Hilda Harris, Gail Robinson, and Myra Merritt. Manuel Rosenthal will be the conductor for all three works. . . . ¶ Friday, Dec. 24, at 8: "Macbeth," with Renata Scotto, Sherrill Milnes, Timothy Jenkins, and James Morris; James Levine. . . . ¶ Saturday, Dec. 25, at 2: "Hansel and Gretel" (in English), with Judith Blegen, Frederica von Stade, and Rosalind Elias; Thomas Fulton. (A nonsubscription performance.) . . . ¶ Saturday, Dec. 25, at 8: "Il Trovatore," with Teresa Zylis-Gara, Fiorenza Cossotto, Ermanno Mauro, and Giorgio Zancanaro; Nello Santi. . . . ¶ Monday, Dec. 27, at 8: The Erik Satie ballet "Parade," with Gary Chryst and the Metropolitan Opera Ballet; Poulenc's opera "Les Mamelles de Tirésias," with Catherine Malfitano, David Holloway, and Brent Ellis; and Ravel's opera "L'Enfant et les Sortilèges," with Hilda Harris, Gail Robinson, and Myra Merritt. Manuel Rosenthal will be the conductor for all three works. . . . ¶ Tuesday, Dec. 28, at 7:30: "Tannhäuser," with Johanna Meier, Tatiana Troyanos, Richard Cassilly, and Allan Monk; James Levine. . . . ¶ Wednesday, Dec. 29, at 7: "Hansel and Gretel" (in English), with Judith Blegen, Frederica von Stade, and Rosalind Elias; Thomas Fulton. . . . ¶ Thursday, Dec. 30, at 8: "Il Trovatore," with Teresa Zylis-Gara, Fiorenza Cossotto, Ermanno Mauro, and Giorgio Zancanaro; Nello Santi. . . . ¶ Friday, Dec. 31, at 8: The Erik Satie ballet "Parade," with Gary Chryst and the Metropolitan Opera Ballet; Poulenc's opera "Les Mamelles de Tirésias," with Catherine Malfitano, David Holloway, and Brian Schexnayder; and Ravel's opera "L'Enfant et les Sortilèges," with Hilda Harris, Gail Robinson, and Myra Merritt. Manuel Rosenthal will be the conductor for all three works. (A nonsubscription performance.) . . . ¶ Saturday, Jan. 1, at 1: "Tannhäuser," with Johanna Meier, Tatiana Troyanos, Richard Cassilly, and Allan Monk; James Levine. . . . ¶ Saturday, Jan. 1, at 8: "Hansel and Gretel" (in English), with Judith Blegen, Frederica von Stade, and Sheila Nadler; Thomas Fulton. (A nonsubscription performance.)

ORCHESTRAS AND CHORUSES

New York Philharmonic—*Following a brief vacation, the orchestra will resume its concerts at Avery Fisher Hall next week, with Zubin Mehta conducting a program of music by Bach, Richard Strauss, Mendelssohn, and Johann Strauss on Thursday, Dec. 30, at 8; Friday, Dec. 31, at 8 (a nonsubscription concert); and Saturday, Jan. 1, and Tuesday, Jan. 4, at 8 (all with Nicholas Eanet and Linda Wang, violin; Mark Abbott, horn; and Ju Hee Suh, piano).*

New York String Orchestra—At Carnegie Hall, Alexander Schneider conducting—Friday, Dec. 24, at midnight: A Bach-Vivaldi program, with Stephen Burns, trumpet, and Todd and Daniel Phillips, violin. . . . ¶ Wednesday, Dec. 29, at 8: A program of music by Haydn, Mozart, Beethoven, and Johann Strauss, with Cecile Licad, piano.



Y Chamber Symphony—Gerard Schwarz conducting five performances of the complete Brandenburg Concertos of Bach. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-4410. Monday through Thursday, Dec. 27-30, at 8. . . . ¶ Alice Tully Hall. 362-1911. Friday, Dec. 31, at 8.)

Handel's "Messiah"—SING-IN AT AVERY FISHER HALL: Directed (seriatim, fortunately) by twenty-one directors. Steven Oosting, tenor, and John Ostendorf, bass, will appear as soloists, and the audience itself will serve as the chorus. (Wednesday, Dec. 22, at 7:30.) . . . **MASTERWORK CHORUS AND ORCHESTRA:** David Randolph directing, with Judith Nicosia, soprano; Janice Meyerson, mezzo-soprano; Grayson Hirst, tenor; and Michael Burt, bass. (Avery Fisher Hall. Sunday, Dec. 26, at 2:30.)

Zamir Chorale—Matthew Lazar directing. (Merkin Concert Hall, Abraham Goodman House, 129 W. 67th St. 362-8719. Sunday, Dec. 26, at 7:30.)

New York Motet Choir—Stephen Sturk directing a program of Christmas music. (Grace Church, Broadway at 10th St. Thursday, Dec. 30, at 8. For information about tickets, call 460-9015.)

RECITALS

Olegna Fuschi—Piano, in a recital postponed from Nov. 29. (Carnegie Hall. Wednesday, Dec. 22, at 8.)

St. Luke's Chamber Ensemble—An all-Purcell program, with Elizabeth Pruett, soprano. (Synod Hall, Cathedral of St. John the Divine, Amsterdam Ave. at 110th St. Friday, Dec. 31, at 8. For tickets, call 226-1115.)

SPORTS

(The box-office number for Madison Square Garden is 564-4400.)

Professional Basketball—At **MADISON SQUARE GARDEN** (all games at 7:30): Knicks vs. Nets, Saturday, Dec. 25. . . . ¶ Knicks vs. Cleveland, Thursday, Dec. 30. . . . ¶ Knicks vs. Washington, Saturday, Jan. 1. . . . **BYRNE MEADOWLANDS ARENA** (1-201 935-8888): Nets vs. Washington, Thursday, Dec. 23, at 8:10. . . . ¶ Nets vs. Cleveland, Monday, Dec. 27, at 7:35. . . . ¶ Nets vs. Atlanta, Wednesday, Dec. 29, at 7:35. . . . ¶ Nets vs. Dallas, Saturday, Jan. 1, at 7:35.

Professional Football—Sunday, Dec. 26: Giants vs. St. Louis Cardinals, at St. Louis. . . . ¶ Jets vs. Minnesota Vikings, at Bloomington, Minn.

Hockey—At **MADISON SQUARE GARDEN:** Rangers vs. Buffalo Sabres, Wednesday, Dec. 22, at 7:35. . . . **NASSAU COLISEUM:** Islanders vs. Washington Capitals, Thursday, Dec. 23, at 8:05. (Hempstead Turnpike, Uniondale, L.I. 1-516 794-9100.) . . . **BYRNE MEADOWLANDS ARENA** (1-201 935-3900): Devils vs. Philadelphia Flyers, Wednesday, Dec. 22, at 7:35. . . . ¶ Devils vs. Rangers, Thursday, Dec. 30, at 7:35.

Racing—At **AQUEDUCT:** Weekdays, except Christmas, at 12:30, and Sundays at 1:05; through Monday, May 16. Post time will be 11 A.M. on Friday, Dec. 24. The Display Handicap, Friday, Dec. 31, and the Paumonok Handicap, Saturday, Jan. 1. . . . **MEADOWLANDS:** Weeknights, except Wednesday through Saturday, Dec. 22-25, at 8; through Saturday, Jan 1. . . . **LAUREL,** Md.: Weekdays, except Wednesday through Saturday, Dec. 22-25, at 12:30; through Saturday, Jan. 1.

Trotting—At Yonkers Raceway: Weeknights, except Christmas Eve and Christmas, at 8; through Saturday, Jan. 15.

ET ALIA

Prose Readings—The ninth annual non-stop reading of Gertrude Stein's "The Making of Americans," by around a hundred tireless readers. (Paula Cooper Gallery, 155 Wooster St. Friday, Dec. 31, at 8, through the evening of Sunday, Jan. 2. No tickets necessary.)

Total Eclipse of the Moon—This will occur on the morning of Thursday, Dec. 30, commencing at 4:50, with the fullest phase beginning at 5:58.

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THE MOVIE HOUSES

EAST SIDE

Little Theatre, Public Theatre, 425 Lafayette St. (598-7171; theatre opens in the late afternoon and is closed Mondays and Christmas Day.)
Through Dec. 26: "Orchestra Conductor" (1980; directed by Andrzej Wajda; in Polish), with John Gielgud.
From Dec. 28: "The Night of the Hunter" (†).

R.K.O. Century Art, 36 E. 8th. (473-7014)
"Tootsie" (†).

St. Marks Cinema, 2nd Ave. at 8th. (533-9292)
Through Dec. 23: "The Missionary" (Richard Loncraine), with Michael Palin and Maggie Smith; and "Monty Python Live at the Hollywood Bowl," a concert film.
Dec. 24-30: "An Officer and a Gentleman" (†) and "Arthur" (†).
From Dec. 31: "An Officer and a Gentleman" (†) and "The Postman Always Rings Twice" (†).

Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd. (475-1660)
"E.T. The Extra-Terrestrial" (†).

Bay Cinema, 2nd Ave. at 32nd. (679-0160)
"48 Hrs." (Walter Hill), with Nick Nolte and Eddie Murphy.

Murray Hill, 160 E. 34th. (685-7652)
"Best Friends" (Norman Jewison), with Burt Reynolds and Goldie Hawn.

Loews 34th Street Showplace, 238 E. 34th. (532-5544)
Theatre 1: "The Toy" (Richard Donner), with Richard Pryor and Jackie Gleason.
Theatre 2: "Airplane II: The Sequel" (Ken Finkleman), with Robert Hays and Julie Hagerty.
Theatre 3: "The Verdict" (Sidney Lumet), with Paul Newman and Charlotte Rampling.

34th St. East, 241 E. 34th. (683-0255)
"Kiss Me Goodbye" (Robert Mulligan), with Sally Field and James Caan.

Eastside Cinema, 3rd Ave. at 55th. (755-3020)
"E.T. The Extra-Terrestrial" (†).

Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (759-1411)
"Best Friends" (Norman Jewison), with Burt Reynolds and Goldie Hawn.

Gotham Cinema, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (759-2262)
"The Verdict" (Sidney Lumet), with Paul Newman and Charlotte Rampling.

Plaza, 42 E. 58th. (355-3320)
"Diva" (†).

Manhattan 1 and 2, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (935-6420)
Theatre 1: "The Dark Crystal" (Jim Henson and Frank Oz), an animated film.
Theatre 2: "Trail of the Pink Panther" (Blake Edwards).

Baronet and Coronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
Theatre 1: "Kiss Me Goodbye" (Robert Mulligan), with Sally Field and James Caan.
Theatre 2: "48 Hrs." (Walter Hill), with Nick Nolte and Eddie Murphy.

D. W. Griffith, 235 E. 59th. (759-4630)
"Winter of Our Dreams" (John Duigan; an Australian film), with Bryan Brown and Judy Davis.

Cinema I and II, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (753-6022/0774)
Theatre 1: "Sophie's Choice" (†).
Theatre 2: "Fitzcarraldo" (†).

Gemini 1 and 2, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-1670)
Theatre 1: "Honkytonk Man" (Clint Eastwood), with Clint and Kyle Eastwood.
Theatre 2: "Six Weeks" (Tony Bill), with Dudley Moore and Mary Tyler Moore.

Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (737-2622)
"Frances" (Graeme Clifford), with Jessica Lange and Sam Shepard.

Loews New York Twin 1 and 2, 2nd Ave. at 67th. (744-7339)
Theatre 1: "That Championship Season" (Jason Miller).
Theatre 2: "Still of the Night" (†).

68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (734-0302)
"Eating Raoul" (†).

Loews Tower East, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (879-1313)
"Tootsie" (†).

72nd Street East, 1st Ave. at 72nd. (288-9304)
"Diner" (†).

U. A. 85th St. East, 1st Ave. at 85th. (249-5100)
"Six Weeks" (Tony Bill), with Dudley Moore and Mary Tyler Moore.

8TH STREET PLAYHOUSE
NO PARKING
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FILMS ACCOMPANIED BY A DAGGER ARE DESCRIBED IN THE "IN BRIEF" SECTION, STARTING ON PAGE 19.

Loews Orpheum 1 and 2, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (289-4607)
Theatre 1: "Airplane II: The Sequel" (Ken Finkleman), with Robert Hays and Julie Hagerty.
Theatre 2: "The Toy" (Richard Donner), with Richard Pryor and Jackie Gleason.

86th St. East, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (249-1144)
"The Dark Crystal" (Jim Henson and Frank Oz), an animated film.

R.K.O. Century 86th St. Twin, Lexington at 86th. (289-8900)
Theatre 1: "Best Friends" (Norman Jewison), with Burt Reynolds and Goldie Hawn.
Theatre 2: "Trail of the Pink Panther" (Blake Edwards).

WEST SIDE

Film Forum 1 and 2, 57 Watts St. (431-1590; Mondays through Fridays, theatre opens in the late afternoon.)
Theatre 1: Through Dec. 28: "Land of Look Behind" (directed by Alan Greenberg), with Gregory Isaacs. From Dec. 29: A program of five new International animated films. On Mondays, there will be a special program consisting of, at 5:30, "Legacy" (1976; Karen Arthur), with Joan Hotchkis; at 7:30, "Letters from Vietnam" (1964) and "Vietnam Requiem" (Bill Couturie and Jonas McCord); and, at 9:45, "David Holzman's Diary" (1969; Jim McBride), with L. M. Kit Carson, and "My Girlfriend's Wedding" (1968; Jim McBride).
Theatre 2: Dec. 22: "The Childhood of Maxim Gorky" (1938; Mark Donskoi; in Russian); and "My Apprenticeship" (1939; Mark Donskoi; in Russian). Dec. 23-25: "Asya" (1977; Josef Heifitz; in Russian); and "My Name Is Ivan" (1963; Andrei Tarkovsky; in Russian). Dec. 26-27: "My Universities" (†); and "Village Teacher" (1947; Mark Donskoi; in Russian). Dec. 28-29: "The Wrestler and the Clown" (1957; Boris Barnet and Konstantin Yudin; in Russian); and "Belated Flowers" (1972; Abram Room; in Russian). Dec. 30-Jan. 1: "The Brothers Karamazov" (1972; Ivan Pyriev; in Russian).

Waverly 1 and 2, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (929-8037)
Theatre 1: "Smithereens" (Susan Seidelman), with Susan Berman.
Theatre 2: "Still of the Night" (†).

Greenwich Playhouse 1 and 2, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (929-3350)
Theatre 1: "Eating Raoul" (†).
Theatre 2: "Honkytonk Man" (Clint Eastwood), with Clint and Kyle Eastwood.

Quad Cinema, 34 W. 13th. (255-8800)
Theatre 1: "Trail of the Pink Panther" (Blake Edwards).
Theatre 2: "Six Weeks" (Tony Bill), with Dudley Moore and Mary Tyler Moore.
Theatre 3: "Six Weeks" (Tony Bill), with Dudley Moore and Mary Tyler Moore.
Theatre 4: "My Favorite Year" (†).

Guild, 33 W. 50th. (757-2406)
"Fantasia" (†).

Ziegfeld, 141 W. 54th. (765-7600)
"Gandhi" (†).

57th St. Playhouse, 110 W. 57th. (581-7360)
"My Favorite Year" (†).

Paris, 4 W. 58th. (688-2013)
"Coup de Torchon" (Bertrand Tavernier; in French), with Philippe Noiret and Isabelle Huppert.

Cinema 3, 2 W. 59th. (752-5959)
"Sophie's Choice" (†).

Loews Paramount, B'way at 61st. (247-5070)
"Tootsie" (†).

Lincoln Plaza 1, 2, and 3, B'way at 63rd. (757-2280)
Theatre 1: "Fitzcarraldo" (†).
Theatre 2: "Lola" (Rainer Werner Fassbinder; in German).
Theatre 3: "Veronika Voss" (Rainer Werner Fassbinder; in German), with Rosel Zech.

Cinema Studio 1 and 2, B'way at 66th. (877-4040)
Theatre 1: "The Seven Samurai" (†).
Theatre 2: "Le Beau Mariage" (†).

Embassy 72nd St. 1 and 2, B'way at 72nd. (724-6745)
Theatre 1: "Time Stands Still" (Péter Gothár; in Hungarian).
Theatre 2: "The Light Ahead" (1939; Edgar G. Ulmer; in Yiddish), with David Opatoshu.

Loews 83rd Quad, B'way at 83rd. (877-3190)
Theatre 1: Through Dec. 23: "Tootsie" (†). From Dec. 24: To be announced.
Theatre 2: Through Dec. 23: "Trail of the Pink Panther" (Blake Edwards). From Dec. 24: To be announced.
Theatre 3: Through Dec. 23: "Best Friends" (Norman Jewison), with Burt Reynolds and Goldie Hawn. From Dec. 24: To be announced.
Theatre 4: Through Dec. 23: "Tootsie" (†). From Dec. 24: To be announced.

New Yorker 1 and 2, B'way at 88th. (580-7900)
Theatre 1: "Six Weeks" (Tony Bill), with Dudley Moore and Mary Tyler Moore.
Theatre 2: "Still of the Night" (†).

Olympia Quad, B'way at 107th. (865-8128)
Theatre 1: Through Dec. 23: "A Star Is Born" (1954; George Cukor), with Judy Garland, James Mason, and Charles Bickford; and "A Star Is Born" (1976; Frank Pierson), with Barbra Streisand and Kris Kristofferson. From Dec. 24: "An Officer and a Gentleman" (†).
Theatre 2: "E.T. The Extra-Terrestrial" (†).
Theatre 3: "My Favorite Year" (†).
Theatre 4: Through Dec. 24: "Caligula" (1980), with Malcolm McDowell. From Dec. 25: "Peter Pan" (†).

TIMES SQUARE AREA

Criterion Theatres, B'way at 44th. (582-1795)
Theatre 1: "The Verdict" (directed by Sidney Lumet), with Paul Newman and Charlotte Rampling.
Theatre 2: Through Dec. 23: "Conan the Barbarian" (John Milius), with Arnold Schwar-

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

zenegger and James Earl Jones; and "The Thing" (John Carpenter), with Kurt Russell. From Dec. 24: "Creepshow" (George A. Romero), a five-episode film.
Theatre 3: "The Empire Strikes Back" (†).
Theatre 4: "Best Friends" (Norman Jewison), with Burt Reynolds and Goldie Hawn.
Theatre 5: "First Blood" (Ted Kotcheff), with Sylvester Stallone.
Theatre 6: "Caligula" (1980), with Malcolm McDowell.

Embassy 1, B'way at 46th. (757-2408)
"48 Hrs." (Walter Hill), with Nick Nolte and Eddie Murphy.

Embassy 2, 3, and 4, B'way at 47th. (730-7262)
Theatre 2: "48 Hrs." (Walter Hill), with Nick Nolte and Eddie Murphy.
Theatre 3: "My Favorite Year" (†).
Theatre 4: "An Officer and a Gentleman" (†).

Loews Astor Plaza, B'way at 44th. (869-8340)
"The Dark Crystal" (Jim Henson and Frank Oz), an animated film.

Loews State 1 and 2, B'way at 45th. (582-5060)
Theatre 1: "Airplane II: The Sequel" (Ken Finkleman), with Robert Hays and Julie Hagerty.
Theatre 2: "The Toy" (Richard Donner), with Richard Pryor and Jackie Gleason.

Movieland, B'way at 47th. (757-8320)
"E.T. The Extra-Terrestrial" (†).

New Embassy 49th Street, Seventh Ave. at 49th. (757-7003)
"Tex" (†).

Rivoli 1 and 2, B'way at 49th. (247-1633)
Theatre 1: "Six Weeks" (Tony Bill), with Dudley Moore and Mary Tyler Moore.
Theatre 2: Through Dec. 24: "Creepshow" (George A. Romero), a five-episode film. From Dec. 25: "Peter Pan" (†).

R.K.O. Century Cinerama Twin, B'way at 47th. (975-8366/8369)
Theatre 1: "Trail of the Pink Panther" (Blake Edwards).
Theatre 2: "Still of the Night" (†).

R.K.O. Century National Twin, B'way at 44th. (869-0950)
Theatre 1: "Kiss Me Goodbye" (Robert Mulligan), with Sally Field and James Caan.
Theatre 2: "Honkytonk Man" (Clint Eastwood), with Clint and Kyle Eastwood.

REVIVAL HOUSES

Agee Room, 144 Bleecker St. (473-8306; theatre opens in the late afternoon.)
Through Dec. 23: "The Whole Shootin' Match" (1979; directed by Eagle Pennell), with Lou Berry and Sonny Davis; and "Property" (1979; Penny Allen).
Dec. 24: "Soldier Girls" (1982; Nicholas Broomfield and Joan Churchill), a documentary.
From Dec. 25: "Wasn't That a Time!" (1982; Jim Brown), a documentary about the Weavers.

Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St. (674-2560)
Dec. 22: "L'Atalante" (1934; Jean Vigo; in French), with Michel Simon, Jean Dasté, and Dita Parlo; and "The Little Theatre of Jean Renoir" (1969; Renoir; in French).
Dec. 23: "3 Women" (1977; Robert Altman), with Shelley Duvall, Sissy Spacek, and Janice Rule; and "Images" (1972; Robert Altman), with Susannah York, René Auberjonois, Marcel Bozzuffi, and Hugh Millais.
Dec. 24-25: "Duck Soup" (1933; Leo McCarey), with the Marx Brothers; and "The General" (1926; Buster Keaton and Clyde Bruckman), with Keaton, Marian Mack, and Glenn Cavender.
Dec. 26: "New York, New York" (†); and "Last Tango in Paris" (1972; Bernardo Bertolucci; in French and English), with Marlon Brando and Maria Schneider.
Dec. 27: "Cutter's Way" ("Cutter and Bone;" 1981; Ivan Passer), with Jeff Bridges, John Heard, and Lisa Eichhorn; and "Intimate Lighting" (†).
Dec. 28: "Kagemusha" (†).
Dec. 29: "Eboli" (1980; Francesco Rosi; in Italian), with Gian Maria Volonte.
Dec. 30: "A Wedding" (†) and "Popeye" (†).
Dec. 31-Jan. 1: "Jules and Jim" (†) and "The 400 Blows" (†).

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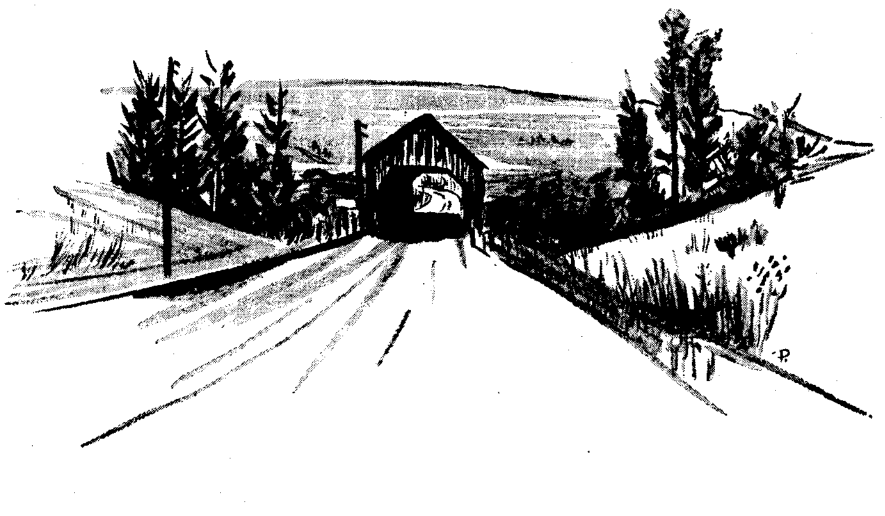
Carnegie Hall Cinema, 7th Ave. at 57th. (757-2131)
"Leap Into the Void" (†).

Cinema Village, 22 E. 12th. (924-3363)
Through Dec. 23: "Reds" (1981; Warren Beatty), with Beatty, Diane Keaton, Jack Nicholson, and Maureen Stapleton.
Dec. 24-25: "Rebel Without a Cause" (1955; Nicholas Ray), with James Dean, Natalie Wood, Sal Mineo, Corey Allen, and Nick Adams; and "East of Eden" (1955; Elia Kazan), with Julie Harris, James Dean, Raymond Massey, and Richard Davalos.
Dec. 26-28: "Annie Hall" (1977; Woody Allen), with Allen and Diane Keaton; and "Manhattan" (1979; Woody Allen), with Allen, Diane Keaton, Michael Murphy, and Meryl Streep.
Dec. 29-30: "Popeye" (†) and "Flash Gordon" (†).
Dec. 31-Jan. 1: "Blow-Up" (1966; Michelangelo Antonioni), with Vanessa Redgrave and David Hemmings; and "Zabriskie Point" (†).

8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th. (674-6515; Mondays through Fridays, theatre opens in the late afternoon.)
"Fantasia" (†).

Hollywood Twin Cinema 1, 8th Ave. at 47th. (246-0717)
Dec. 22: "Pocketful of Miracles" (1961; Frank Capra), with Glenn Ford, Bette Davis, and Hope Lange; and "A Hole in the Head" (1959; Frank Capra), with Frank Sinatra, Edward G. Robinson, and Eleanor Parker.
Dec. 23-25: "Scrooge" (1970; Ronald Neame), with Albert Finney and Alec Guinness; and "Babes in Toyland" (1934; Gus Meins and Charles Rogers), with Laurel and Hardy.



Dec. 26-27: "The Godfather, Part II" (1974; Francis Ford Coppola), with Al Pacino, Robert Duvall, Diane Keaton, and Robert De Niro.
Dec. 28-29: "It's a Wonderful Life" (1946; Frank Capra), with James Stewart, Donna Reed, Gloria Grahame, and Thomas Mitchell; and "You Can't Take It with You" (1938; Frank Capra), with Jean Arthur, James Stewart, Lionel Barrymore, and Edward Arnold.
Dec. 30-Jan. 1: "A Night at the Opera" (1935; Sam Wood) and "A Day at the Races" (1937; Sam Wood), both films with the Marx Brothers.

Hollywood Twin Cinema 2, 8th Ave. at 47th. (246-0717)
Through Dec. 23: "Mutiny on the Bounty" (1935; Frank Lloyd), with Charles Laughton, Franchot Tone, and Clark Gable; and "The Caine Mutiny" (1954; Edward Dmytryk), with Humphrey Bogart, José Ferrer, Van Johnson, Fred MacMurray, and Robert Francis.
Dec. 24-25: "Frankenstein" (1931; James Whale), with Boris Karloff, Mae Clark, and John Boles; "Dracula" (1931; Tod Browning), with Bela Lugosi, Helen Chandler, David Manners, and Dwight Frye; and "The Wolf Man" (1941; George Waggner), with Lon Chaney and Bela Lugosi.
Dec. 26: "The Ten Commandments" (†).
Dec. 27-28: "Captain Blood" (1935; Michael Curtiz), with Errol Flynn, Olivia de Havilland, and Basil Rathbone; and "The Sea Hawk" (†).
Dec. 29-30: "Dirty Harry" (†); and "The Stone Killer" (1973; Michael Winner), with Charles Bronson and Martin Balsam.
Dec. 31-Jan. 1: "Jaws" (1975; Steven Spielberg), with Roy Scheider, Robert Shaw, and Richard Dreyfuss; and "Jaws 2" (1978; Jeannot Szwarc), with Roy Scheider, Lorraine Gary, and Murray Hamilton.

Metro Cinema, B'way at 99th. (222-1200)
Dec. 22: "Pennies from Heaven" (1981; Herbert Ross), with Steve Martin, Bernadette Peters, and Christopher Walken; and "The Boy Friend" (1971; Ken Russell), with Twiggy and Christopher Gable.
Dec. 23: "Gates of Heaven" (1978; Errol Morris), a documentary; and "Koko, a Talking Gorilla" (1979; Barbet Schroeder), a documentary.
Dec. 24: "Kramer vs. Kramer" (1979; Robert Benton), with Dustin Hoffman, Meryl Streep, and Jane Alexander; and "Ordinary People" (1980; Robert Redford), with Donald Sutherland, Mary Tyler Moore, Timothy Hutton, and Judd Hirsch.
Dec. 25: "The Grapes of Wrath" (1940; John Ford), with Henry Fonda and Jane Darwell; and "Tobacco Road" (1941; John Ford), with Charley Grapewin, Gene Tierney, Marjorie Rambeau, and Elizabeth Patterson.
Dec. 26: "Monkey Business" (1931; Norman McLeod) and "Duck Soup" (1933; Leo McCarey), both films with the Marx Brothers.
Dec. 27: "Jonah Who Will Be 25 in the Year 2000" (†); and "Weekend" (1968; Jean-Luc Godard; in French), with Mireille Darc.
Dec. 28: "The Mystery of Kaspar Hauser" ("Every Man for Himself and God Against All;" 1975; Werner Herzog; in German), with Bruno S.; and "The Wild Child" (1970; in French), directed by, and with, François Truffaut.
Dec. 29: "Stormy Weather" (1943; Andrew Stone), with Bill Robinson, Fats Waller, Cab Calloway, and Dooley Wilson; and "Cabin in the Sky" (1943; Vincente Minnelli), with Ethel Waters, Eddie Anderson, Lena Horne, Louis Armstrong, and John Bubbles.
Dec. 30: "Norma Rae" (1979; Martin Ritt), with Sally Field, Ron Leibman, and Beau Bridges; and "Coal Miner's Daughter" (1980; Michael Apted), with Sissy Spacek and Tommy Lee Jones.
Dec. 31: "Blazing Saddles" (†); and "What's Up, Doc?" (1972; Peter Bogdanovich), with Barbra Streisand and Ryan O'Neal.
Jan. 1: "The Seven Year Itch" (1955; Billy Wilder), with Marilyn Monroe, Tom Ewell, Victor Moore, Evelyn Keyes, and Sonny

Tufts; and "How to Marry a Millionaire" (1953; Jean Negulesco), with Marilyn Monroe, Betty Grable, and Lauren Bacall.

Regency, B'way at 67th. (724-3700)

Through Dec. 25: "Meet Me in St. Louis" (1944; Vincente Minnelli), with Judy Garland, Margaret O'Brien, and Mary Astor; and "The Wizard of Oz" (1939; Victor Fleming), with Judy Garland, Bert Lahr, Frank Morgan, Ray Bolger, and Jack Haley.

Dec. 26-27: "Gilda" (1946; Charles Vidor), with Rita Hayworth, Glenn Ford, and George Macready; and "Notorious" (1946; Alfred Hitchcock), with Cary Grant, Ingrid Bergman, Claude Rains, and Louis Calhern.

Dec. 28-29: "Jason and the Argonauts" (1963; Don Chaffey), with Todd Armstrong and Nancy Kovack; and "The 7th Voyage of Sinbad" (1958; Nathan Juran), with Kerwin Mathews, Kathryn Grant, and Richard Eyer.

Dec. 30-Jan. 1: "All About Eve" (1950; Joseph L. Mankiewicz), with Bette Davis, Anne Baxter, Hugh Marlowe, Celeste Holm, and Thelma Ritter; and "A Letter to Three Wives" (†).

Thalia, B'way at 95th. (222-3370)

Dec. 22: "City Girl" (1930; F. W. Murnau); "Banjo on My Knee" (1940; John Cromwell), with Barbara Stanwyck and Joel McCrea; and "Dr. Bull" (1933; John Ford), with Will Rogers.

Dec. 23: "The Patchwork Girl of Oz" (1914) and "His Majesty, the Scarecrow of Oz" (1914), both silent films, directed by the author, L. Frank Baum.

Dec. 24-25: "Spetters" (1981; Paul Verhoeven; in Dutch); and "Walkabout" (1971; Nicolas Roeg; an Australian film).

Dec. 26: To be announced.

Dec. 27: "Dr. Strangelove" (1964; Stanley Kubrick), with Peter Sellers, George C. Scott, and Sterling Hayden; and "Head" (†).

Dec. 28: "On the Waterfront" (1954; Elia Kazan), with Marlon Brando, Lee J. Cobb, Eva Marie Saint, Karl Malden, and Rod Steiger; and "The Wild One" (1954; Laslo Benedek), with Marlon Brando, Mary Murphy, and Lee Marvin.

Dec. 29: "The Road to Glory" (†); "Under Two Flags" (1936; Frank Lloyd), with Claudette Colbert and Ronald Colman; and "Judge Priest" (1934; John Ford), with Will Rogers and Stepin Fetchit.

Dec. 30: "Taxi Driver" (1976; Martin Scorsese), with Robert De Niro, Harvey Keitel, Cybill Shepherd, and Jodie Foster; and "Bang the Drum Slowly" (1973; John Hancock), with Michael Moriarty and Robert De Niro.

Dec. 31-Jan. 1: A program of surrealist films.

Theatre 80 St. Marks, 80 St. Marks Pl. (254-7400)

Through Dec. 24: Theatre closed.

Dec. 25-26: "Nothing Sacred" (1937; William Wellman), with Carole Lombard, Fredric March, Walter Connolly, and Charles Winninger; and "My Man Godfrey" (1936; Gregory La Cava), with Carole Lombard, William Powell, Mischa Auer, and Alice Brady.

Dec. 27: "Gentlemen Prefer Blondes" (1953; Howard Hawks), with Jane Russell and Marilyn Monroe; and "Some Like It Hot" (1959; Billy Wilder), with Marilyn Monroe, Tony Curtis, and Jack Lemmon.

Dec. 28: "Orpheus" (1949; Jean Cocteau; in French), with Jean Marais, Maria Casarès, and François Périer; and "Testament of Orpheus" (1962; Jean Cocteau; in French).

Dec. 29: "Ugetsu" (†) and "Sansho the Bailiff" (†).

Dec. 30: "The Miracle of Morgan's Creek" (†); and "The Sin of Harold Diddlebock" (1947; Preston Sturges), with Harold Lloyd.

Dec. 31-Jan. 1: "Design for Living" (1933; Ernst Lubitsch), with Fredric March, Miriam Hopkins, and Gary Cooper; and "Private Lives" (†).

FILM LIBRARIES, ETC.

Museum of Modern Art, Roy and Niuta Titus Auditorium II, 18 W. 54th St. (708-9490)—Dec. 23 at 2:30: "Palermo or Wolfsburg" (1980; directed by Werner Schroeter; in German and Italian, with English subtitles), with Nicola Zarbol.... ¶ Dec. 23 at 6 and Dec. 24 at 2:30: "The Patriot" (1979; Alexander Kluge; in German, with English subtitles), with Hannelore Hoger and Dieter Mainka.... ¶ Dec. 26 at noon: "My Darling Clementine" (1946; John Ford), with Henry Fonda, Victor Mature, Linda Darnell, and Walter Brennan.... ¶ Dec. 26 at 2:30: "Domino" (1982; Thomas Brasch; in German, with English subtitles), with Katharina Thalback and Bernard Wicki.... ¶ Dec. 26 at 5: "Palermo or Wolfsburg." ... ¶ Dec. 27 at 2:30: "Domino." ... ¶ Dec. 27 at 6: "Asphalt Night" (1980; Peter Fratzscher; in German, with English subtitles), with Gerd Udo Heinemann and Thomas Davis.... ¶ Dec. 28 at 2:30: "Death in the Car Wash" (1982; Friedemann Schultz; in German, with English subtitles), with Benjamin Völz and Beate Finckh.... ¶ Dec. 28 at 6: "Blood and Sand—War in the Sahara" (1962; Sharon I. Sopher), a documentary.... ¶ Dec. 30 at 2:30: "Asphalt Night." ... ¶ Dec. 30 at 6: "Death in the Car Wash." ... ¶ Dec. 31 at 2:30: "Raindrops" (1981; Michael Hoffmann and Harry Raymon; in German, with English subtitles), with Elfriede Irrall and Walter Renneisen.... ¶ Jan. 1 at noon: "The Projectionist" (1970; Harry Hurwitz), with Chuck McCann, Ina Balin, and Rodney Dangerfield. ... ¶ Jan. 1 at 2:30: "Notorious" (1946; Alfred Hitchcock), with Cary Grant, Ingrid Bergman, Claude Rains, and Louis Calhern. ... ¶ Jan. 1 at 5: "Dodsworth" (1936; William Wyler), with Walter Huston, Ruth Chatterton, Paul Lukas, Mary Astor, and David Niven. (A limited number of tickets are available to those applying for them in person at the museum after 11 on the day of the showing.)

Whitney Museum, Madison Ave. at 75th St. (570-0537)—Through Jan. 16: "Passes" (1982; Ed Emshwiller), a multichannel video and sound work. Showings every half hour from noon to 6 (Tuesdays until 8). Mr. Emshwiller will be present on Thursday, Dec. 23, at 2. Closed Mondays and Christmas Day.

IN BRIEF

SEE ABOVE FOR THEATRE ADDRESSES AND TELEPHONE NUMBERS.
IF A MOVIE HAS BEEN REVIEWED IN THESE PAGES DURING THE PAST TWO YEARS, THE DATE OF ITS REVIEW IS GIVEN.

Arthur (1981)—John Gielgud can steal a scene by simply wearing a hat; it's so crisply angled that you can't take your eyes off him—you want to applaud that perfect hat. As Hobson, the valet to a drunken millionaire playboy, he may be the most poised and confident funnyman you'll ever see. And as the top-hatted lush, Arthur, Dudley Moore has a mad sparkle in his eyes. There's always something bubbling inside Arthur—the booze just adds to his natural fizz. This is the first movie directed by Steve Gordon (who also wrote the script); he's a long way from being able to do with images what he can do with words, but there are some inspired bits and his work has a friendly spirit, and with Moore and Gielgud bouncing off each other like Bertie Wooster and Jeeves, the picture doesn't sag for long. But Gordon's attempt to reactivate the romantic mechanisms of the screwball comedies of the thirties doesn't work with the women characters—particularly with Liza Minnelli and Geraldine Fitzgerald. As the poor-girl heroine, Minnelli doesn't have her share of the good lines and she's electrifying when she only needs to be charming; as the playboy's grandmother, Fitzgerald has the worst scenes and the zest she gives them goes peculiarly wrong. With Barney Martin, Anne De Salvo as Gloria, Jill Eikenberry, Thomas Barbour, Ted Ross, Stephen Elliott, Peter Evans, Lou Jacobi, and, in a bit, Lawrence Tierney. Cinematography by Fred Schuler; he makes the New York locations look elegant even when the staging suggests a waxworks museum. (Reviewed in our issue of 7/27/81.) (St. Marks Cinema; Dec. 24-30.)

Le Beau Mariage—Béatrice Romand plays Eric Rohmer's heroine Sabine, a bright working girl who is studying for her master's in art history. At twenty-five, Sabine is weary of freedom and insecurity and married men; she wants to be taken care of and to make a home for a man and have children. When she meets a lawyer who she decides is her type, she goes after him so briskly and transparently that she might seem a madwoman, except that she has such a dumb little obsession. Seriocomic triviality has become Rohmer's specialty. His sensibility would be easier to take if he'd stop directing to a metronome. In French. (10/4/82) (Cinema Studio.)

Blazing Saddles (1974)—Mel Brooks's comedy of chaos, with a surfeit of chaos and a scarcity of comedy. The story is about a modern black hipster (Cleavon Little) who becomes sheriff in a Western town in the eighteen-sixties; Gene Wilder and Madeline Kahn manage to redeem some of the film, but most of the cast (including Brooks himself) mug and smirk and shout insults at each other. Brooks's celebrated spontaneous wit isn't in evidence: the old gags here never were very funny; rehashed, they just seem desperate. The picture was a hit, though. Also with Dom DeLuise, Harvey Korman, Slim Pickens, David Huddleston, Alex Karras, Liam Dunn, George Furth, and John Hillerman. From a story by Andrew Bergman, who worked on the script with Brooks, Richard Pryor, Norman Steinberg, and Alan Unger. (Metro Cinema; Dec. 31.)

Diner—A wonderful movie, set in Baltimore in 1959. Five or six young men in their early twenties who've known each other since high school still cling to their late-night bull sessions at the diner—where, magically, they always seem to have plenty to talk about. It's like a comedy club—they take off from each other, and their conversations are all overlapping jokes that are funny without punch lines. They can sound worldly and sharp, but when these boys are out with girls they're nervous, constricted, fraudulent, half crazy. Written and directed by Barry Levinson, "Diner" is a great period piece—a look at middle-class relations between the sexes just before the sexual revolution. It features some of the best young actors in the country: Mickey Rourke, Ellen Barkin, Daniel Stern, Kevin Bacon, Steve Guttenberg, Paul Reiser, and Timothy Daly. (4/5/82) (72nd Street East.)

Dirty Harry (1971)—This right-wing fantasy about the San Francisco police force as a helpless group (emasculated by the unrealistic liberals) propagandizes for paralegal police power and vigilante justice. The only way that the courageous cop Dirty Harry Callahan (Clint Eastwood) can protect the city against the mad hippie killer (Andy Robinson) who terrorizes women and children is by taking the law into his own hands. Harry, who knows what justice is and how to carry it out, is the best there is, a Camelot cop; he got his nickname because he's the dedicated troubleshooter who draws the dirtiest assignments. He is our martyr—stained on our behalf. As suspense craftsmanship, the picture is trim, brutal, and exciting; it was directed in the sleekest style by the veteran urban-action director Don Siegel, and Lalo Schifrin's pulsating, jazzy electronic trickery drives the picture forward. It's also a remarkably single-minded attack on liberal values, with each prejudicial detail in place—a kind of hard-hat "The Fountainhead." Harry's hippie adversary is pure evil: sniper, rapist, kidnapper, torturer, defiler of all human values. This monster—who wears a peace symbol—stands for everything the audience fears and loathes. The action genre has always had a fascist potential, and it surfaces in this movie. It was a big success, and Eastwood played Harry again in two sequels: "Magnum Force" (1973) and "The Enforcer" (1976). With Reni Santori, Harry Guardino, and John Vernon. Written by Harry Fink and his wife, R. M. Fink, Dean Riesner, and also John Milius (uncredited). (Hollywood Twin Cinema 2; Dec. 29-30.)

Diva—An up-to-the-minute romantic thriller from France, made by a new director, Jean-

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Jacques Beineix, who has a fabulous camera technique and understands the pleasures to be had from a picture that doesn't take itself too seriously. The diva is an awesomely beautiful black American soprano (Wilhelmenia Fernandez) who refuses to make recordings. Frédéric Andrei is the wide-eyed eighteen-year-old postal messenger who adores her; he sneaks his Nagra tape machine into her concert in Paris so he'll be able to listen to her at home—and all hell breaks loose around him. The unfazable heroine (the fourteen-year-old Thuy An Luu) is a post-Godardian tootsie—in her short-short skirts and transparent plastic coat she's a lollipop wrapped in cellophane. The film may remind you of Welles' "Touch of Evil;" it's Welles romanticized, packaged. It's a mixture of style and chic hanky-panky, but it's genuinely sparkling. In French. (4/19/82) (Plaza.)

Eating Raoul—The director, Paul Bartel, and his five-foot-eleven star, the innately kinky Mary Woronov, play a couple of prissy squares—the Blands, of Los Angeles—who consider sex disgusting and want to open a nice, clean country restaurant. They raise the money they need by murdering swinging singles; in their eyes these swingers deserve to be punished. This spoofy black comedy is thin-textured and it's sedated; it doesn't have enough going on in it—not even enough to look at. The nothingness of the movie is supposed to be its droll point, but viewers may experience sensory deprivation. With Richard Beltran, who brings some energy to the role of Raoul, Garry Goodrow, and Buck Henry. Written by Richard Blackburn and Bartel. (11/29/82) (68th St. Playhouse, and Greenwich Playhouse.)

The Empire Strikes Back (1980)—Darth Vader rallies his Star Ships, Probe Droids, and heavy-breathing malevolence to make more trouble for Han Solo, Princess Leia, C-3PO, R2-D2, and Chewbacca, while Luke Skywalker is detained on the planet Dagobah by his Force seminars with a two-foot-tall, eight-hundred-year-old Jedi master named Yoda. This second installment of the "Star Wars" saga is slightly encumbered by some mythic and neo-Sophoclean overtones, but its inventiveness, humor, and special effects are scarcely less inspired than those of its phenomenally successful predecessor. George Lucas, who is the Wagner of this intergalactic "Götterdämmerung," was the producer and presiding writer this time, and he and director Irvin Kershner have kept things moving at near-Hyper Drive speed, suggesting that the epic may hold us enthralled even through its promised seven further episodes. With Mark Hamill, Carrie Fisher, Harrison Ford, Frank Oz (as the voice of the manikin Yoda), and Sir Alec Guinness (as the shade of the fallen Obi-Wan Kenobi). (Criterion Theatres.)

E.T. The Extra-Terrestrial—Steven Spielberg's movie is bathed in warmth and it seems to clear all the bad thoughts out of your head. It's the story of a ten-year-old boy, Elliott, who feels fatherless and lost because his parents have separated, and who finds a miraculous friend—an alien inadvertently left on Earth by a visiting spaceship. This fusion of science fiction and mythology is emotionally rounded and complete; it reminds you of the goofiest dreams you had as a kid, and rehabilitates them. It puts a spell on the audience; it's genuinely entrancing. The stars are Henry Thomas, as Elliott, and E.T., who was designed by Carlo Rambaldi. With Drew Barrymore, Robert Macnaughton, Dee Wallace, and Peter Coyote. The script is by Melissa Mathison. (6/14/82) (Gramercy, Eastside Cinema, Olympia Quad, and Movieland.)

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Fantasia (1940)—Disney enlisted an odd assortment of collaborators (among them Stokowski, who did it voluntarily, and Stravinsky, who was brought in involuntarily), and this grab bag of ambitious animated shorts—an attempt to combine high art and mass culture—was publicized as if it were an artistic landmark. Disney's animators provided visual interpretations of Bach's "Toccata and Fugue in D Minor" (in Stokowski's transcription, which is a precursor of the musical processing in "2001") and of hyped-up excerpts from "The Nutcracker Suite," "The Sorcerer's Apprentice," "The Rite of Spring," the "Pastoral Symphony," "The Dance of the Hours," and "A Night on Bald Mountain" (which somehow leads into the "Ave Maria"). Volcanoes erupt and dinosaurs battle during "The Rite of Spring;" garlanded girl centaurs cavort during Beethoven's "Pastoral." Initially, the film was a box-office failure, but it proved successful in revivals, especially in the early seventies, when it became a popular head film because of such ingredients as the abstract first section, the mushroom dance during "The Nutcracker Suite" (one of the liveliest sequences), and the overly bright—somewhat psychedelic—color. "The Sorcerer's Apprentice," featuring Mickey Mouse, and parts of other sequences are first-rate Disney, but the total effect is grotesquely kitschy. (Guild, and 8th St. Playhouse.)

Fitzcarraldo—The biggest disappointment in this epic written and directed by Werner Herzog is Peru. After a visually promising beginning, Herzog seems to lose interest in the external world (and no one in this movie has much of an internal world, either). Set in the eighteen-nineties, the film is about a three-hundred-and-twenty-ton steamboat being dragged over a mountain that separates one tributary of the Amazon from another. At times, the ship slowly climbing the mountain seems rather magical, but the deliberateness of Herzog's pacing can put you in a stupor. The hero, played by Klaus Kinski, is trying to get rich in the rubber trade so that he can build an opera house in the jungle and bring Caruso to sing in it. He seems meant to be a lovable loser, but it's hard to know quite what Kinski's Fitzcarraldo is because he's not like anyone else in the world—except maybe Bette Davis playing Rutger Hauer. As Molly, the whorehouse madam, Claudia Cardinale is ripely alive in this asexual movie. In German. (10/18/82) (Cinema II, and Lincoln Plaza.)

Flash Gordon (1980)—It's like a fairy tale set in a discothèque in the clouds. Up there, the arch-fiend Ming the Merciless (Max von Sydow) toys with Earth until three Earthlings—Dr. Zarkov (Topol), the golden-haired Flash Gordon (Sam J. Jones), and the cuddly Dale Arden (Melody Anderson)—go up in a rocket and crash-land at Ming's palace in Mongo. This picture has some of the knowing, pleasurable giddiness of the fast-moving Bonds. The images are flooded with the primary colors of comic strips—blue and, especially, red at its most blazing; the designer, Danilo Donati, and the cinematographer, Gil Taylor, make the colors so ripely intense that they're near-psychedelic. Ming's daughter, the tiny, voluptuous Princess Aura (Ornella Muti), wiggles and slinks through the palace wearing a shimmering scarlet jump suit; she's a flaming nympho and a perfect little emblem of camp. There's a wonderful, fairy-tale form of Russian roulette, when Flash and Timothy Dalton (as the dashing Prince Barin) take turns putting a hand into the crevices of a gnarled tree trunk, risking the fatal bite of the resident monster. The director, Mike Hodges, gets right into comic-strip sensibility and pacing. With Brian Blessed as Prince Vultan, the leader of the hawk men (who have huge wings), and Mariangela Melato and John Osborne. From a script by Lorenzo Semple, Jr.; music by the rock group Queen. (Cinema Village; Dec. 29-30.)

The 400 Blows (1959)—François Truffaut's eloquent first feature is a semi-autobiographical account of a twelve-year-old boy who—in the eyes of adults—becomes a delinquent. With Jean-Pierre Léaud. In French. (Bleecker St. Cinema; Dec. 31-Jan. 1.)

Gandhi—With Ben Kingsley in the title role, directed by Richard Attenborough. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Ziegfeld.)

Head (1968)—Before the producer, Bert Schneider, and the director, Bob Rafelson, collaborated on "Five Easy Pieces," they had made their names on TV with "The Monkees," and this first film they did together was an attempt to do for the Monkees what Richard Lester's "A Hard Day's Night" had done for the Beatles. The film tosses in old jokes, blackout routines, documentary footage of the suffering and horror of war, plus the Monkees, and tries to sell it all as a mind-blowing, psychedelic collage. With Annette Funicello, Timothy Carey, and Abraham Sofaer. Written by Rafelson and Jack Nicholson. (Thalia; Dec. 27.)

Intimate Lighting (1965)—A satirical folk comedy about a young cellist with the Prague Symphony who takes his big-city girlfriend with him when he goes to visit a friend from his days at the Conservatoire. The musician from Prague is to be the soloist at a concert of the small-town orchestra that the friend now conducts. The director, Ivan Passer, is witty in tiny, match-flare-size details; he shows us lives that have become a negotiation of small irritants. Day-to-day living in the town is like a prolonged silent-movie comedy. (How is a man to carry a drunken friend through a divided door when he can't juggle his position to get the top and the bottom open at the same time?) The people are frustrated in petty ways, and they're so fidgety that it's no wonder they make a botch of the music; everything in their lives is the opposite of the music they try to play. You find yourself doing small double takes as you watch this movie. It builds to a freeze-frame closing gag that's so funny and so completely dotty that you're not likely to forget it. Cinematography by J. Ondricek and J. Strecha; written by V. Šašek, J. Papoušek, and Passer. In Czech. (Bleecker St. Cinema; Dec. 27.)

Jonah Who Will Be 25 in the Year 2000 (1976)—A whirling political comedy about the seventies' lunatic fringe of people in their twenties and thirties, each with his own answers to the problems of society. This film, a play of ideas with the laconic irony of Renoir's "Boudu Saved from Drowning" and Buñuel's "The Discreet Charm of the Bourgeoisie," stays suspended in the air, spinning—a marvellous toy, weightless yet precise and controlled. The director, Alain Tanner, and his co-writer, John Berger, are willing to entertain possibilities for social rebirth even if they're cracked or pickled. It's a romantic, mystic, utopian comedy—an Easter fable, with a dialectical bunny. Set in

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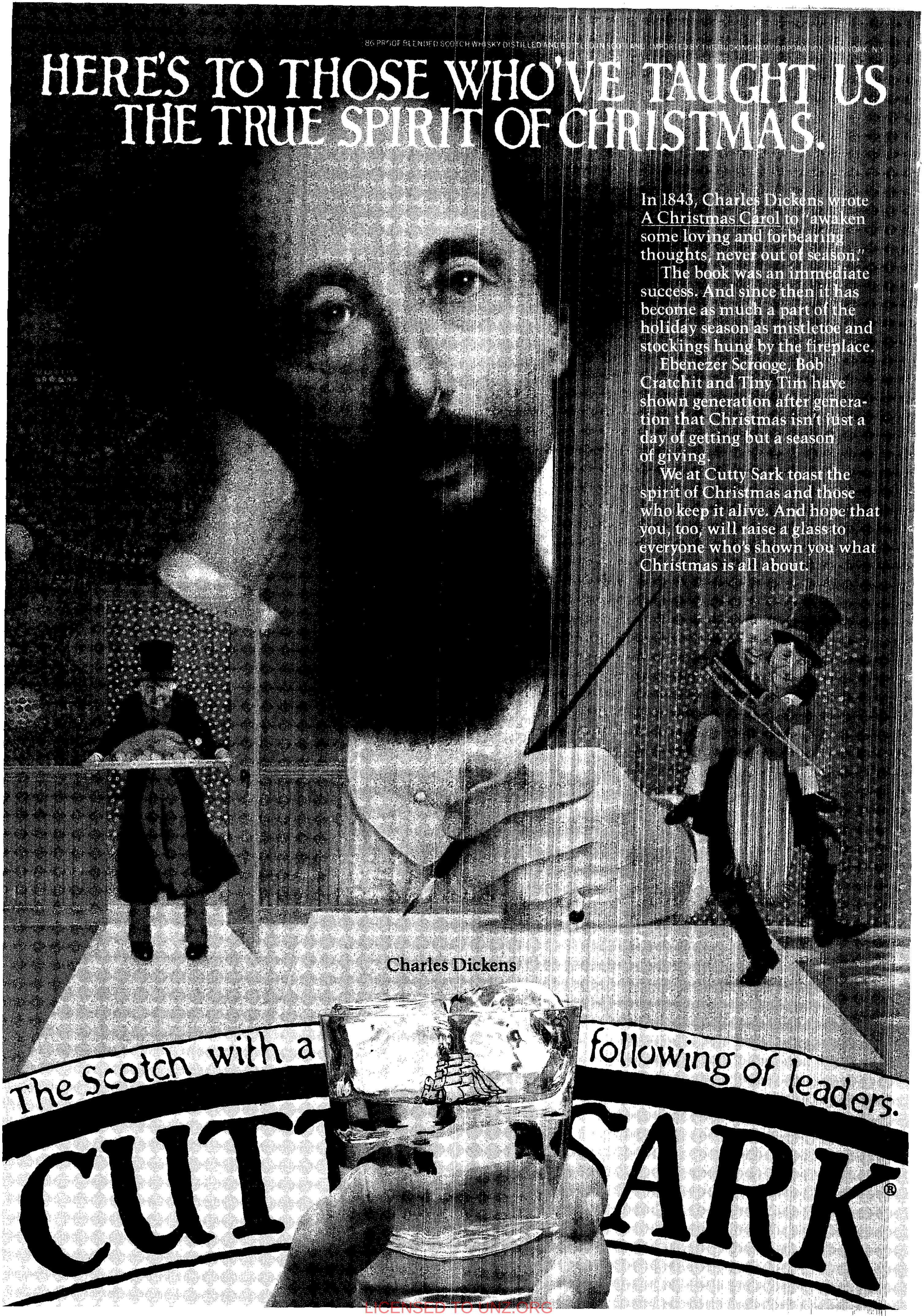

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

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Geneva (the birthplace of Rousseau); with Miou-Miou, Jean-Luc Bideau, and Raymond Bussières. In French. (Metro Cinema; Dec. 27.)

Jules and Jim (1962)—François Truffaut's celebration of bohemian life in France and Germany in the years of artistic ferment between the First World War and the Second. The Austrian, Jules (Oskar Werner), and the Frenchman, Jim (Henri Serre)—the sort of young artists who grow up into something else—have a peaceful friendship. But when they are with Catherine (Jeanne Moreau), they feel alive; anything may happen. She's the catalyst, the troublemaker, the source of despair as well as the source of joy, an enchantress; she's also a fanatic, an absolutist, and a little crazy. Determined to live as fully as a man, she claims equality while using every feminine wile to increase her power position. She's the independent, intellectual modern woman satirized by Strindberg (who also adored her). Catherine marries Jules, who can't hold her, and, in despair, he encourages Jim's interest in her—"that way, she'll still be *ours*." She insists on her freedom to leave men, but if they leave her (as Jim does) she is as devastated and as helpless as any clinging vine (perhaps *more* devastated—she can't even ask for sympathy). Elliptical, full of wit and radiance, this is the best movie ever made about what most of us think of as the Scott Fitzgerald period (though the film begins much earlier); Truffaut doesn't linger—nothing is held too long, nothing is overstated, or even *stated.* He explores the medium and plays with it. He overlaps scenes; uses fast cutting (in the manner of "Breathless") and leaping continuity (in the manner of "Zero for Conduct"); changes the size and shape of the images (as Griffith did); pauses for Jeanne Moreau to sing a song (Boris Bassiak's "Le Tourbillon"). Throughout, Georges Delerue's music is part of the atmosphere. It's so evocative that if you listen to it on the phonograph it brings back emotions and images, such as Jim and Catherine's daughter rolling on a hill. Adapted by Truffaut and Jean Gruault from Henri-Pierre Roché's autobiographical novel, with some additional material from his later work, "Two English Girls" (which Truffaut filmed in 1972). Cinematography by Raoul Coutard. With Marie Dubois as Thérèse, who smokes like a steam engine, and Bassiak, as Albert. Condemned when it opened in the United States by the (Catholic) Legion of Decency. In French. (Bleecker St. Cinema; Dec. 31-Jan. 1.)

Kagemusha (1980; "The Shadow Warrior")—Warfare is treated dispassionately in this epic film in color by Kurosawa, which is set during the wars of the clans in sixteenth-century Japan (the period just before the country was unified). Kurosawa seems to be saying that wisdom dictates caution, security, stasis, but that to be alive is to be subject to impulse, chaos. The film's style is ceremonial rather than dramatic; it's not battle that Kurosawa is interested in here but formations in battle regalia. He appears to see war as part of the turmoil of life, and he asks us simply to observe what he shows us. Perhaps he thinks that this way the horror will reach us at a deeper level. But he's also in love with the aesthetics of warfare—he's a schoolboy setting up armies of perfect little soldiers and smiling at the patterns he has devised. These two sets of feelings may have neutralized "Kagemusha"—put it at a remove and made it somewhat abstract. The film seems fixated on mountains, triangles, and threes. Tatsuya Nakadai plays the warlord known as The Mountain, and he also plays the thieving peasant who has been condemned to death but whose life is spared so that he can serve as the lord's double. Written by Kurosawa and Masato Ide. In Japanese. (Bleecker St. Cinema; Dec. 28.)

Leap Into the Void (1979)—The Italian director Marco Bellocchio ("Fists in the Pocket," "China Is Near") has a feral sense of the ridiculous and a snake charmer's style. This film is poised between farce and tragedy, and he keeps it in slippery chiaroscuro—it all might be taking place in a dark dream. Michel Piccoli gives a mesmerizing performance as an Italian judge who's a craven fraud, a distant cousin to the characters W. C. Fields used to play. Anouk Aimée is the judge's older sister, a menopausal virgin who has begun to rebel. This film about family entanglements and the functions of madness is perverse, horrifying, and funny. With Michele Placido, as a dashing, bearded outlaw (and sociopath), and the director's small son, Piergiorgio. Written by Bellocchio, Piero Natoli, and Vincenzo Cerami. In Italian. (11/29/82) (Carnegie Hall Cinema.)

A Letter to Three Wives (1949)—Joseph L. Mankiewicz won Academy Awards for Best Screenplay and Best Director for this satirical comedy on American social and marital conventions. The letter is from the town seductress informing the three wives that she has taken away one of their husbands: as each threatened wife reviews her marriage, we get, at best, a sharp, frequently hilarious look at suburbia, and, at worst, a slick series of bright remarks. Mankiewicz coaxed good performances out of Jeanne Crain and Linda Darnell, and the others certainly didn't need coaxing—Paul Douglas is pretty close to magnificent, and Ann Sothern, Kirk Douglas, Florence Bates, Thelma Ritter, and Connie Gilchrist are first-rate. Also with Barbara Lawrence, Jeffrey Lynn, and Hobart Cavanaugh, and narration by Celeste Holm. From a story by John Klempner. (Regency; Dec. 30-Jan. 1.)

The Miracle of Morgan's Creek (1944)—It's wartime, and Betty Hutton is the overenthusiastic girl who dates a soldier and produces sextuplets. This is one of Preston Sturges's surreal-slapstick-satire-conniption-fit comedies, and part of our great crude heritage. The picture was held up a year because of censorship problems, and you'll know why. With Eddie Bracken, Diana Lynn, William Demarest, Porter Hall, Esther Howard, J. Farrell MacDonald as the Sheriff, Jimmy Conlin as the Mayor, and, carried over from "The Great McGinty," Brian Donlevy as the Governor, and Akim Tamiroff as the Boss. (Remade as "Rock-A-Bye Baby" in 1958.) (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Dec. 30.)

My Favorite Year—The year is 1954, when Sid Caesar was the king of live TV comedy, and this movie is a fictional treatment of life backstage during the days when many soon-to-be-famous writers worked on his shows, brainstorming together. As the brawny, truculent King Kaiser, Joe Bologna suggests an introverted ox, and Peter O'Toole is King's guest star from Hollywood—the notorious womanizing boozer Alan Swann, who is part John Barrymore and part Errol Flynn. Bologna has an authentic boss-comic aura, and O'Toole plays Swann with a funky daring that is simply astounding. This show-business farce is the first film directed by Richard Benjamin, and it's a creaky job of moviemaking, but it has a bubbling spirit. Bill Macy, Lainie Kazan, Cameron Mitchell, and Anne De Salvo all have a crack at fresh material. Also with Mark Linn-Baker, Jessica Harper, Selma Diamond, Adolph Green, Lou Jacobi, Tony Di Beneditto, Gloria Stuart, and Basil Hoffman. From a terrific script by Norman Steinberg (who appears in a bit as Sandy) and Dennis Palumbo. (10/4/82) (Quad Cinema, 57th St. Playhouse, Olympia Quad, and Embassy.)

My Universities (1940)—In this third film of the Mark Donskoi trilogy, based on the memoirs of Maxim Gorky, the young hero, Alexei (now played, less successfully, by Y. Valberg), goes to work in a bakery, where the men go out on strike; he mingles with revolutionaries and intellectuals, and becomes, at last, the writer we know as Maxim Gorky. This lyric, epic group of films is the only work in movie history that is roughly comparable to Satyajit Ray's Apu trilogy; however, Donskoi falls into pompousness in the third film and the joyous revolutionary spirit seems programmed, while Ray soars. With Stephan Kaynkov as the bakery boss Semyonov. In Russian. (Film Forum; Dec. 26-27.)

New York, New York (1977)—An honest failure. This United Artists big-budget musical film, directed by Martin Scorsese, suffers from too many conflicting intentions. Scorsese works within the artifices of forties movie-musical romances and stylizes the sets in order to emphasize the shot-on-a-soundstage look. Evoking the movie past, he's trying to get at the dark side that was left out of the old cliché plots. But the improvisational, Cassavetes-like psychodrama that develops between the stars (Robert De Niro and Liza Minnelli) seems hollow and makes us uneasy, and sequences go on covering the same uncertain ground; the director seems to be feeling his way through a forest of possibilities (he shot a much longer film and then cut it down to a hundred and thirty-seven minutes). The effect is of desperately talented people giving off bad vibes. De Niro plays a restless hipster, a tenor-sax player who's frustrated in the big-band era—he's already into the progressive bop that's not yet accepted. Minnelli is a big-band singer who becomes popular with a wide audience through records and in musical movies. The story is about their meeting at a VJ Day celebration, their marriage, its dissolution, and their diverging musical paths. Though his role lacks depth and likability, De Niro, sleek and handsome and jumpy, brings it a locked-in, hotheaded intensity that almost holds the picture together—for the first half, anyway. But the story loses momentum once the girl gets pregnant. Trying to be subdued, Minnelli seems somewhat dazed—openmouthed and vacuous and unpleasantly overripe. She pushes her scenes; in her hyper way, she's as false as Julie Andrews. Her two big numbers ("But the World Turns Round" and the title song) are, however, in their own wildly hysterical show-biz terms, smashing (and she's in superb voice). With Diahnne Abbott as the Harlem Club singer, Lionel Stander, Barry Primus, Mary Kay Place, Lenny Gaines, George Memmoli, and George Auld, who gives a good, sour performance as the jaundiced bandleader and also dubs De Niro's sax. In addition to some mellow big-band standards, there are new songs by John Kander and Fred Ebb. The screenplay started with Earl Mac Rauch; then Mardik Martin, the cast, and others worked on it. The cinematography is by Laszlo Kovacs; Irving Lerner and Marcia Lucas were the editors. (The film is dedicated to Lerner, who died during the final editing stages.) (Bleecker St. Cinema; Dec. 26.)

The Night of the Hunter (1955)—Despite its peculiar overtones of humor this is one of the most frightening movies ever made (and truly frightening movies become classics of a kind). Robert Mitchum is the murderous, sex-obsessed, hymn-singing soul-saver with hypnotic powers, and his terrified new wife (Shelley Winters), who has a boy and a little girl from an earlier marriage, becomes his fervent disciple. He is something of a Pied Piper in reverse: adults trust him, children try to escape. The two kids' flight from the

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madman is a mysterious, dreamlike episode—a deliberately "artistic" suspense fantasy, broken by the appearance of a Christian variety of fairy godmother (Lillian Gish). The adaptation of Davis Grubb's novel was James Agee's last film work, and this shadowy horror fable was the first and only movie directed by Charles Laughton; it was a total financial disaster, and he never got a chance to direct again. With Evelyn Varden, James Gleason, Don Beddoe, and Peter Graves. Cinematography by Stanley Cortez. (Little Theatre, Public Theatre; starting Dec. 28.)

An Officer and a Gentleman—This formula romantic melodrama seems to come out of a time warp, but the director, Taylor Hackford, has done a smashing job of making the retrograde love story whiz by. Richard Gere is the tightly wound-up loner who is determined to become a flier; the movie centers on his thirteen-week basic-training ordeal at Naval Aviation Officer Candidate School. Gere has a striking moment when the character cracks, after the tough drill sergeant (Louis Gossett, Jr.) has caught him in some petty chiselling and punished him. But after he has broken down he's still Richard Gere, lost in his own placid beauty. As the mill-worker heroine, Debra Winger brings the film sultriness; you pull for this heroine because her tough-chick little-girl insolence plays off the avid look in her eyes that tells you she longs to make human contact. Gossett plays the sergeant bone hard; it's a beautifully hammy austere performance. There are also impressive characterizations by David Keith and Robert Loggia. With Tony Plana as an officer candidate with a Mohawk haircut and Lisa Eilbacher as a woman candidate. The script is by Douglas Day Stewart. (8/23/82) (Embassy. . . . ¶ St. Marks Cinema, and Olympia Quad; starting Dec. 24.)

Peter Pan (1953)—A full-length Walt Disney cartoon, with Bobbie Driscoll supplying Peter's voice, and a Tinker Bell who seems to be fashioned along the lines of Marilyn Monroe. (Olympia Quad, and Rivoli; starting Dec. 25.)

Popeye (1980)—Sometimes the components of a picture seem miraculously right and you go to it expecting a magical interaction. That's the case with "Popeye," with Robin Williams as the squinting sailor, Shelley Duvall as the persnickety Olive Oyl, and Robert Altman directing, from a screenplay by Jules Feiffer. The picture doesn't come together, though, and much of it is cluttered, squawky, and eerily unfunny. But there are lovely moments—especially when Olive is loping along or singing, and when she and Popeye are gazing adoringly at the foundling Swee'Pea (Wesley Ivan Hurt). The songs—an uneven collection—are by Harry Nilsson. With Paul Dooley as Wimpy, Paul L. Smith as Bluto, and, as Pappy, Ray Walston, whose rambunctious Broadway pizzazz cheapens everything. (1/5/81) (Cinema Village; Dec. 29-30. . . . ¶ Bleecker St. Cinema; Dec. 30.)

The Postman Always Rings Twice (1981)—Taste and craftsmanship have gone into this Bob Rafelson version of James M. Cain's hot tabloid novel, but Rafelson's detached, meditative tone is about as far from Cain's American tough-guy vernacular as you can get. The impulsiveness and raw flamboyance that make the book exciting are missing, and the cool, elegant visuals (Sven Nykvist is the cinematographer) outclass the characters right from the start. As Frank, the drifter whose passion for Cora leads him to kill her husband, Jack Nicholson does a run-through of his overdeliberate, sly, malevolent expressions from "The Shining" while still lobotomized from "Cuckoo's Nest." (His performance could have been given by a Nicholson impersonator.) As Cora, who does the cooking at her husband's roadside café, Jessica Lange is the best reason to see the movie. She looks good-sized—muscular but rounded—and with her short, curly blond hair, a Japanese silk wrapper pulled tight, and a lewd, speculative smile, she's both seraphic and steamy. The film needs to be propelled by a growing intensity in the sex scenes, but the first sex, on the table in the café kitchen, is the hottest. So things go downhill. With John Colicos as greasy Nick, the husband; Michael Lerner as Katz, the lawyer; and a highly expendable episode that features Anjelica Huston as a lion tamer. The sparse yet maundering script is by David Mamet. (4/6/81) (St. Marks Cinema; starting Dec. 31.)

Private Lives (1931)—Early talkie attempt at glittering theatrical sophistication, and somehow, in its own terms, it works. This M-G-M version of the Noël Coward play was made soon after the play came out, and perhaps the play's style and excitement carries the cast along. Norma Shearer isn't so bad, and Robert Montgomery is very, very good. It was a dazzling success. A performance of the play was filmed so that the stars, the director, Sidney Franklin, and a raft of adaptors would get the idea; that may explain Franklin's showing a little zip, for a change, and Shearer's acting halfway human. With Reginald Denny, Una Merkel, and, in a role added in the film, Jean Hersholt. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Dec. 31-Jan. 1.)

The Road to Glory (1936)—William Faulkner and Joel Sayre wrote the screenplay for Howard Hawks. The setting is the First World War, and the movie demonstrates how gallantly actors can fight and die. With Fredric March and Warner Baxter. Photographed by Gregg Toland. (Thalia; Dec. 29.)

Sansho the Bailiff (1954)—Mizoguchi's astonishing epic of the generations of a family that rises from slaves to masters and is then shattered. The work of an undeniable film artist. In Japanese. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Dec. 29.)

The Sea Hawk (1940)—Errol Flynn, playing a hero based on Sir Francis Drake, in a rousing swashbuckler directed by Michael Curtiz. The Spaniards talk peculiar slang, considering that the year is 1585, but Flora Robson's Queen Elizabeth is a vigorous shrewdie. The cast includes Brenda Marshall, Claude Rains, Gilbert Roland, Henry Daniell, Alan Hale, Una O'Connor, Donald Crisp, and many other well-known performers. Seton I. Miller and Howard Koch were the writers; the music is by Erich Wolfgang Korngold. (Hollywood Twin Cinema 2; Dec. 27-28.)

The Seven Samurai (1954)—Seven hired knights defend a village against forty mounted bandits—their pay a few handfuls of rice. This three-and-a-half-hour epic on violence and action—Akira Kurosawa's masterpiece—has been widely imitated, but no one has come near it. With Toshiro Mifune and Takashi Shimura. (For a period in the fifties, it circulated in a much shorter version under the title "The Magnificent Seven," but in 1960 that title was appropriated by an American version of the story, with the samurai changed to gunmen.) In Japanese. (Cinema Studio.)

Sophie's Choice—With Meryl Streep and Kevin Kline, directed by Alan J. Pakula. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Cinema I, and Cinema 3.)

Still of the Night—The writer-director Robert Benton is unquestionably intelligent, but this murder mystery set in Manhattan shows almost no evidence of the nasty streak that's part of the pleasure of a good thriller, or of the manipulative skills that might give us a few tremors. Meryl Streep plays the icy hot woman suspected of murder, and her performance is all about her hair. It's platinum-white, it hangs bone-straight like a curtain, and part of her face is hidden behind it; from time to time she peers up and shakes it back a little. This femme fatale is meant to be guileful and slinky—a woman with neurotic wiles. But Streep's high-strung emotionality isn't fun in the way that Faye Dunaway's has often been. She seems pale and gaunt, and more zombified than anything else. And as the psychologist who is attracted to her yet is afraid that she's a killer, Roy Scheider is competent but colorless; he brings nothing to his role but his physical frame—some sinews, a profile. In the early part we do get some prickly sensations from Josef Sommer as Scheider's patient and Streep's lover, who works in an art-and-antiques auction house that resembles Sotheby Parke Bernet. Sommer here is like a snide and slightly dirty Trevor Howard; he and Sara Botsford—she's one of the women who work at the auction place—are lively (in a creepy-crawly way). But Benton seems to have misplaced his sense of fun; it's as if he couldn't really get down to dirtying his mind with the genre he's working in. The film needs static and, shot by Nestor Almendros, it looks sterile. With Jessica Tandy, Joe Grifasi, and Irving Metzman; the story line was worked out by David Newman and Benton. (12/13/82) (Loews New York Twin, Waverly, New Yorker, and R.K.O. Century Cinerama Twin.)

The Ten Commandments (1956)—Charlton Heston is the highly athletic Moses; Anne Baxter is the kittenish princess who loves him; Judith Anderson is the sinister slave who knows the secret of his Jewish birth; Cedric Hardwicke is the likable old Pharaoh; Yul Brynner is the prince who beats Moses to the Egyptian throne; Edward G. Robinson is the traitor to the Jews; Debra Paget is the young slave old Robinson has got his eyes on. Stir them all together, throw in stone tablets, a whopping big Golden Calf, part the Red Sea, and you've got Cecil B. De Mille's epic—3 hours and 38 minutes of it. As old-fashioned hokum, it's palatable and rather tasty. Also with Yvonne de Carlo, John Derek, John Carradine, Nina Foch, Douglass Dumbrille, Martha Scott, Vincent Price, Henry Wilcoxon, and H. B. Warner. (Hollywood Twin Cinema 2; Dec. 26.)

Tex—An oddly quiet, tepid, soft film about

Anne Burgess

adolescent travail in Oklahoma. Making his début as a director, Tim Hunter uses setups that are drably simple, and the locations are hazy—the cinematographer (Ric Waite) might be in some personal watery-pastel fog. This adaptation of one of the S. E. Hinton novels that became favorites of high-school kids in the seventies has an amiable, unforced good humor that takes the curse off the film's look and even off its everything-but-the-bloodhounds plot. As the prankish fifteen-year-old Tex, Matt Dillon radiates a mysteriously effortless charm. With Jim Metzler as Tex's older brother; Ben Johnson as the heavy; and Meg Tilly, Pamela Ludwig, Bill McKinney, and the author, Susan Hinton, in a bit as the typing teacher. The script is by Charlie Haas and the director. (10/4/82) (New Embassy 49th Street.)

Tootsie—With Dustin Hoffman and Jessica Lange, directed by Sydney Pollack. (Reviewed in this issue.) (R.K.O. Century Art, Loews Tower East, and Loews Paramount. . . . ¶ Loews 83rd Quad; through Dec. 23.)

Ugetsu (1953)—This subtle, violent yet magical film is one of the most amazing of the Japanese movies that played American art houses after the international success of "Rashomon" in 1951. The director, Kenji Mizoguchi, handles the narrative in two styles: barbaric sequences dealing with greed and civil war that seem realistic except that the characters are deliberately animalistic and are symbolically acting out the bestial side of man; and highly stylized sequences dealing with the aesthetic, luxurious, and romantic modes of life. When the hero (Masayuki Mori), a grunting peasant potter, develops self-awareness and becomes an artist, the meanings multiply. The film is upsetting; and unspeakably cruel at times, and then so suggestive and haunting that it's confounding. When, in the midst of serene elegance, the phantom Lady Wakasa (Machiko Kyo) offers the potter-artist rarefied sensual delights, you know how he feels as he cries, "I never imagined such pleasures existed!" Heavy going in spots, but with marvellous passages that are worth a bit of patience. With Kinuyo Tanaka as the potter's wife. In Japanese. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Dec. 29.)

A Wedding (1978)—Robert Altman's satirical farce takes place during a single day starting with a family-only Episcopal-church wedding and then moving from the church to the reception at the groom's family mansion, in a North Shore suburb of Chicago. It's as if Altman has set out to prove that those who couldn't see the innovative greatness of his earlier films were right; it seems to have been made by an Altman imitator. The forty-eight members of the cast (expecially Carol Burnett Pat McCormick, and Amy Stryker) do many charming things, but the flimsy movie is bitter in a concealed, dry, facile way; at the end the characters seem to have been chopped up by a pixieish, yet rancorous, comedian. (Bleecker St. Cinema; Dec. 30.)

Zabriskie Point (1970)—Antonioni's American-made movie is about a semi-political boy (Mark Frechette) and an uncommitted girl (Daria Halprin) and how everything they encounter in American life is cruel and rotten. (They meet in Death Valley.) When the boy is (implausibly) killed by a "pig," the girl sees what must come: the destruction of America (which turns out to be a ravishingly pretty apocalypse). It's a very odd sensation to watch a message movie by a famous European artist telling us what is wrong with America while showing us something both naïve and decrepit; if it weren't for this peculiar sense of dislocation and the embarrassment you feel for Antonioni this would be just one more "irreverent" pandering-to-youth movie, and (except visually) worse than most. He can't animate the young performers—he can't, it seems, truly connect with them. He falls back on the youth mythology so popular in the mass media (the young are good guys and the older white Americans are bad guys), and this rigid, schematic point of view doesn't fit his deliberately open-ended, sprawling style. The movie seems unconsciously snobbish—as if Antonioni throught America should be destroyed because of its vulgarity. With Rod Taylor. Cinematography by Alfio Contini; script by Antonioni, Fred Gardner, Sam Shepard, Tonino Guerra, and Clare Peploe. (Cinema Village; Dec. 31-Jan. 1.)

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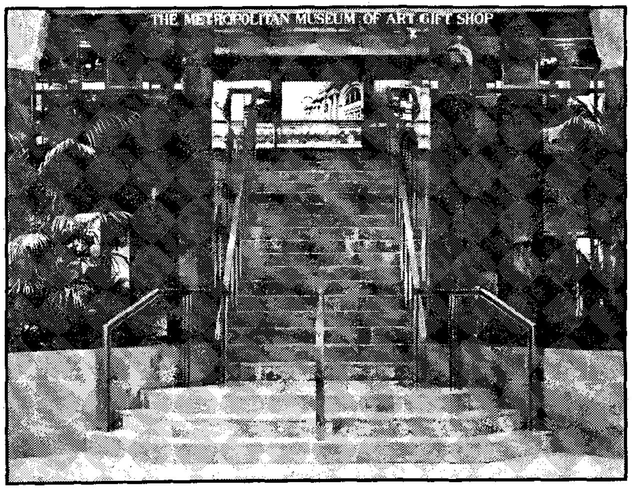

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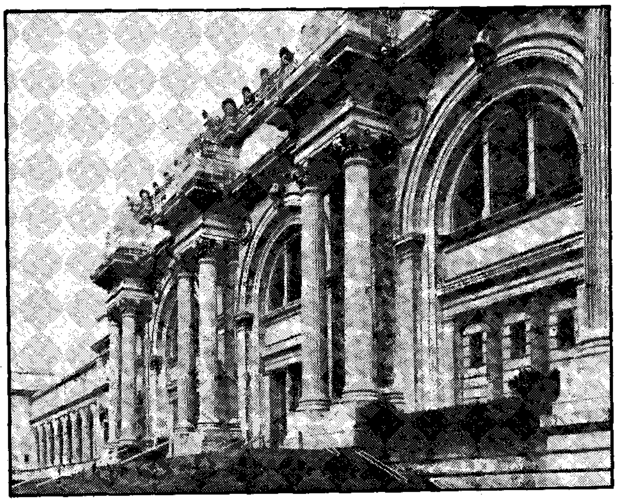

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THE NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

LETTER from a man who lives in New Jersey:

I took my five-year-old son to see his first hockey game the other night—and, incidentally, to help me inspect our state's newest team—when the New Jersey Devils (ex-Colorado Rockies) played the Hartford Whalers at the new Brendan Byrne Arena, in the Meadowlands. Seventeen dollars for tickets—seventeen dollars *each*, that is—plus two dollars to park and eight or nine for essential supplies: hot dogs, soda, ice cream, pretzels, popcorn, pennant, program. I should explain that I hadn't been to a pro hockey game since the old, six-team National Hockey League was expanded and then Balkanized into mysteriously named conferences and divisions. My own childhood hockey-watching took place, at the end of a long, thrilling trolley ride, in three-dollar seats at the Boston Garden—a noisy, smoke-filled downtown arena, with poor lighting, cynical, beery fans, and a team that in those days was painfully slow and given more to brawling than to scoring goals. So in my mind hockey is inevitably associated with a certain kind of agreeable seediness and with a particularly urban feeling of excitement and expectancy. But there is nothing seedy about the Brendan Byrne Arena. It looks from certain angles like a ziggurat suspended upside down from a bracket, and it rises, white and floodlit, above acres of parking lot and highway interchanges. As far as I can make out, no one actually *lives* in this part of our state, and there's no way to get there except by automobile. You line up on an access road, behind all the other cars, until a young man with a bright-red light wand waves you, airport style, into a berth—in my case, into one right between a black Porsche Targa and a Saab Turbo that even in the outdoors gave off an unnatural smell of newness.

A loudspeaker greeted my son and me at the Arena entrance, warning us against attempting to smuggle in bottles, coolers, cameras, or video equipment, and a polite young usher wearing a blazer led us to our seats. They cost almost forty dollars a pair—did I mention that?—and were upholstered in movie-theatre plush. The Arena was brilliantly lit, the air was antiseptically pure (smoking in the stands is prohibited), and yet, sitting there, watching my fellow-Garden Staters file in—clean-cut and prosperous-looking—I grew edgy and depressed. The place just didn't feel like a hockey rink. Out on the ice, the Zamboni machine was slowly circling, laying down a smooth, glistening new surface. The whine of the machine, its oval-shaped laps seemed reassuringly familiar, and I watched the Zamboni make several passes before I noticed that the driver was in black tie. Well, black tie except for the jacket. A few minutes later, when the Devils skated out for the start of the game—to the thumping accompaniment of a taped rock song ("Eye of the Tiger," my son informed me) instead of the live organ music that was traditional at the games of my youth—I was pleased to see that they wore the customary hockey jerseys, padded shorts, and striped woollen stockings. The Whalers, on the other hand, were clad in solid-green coverall-like outfits with long pants, which to my eyes made them resemble a squad of janitors on a skating holiday. But after the face-off

both teams skated hard, the lead changed back and forth, and—well, it turned out to be a pretty good game after all, with no ugly stuff and, as pro hockey goes, relatively few penalties. I think this must have been a disappointment to my son, for, aside from eating, the aspect of hockey that seemed to appeal to him most was the penalty box. I decided that it must answer powerfully to something basic in a five-year-old's ideal of justice: immediate, *brief* punishment, and then return to one's peers without shame or guilt. Anyway, the boy leaned forward expectantly each time the ref blew his whistle, and whenever a player was sent off he appeared to take a stern, Calvinist pleasure in making certain that the offender didn't attempt to return to the ice an instant before his sentence had expired.

My son's enjoyment of the game was so infectious that by the start of the third period I realized we were both having a good time. Then, two or three minutes into that last period, Steve Tambellini, a quick young forward on the Devils, scored his third goal of the evening, on a tip-in in front of the net; it was his first hat trick as a pro, and the first for the new franchise, too. His teammates mobbed him, hugging him and cuffing the back of his head, and, of course, we fans all leaped from our seats and cheered. As we stood there, clapping and yelling, a painter's white cap suddenly sailed out over the ice from somewhere in the upper stands and dropped lazily to a spot just inside the blue line. It was followed, a moment later, by a brown L. L. Bean felt crusher, three or four of those one-size-fits-all truck-driver hats with adjustable backs, and, down in the opposite corner, a red-and-white wool ski cap with a pom-pom. Then another painter's cap came sailing down, and some more of the truck-driver hats—a pair of blue ones this time—and soon the linesmen were skating back and forth picking up hats from the ice like ballerinas scooping up bouquets at a curtain call.

"What's going *on*?" my son shouted over the cheering.

"Well, if you score three goals that's called a hat trick," I tried to explain.

"But why are they throwing hats on the ice?" he asked.

"I guess it's a custom," I said. "A *new* custom. When I was your age, I used to watch the Boston Bruins, and they didn't have this."

"*I* know," my son announced with conviction. "The one who does it gets to *keep* all the hats!"

Eventually, the ice was cleared, the game resumed, and my son polished off one last Coke. When the buzzer sounded, with the Devils on top, 5–4, I stood up and stretched and looked around; the Arena suddenly seemed bright and spacious to me, and full of cheerful, hopeful faces—brand-new hockey fans. I asked my son if he was ready to go. He smiled. We gathered up our coats, found the car with no trouble, and, thanks to some nifty lanesmanship on the part of the driver—who wove effortlessly through the traffic, like a skater—made it back to the house in half an hour.

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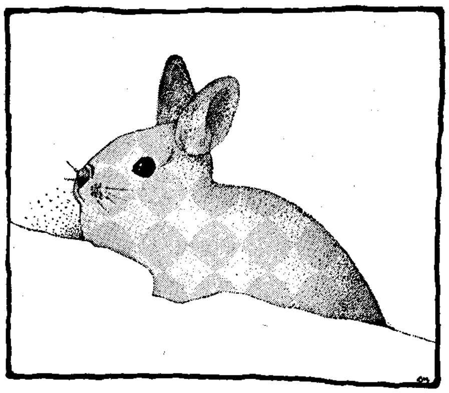
Homeless Men

THE unnaturally balmy weather that New Yorkers so enjoyed in early December gave way suddenly about two weeks ago to a brittle, gusty cold snap. On Thursday, December 9th, a series of three frontal systems, all from Canada, pushed across the city. By four o'clock that afternoon, the temperature had dropped below freezing—to thirty degrees—and, with the wind whistling in from the north-northwest at twenty-two miles per hour, it felt to anyone looking for a cab, or walking to a subway, or slumping drunk in a doorway, as if the temperature were just two degrees above zero. And by four o'clock that afternoon, as the light outside began to fail, New York's main intake center for homeless men, at 8 East Third Street, on the Bowery, was crowded to the point where men greatly outnumbered chairs.

Up the front steps of the shelter and to the right—past a man reading aloud from a Gideon New Testament and a man peddling loose Lucky Strikes for a nickel, and over two men sprawled asleep on the linoleum—was the end of a line that led, after a half-hour wait, to the records room of the shelter operation, known to the staff as "the five-by-eight office," for the size in inches of the index cards on which its data are kept. This is where men come who need meals and lodging at the city's expense. Those who came to the five-by-eight-office window on December 9th traded some basic biographical information for a "ticket," as it is known, good for food and shelter through the nineteenth of the month—ten days. Then they joined another, more crowded line, which was slowly making its way fifty feet across a dayroom and down some stairs to the basement cafeteria. Seven men wide, the queue was tightly packed and anticipatory. At one point, where it narrowed to four abreast going around a corner, jostling turned to shoving, and the anonymous tight contact of, say, a rush-hour subway became much more personal, to the point where taking a breath was a conscious act. "At Camp LaGuardia—that's up in Orange County—the lines are a lot more orderly," said a soft-spoken man, who had to strain to make himself heard over the shouting, radio-playing racket that dominated the dayroom. "They have a lot of supervisors there. They wouldn't stand for a situation like this—not there," added the man, who wore both a grubby green parka and an antique brown corduroy overcoat. A number of the men had on more than one coat. They need the extra insulation on chilly street corners, but inside, in a hot room made hotter by the dense line, sweat collected on many faces. One man, who had been mumbling nothing much at steadily increasing volume, started to take off his gold windbreaker and toss it aside, but the man next to him made him put it back on. "This is the only coat you got, man," he said. "Everyone in here would like to have your coat, but it belongs to you. Now, hold on to it."

As the line left the dayroom (where paint flaked from every corner) and entered a dark stairwell that led to the basement, it thinned to a single file and then moved more quickly. All in the space of ten minutes, meal tickets were checked and dinner dished up and eaten. Warm, filling, and good,



"It's a simple stone mill, for grinding one's own grain."

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the meal consisted of two slices of white bread with two pats of margarine; rice; diced beets; a stew with a few pieces of meat and a good many beans; oversweetened coffee; and, for dessert, three stewed prunes. Several Human Resources Administration security guards patrolled the cafeteria, and diners who sat too long in front of empty trays were told gently that it was time to move along. The exit from the cafeteria led outdoors, onto East Third, past a sign that asked shelter clients—that is the official term—not to disturb the neighborhood. It was twenty-seven degrees outside, and most of the men walked straight back in at the front door to begin the process of getting housing.

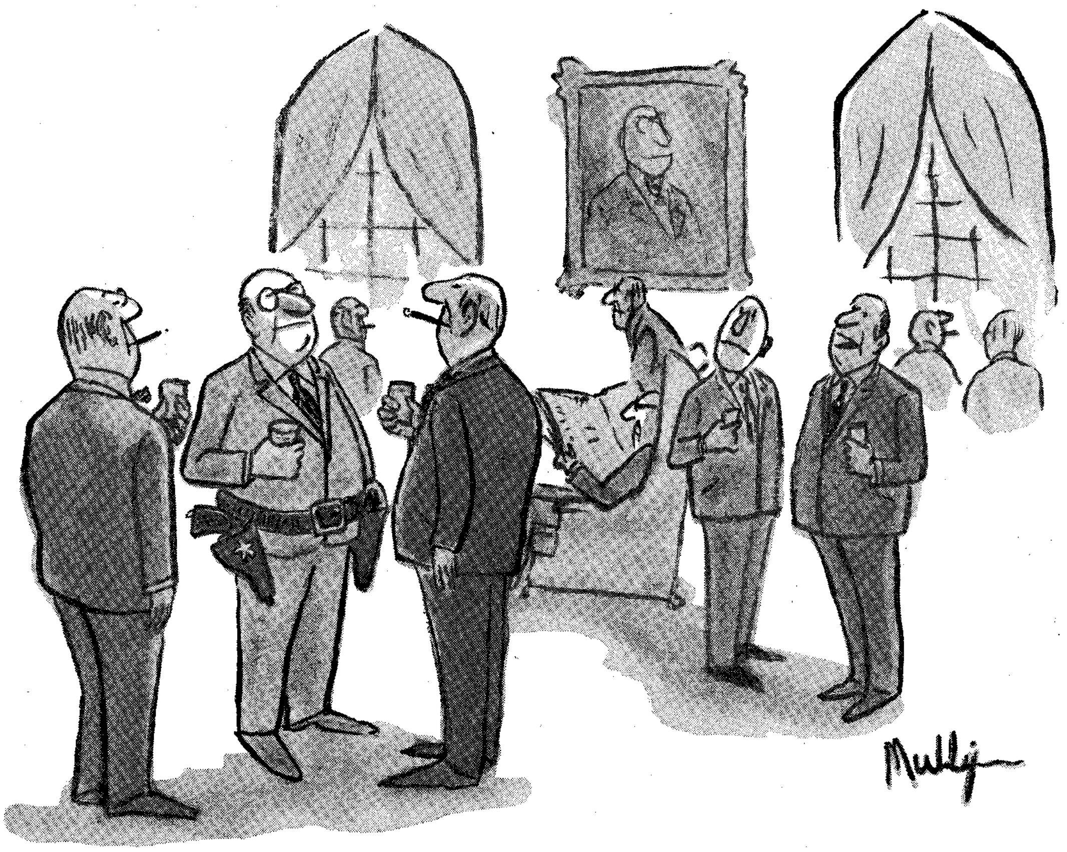
Of a total of three thousand seven hundred and forty-four homeless men who were sheltered by the city on December 9th, only ten actually got beds at East Third Street, and they were in the infirmary, on the second floor. The rest went to one of five shelters—Camp LaGuardia (where nine hundred and forty-five men slept), Ward's Island (eight hundred and sixteen men, in two buildings), an armory in the Fort Washington section of Manhattan (five hundred and twenty), an old school on Williams Avenue, in Brooklyn's East New York district (three hundred and fifty-one), and a former school on Eighth Avenue at 157th Street, in Harlem (a hundred and twenty-nine)—or to one of six Bowery flophouses, ranging in population from the Palace (four hundred and fifty-three) to the Stevenson (sixty-five). Most of those who had arrived at East Third Street around four o'clock and finished their dinner at five-thirty chose to "put their tickets in" immediately. They handed their tickets to a man in a glassed-in booth in the center of the shelter's main floor, and he told them to go wait on the second floor until their names were called for the bus to the Brooklyn school.

On the second floor, as in the rest of the Third Street facility, there were many more men than chairs, so there was a lot of sitting on the stairs and slouching against the walls. A few of the men on the second floor looked like the world's picture of Bowery bums: one stumbled and fell down seven stairs, hitting his head against a radiator, and another, irascible old Izzy, shook his crutch at those who came too close, exchanged cheerful and immensely profane insults with his friends passing by to other floors, and finally fell asleep and toppled out of his chair. When some of the other men hoisted Izzy back into his seat, he awoke and swore at them; they just laughed. But the bulk of those waiting for the Brooklyn bus were under forty and were black or Hispanic, and seemed more down on their luck than derelict or deranged. They all looked groggy and bleary-eyed—some apparently from drink or drugs, some from lack of sleep, many from both. One man left the waiting room, went to a nearby grocery store, and returned with a quart of Miller High Life concealed under his coat—for drinking is not permitted in the shelter. He and a friend debated risking confiscation of the bottle by drinking it then and there but decided to wait for the dark safety of the bus. Inside ten minutes, though, the man had deftly opened the quart and managed several long pulls. His friend, meanwhile, was trying without luck to sell a small Instamatic camera for three joints.

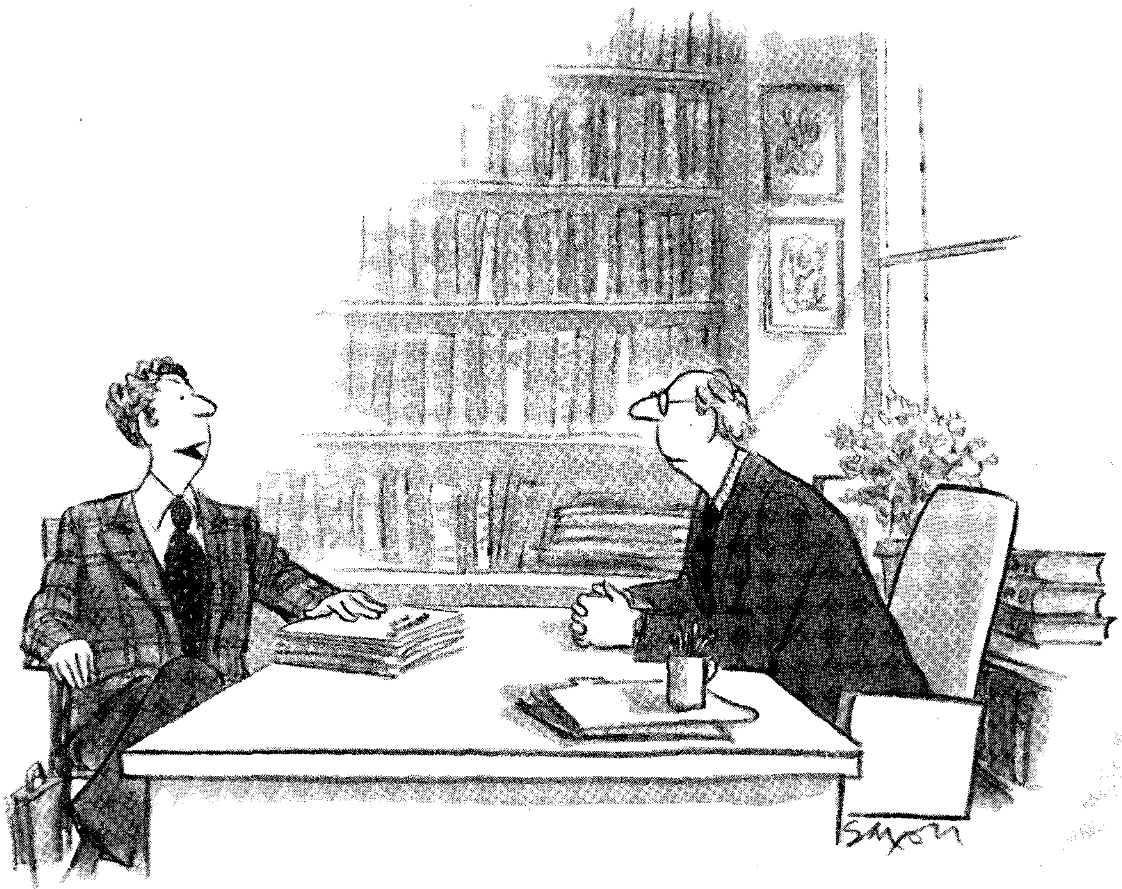
The second-floor waiting room, with its joined-at-the-waist plastic chairs, looked like a small-city Greyhound bus terminal, and there was the same air of nothing to do but sit (or stand). The few distractions included a visit from the cook, who poked his head in at the door on the way to an office upstairs. Several of the men complimented him on the meal he had just prepared; almost all the dealings between clients and staff people were, like this one, friendly—or, at least, polite in both directions. The salesman of loose cigarettes happened by twice, and many of the men bought one or two, some counting out pennies in payment. The only real spectacle was provided by the men on the third floor. Told to report downstairs for their bus, they did, only to find that the order had been premature; the bus had not yet arrived. Without complaint, they paraded back upstairs. A few minutes later, though, they left for good, and not long afterward a staff member climbed to the second floor carrying two bundles of about forty tickets each. He rounded up the men in the stairwell and herded them into the main waiting room, and then began to read off the names on the cards. As each was called, its owner replied "Here!" or "Yo!" and claimed his ticket. Then he walked downstairs to a yellow school bus that was idling in the street. It was now nearly seven-forty-five, with the temperature at twenty-four degrees and the wind whipping at twenty-one miles per hour.

The bus trip to Brooklyn—it didn't begin until old Izzy had been bundled aboard, swearing happily—took perhaps twenty minutes, and the men sat placidly, some talking with their seatmates. "The night before last, I went to the new shelter," said one man, who was unshaven but owned a nearly full pack of Salem Lights. "They said 'Who wants to go to the new shelter on Ward's Island?' and no one was going, so I didn't know what was up, but I put my ticket in. And it was *so* nice! They had some individual shower stalls there, where you could pull the curtain, and you could change the temperature of the water to suit you, and there was a real TV room, just like in jail. And they assigned you a bed, so you could go to the bathroom or wherever and not have to worry some guy would be in your bed when you got back. Last night, I got to East Third too late to go back there, so I put in for Fort Washington, but when the bus hadn't come by 1:30 A.M. I got my ticket back and left. There's an abandoned building just across the Williamsburg Bridge that I have a mattress in, and I went there. It's good in the summer, but last night was *cold.* And you can't sleep when you're cold. I got to find some work, but I don't know enough people here. I'm from upstate, and I'd go back there if I had a place to stay, because I think there's construction work there. But for the time being I'm going to keep trying to get the new shelter. It's *nice.*"

Shortly after eight o'clock, the bus pulled up in front of the former school in East New York, which was opened as a shelter on October 21, 1981, the day after a judge ordered the city to find four hundred more beds for homeless men. A security guard now directed the men up a central flight of stairs to an auditorium, where a lot of others were already sitting in row after row of uncomfortable wooden seats of the sort found mainly in high-school auditoriums. Some of the seats were splintered, and others were missing altogether. Food wrappers and a few bottles littered the floor. A color television set on the auditorium stage was turned to "Magnum, P.I.," which featured criminals shooting at good guys in a helicopter; the volume was set so high that the sound was a virtually unmodulated blare, hard to understand. It was so loud because behind the television set three tables of shelter regulars were playing cards and talking, also at high volume. The new arrivals from East Third sat like lumps in their seats, either looking at the TV (but not laughing at the jokes, or seeming to notice much when commercials came on) or staring at the wall. When "Magnum, P.I."



"Cartright has been against gun control for years."



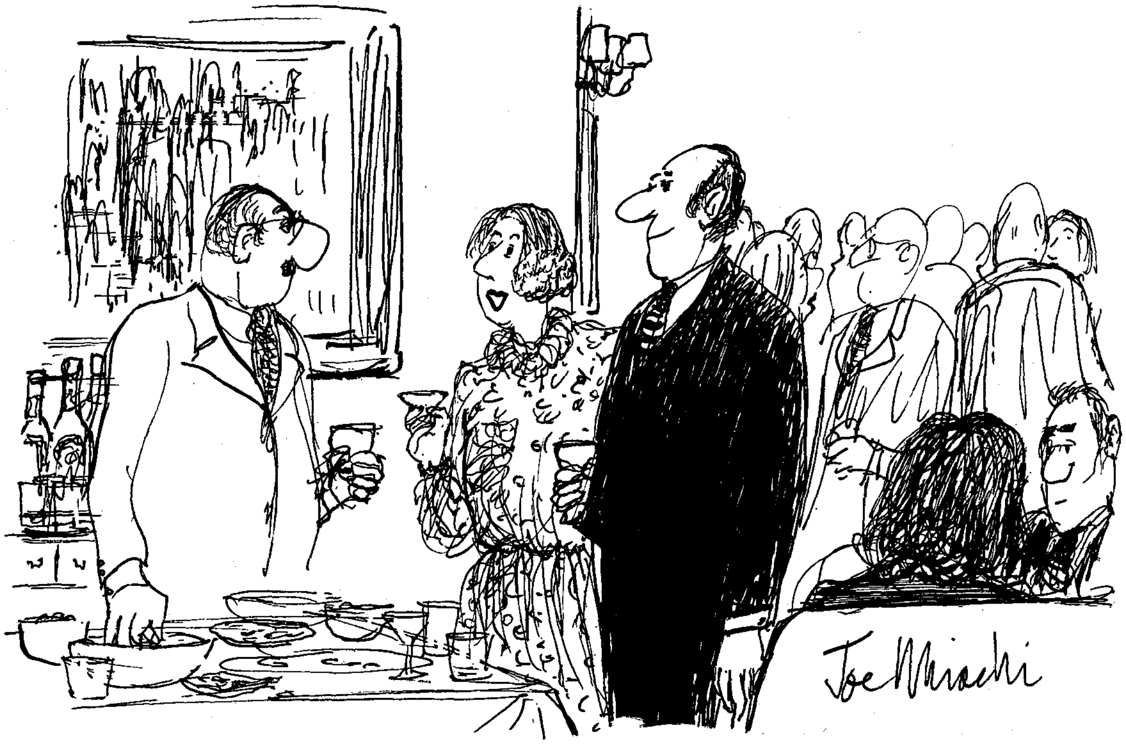
“It’s my own story. A no-holds-barred account of a boyishly charming anchorperson. I only wrote it because it had to be told.”

ended, a security guard yelled, “Downstairs, everyone! They’re handing out sheets!” Everyone got up and went downstairs and waited in a long line, which eventually led past a smiling, matronly woman passing out clean sheets. Then everyone went back up to the auditorium, where a show called “Simon & Simon,” about two detectives tracking a scuba-diving kidnapper, had come on the TV.

The bathroom down the hall from the auditorium was decrepit; not all the toilets flushed, and not all the stalls had doors. In the corridor outside, a bulletin board listed some of the daytime activities at the shelter: a “pool-shooting” room operated until 5 P.M. daily, and something called a “mood-changers group” met Thursdays at 3 P.M. There was also a note on the board from a man who had lost all his possessions—most notably, his i.d. card—and was offering a “bonus” for their return. Between nine o’clock and eleven, the main thing that happened was that “Simon & Simon” ended and a man switched the set to Channel 4 for “Hill Street Blues.” When that show, which had a subplot about lapdogs, was over, the television was turned off, and the men who had put their tickets in five and a half hours earlier at East Third Street lined up single file, all clutching their clean white sheets, along the left side of a corridor. The line climbed two staircases, to the fourth floor, and then went down one, to the third. Most of the classrooms it passed had crudely lettered cardboard signs on the doors that read, “Full Up. No Beds.” (One continued, “Thieves will get their do!!!!”) Under the rules of the shelter, men who come regularly to the Brooklyn site have reserved beds, which they can claim simply by arriving at an appointed hour. Any empty beds are then distributed to the nightly arrivals from East Third Street. This night—and many other nights as well—there were not nearly as many beds as bodies; most classrooms, each of which had about twelve beds pushed close together, really were “full up” with regulars. Two security guards picked those from Third Street who would get to spend the night in the few remaining beds. “We’re not discriminating on anything except cleanliness,” one of them told the line. “Brooklyn Men’s Shelter is a *clean* shelter, and we don’t want any lice or dirt.”

Once the few men were picked, the line returned to the silent auditorium (the TV had been locked away) and waited. Nobody complained. Fifteen minutes later, a shelter employee came in to say that he was trying to find buses to take the men to the Fort Washington armory, where there were beds. He counted fifty-four men sitting or slumping in the auditorium but missed a fifty-fifth, who was lying face down between two rows of seats. Very few of the men talked while they waited; some tried to sleep, but most looked straight ahead. One man shouted to himself in Spanish every few minutes.

After almost an hour—at about 12:30 A.M.—the staff member came back to announce that two vans were waiting outside to take men to Fort Washington. Each of the vans seated fourteen people, so twenty-eight of the fifty-five men were allowed to leave; twenty-seven, including the man asleep on his face, stayed behind to wait for more vans. On their way out, the twenty-eight men dropped their clean sheets in a big pile by the stairs. The driver of one of the vans had both the radio (playing a song called “Bad Boy”) and the heater running full blast, but though the back seats were scorchingly stuffy none of the men said a word about that, or anything else. The trip down the traffic-free Interborough Parkway to the Grand Central Parkway, past the World’s Fair Unisphere and LaGuardia Airport, and then over the Triborough Bridge took not much more than twenty minutes, and it was shortly after one when the van reached the armory, on 168th Street. The tempera-



"I'd like you to meet Stan Wheeler. Mr. Wheeler is one of the Administration's leading optimists."

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ture had dipped to nineteen degrees, but the wind had dropped as well, to twelve miles per hour, so the wind-chill factor was just about one degree below zero—not quite as icy as it had been two or three hours earlier.

Inside the armory doors, the men lined up. Attendants told ten of them at a time to strip and leave their clothes and belongings in piles on the floor. Each of the ten tossed his dirty underwear into a garbage can, grabbed a chunk of yellow soap, and entered a room with ten showerheads in a row along one wall. "Be as quick as possible, but get really clean," said a businesslike but courteous attendant. The men got the showers good and hot, and lathered up. After a few minutes, they all rinsed, turned off the showers, and walked back into the hall, where a staff member handed each a towel. Rolled up inside the towel were a clean pair of briefs and a clean T-shirt, each stamped "MENS SHELTER" in black ink. After drying themselves and putting on their new underwear, the men collected their clothes and belongings and walked barefoot down a long hall, leaving room for the next ten men to strip and shower. At the end of the hall was a stairway, and at the top of the stairs was the armory floor.

During the winter, the armory is used for high-school track meets, and hurdles were stacked in some corners. The room is vast: far down at the other end several automobiles were parked, and they looked tiny. A sea of metal-frame beds stretched out across the wooden floor, in a grid of eighteen rows by thirty rows. Even though it was past one-thirty, only about two hundred men of the five hundred and twenty who would eventually sleep here had arrived. The men who had put their tickets in at East Third Street, had gone to Brooklyn, and had been in the first vanload back to Fort Washington walked down the rows until they came to the first empty beds—about under a sign that said, "Finish, 300 M." On each bed were stacked a mattress, two sheets, a good soft pillow, a pillowcase, and a warm blanket. The men put their belongings under their beds (some chose to keep their clothes under the blankets with them), made them up, and crawled in. About a quarter of two, after waiting a little over eight hours in various lines and holding rooms, and travelling upward of twenty-five miles by bus and van, they had got a bed for the night—what was left of it. They would be awakened at six, so they could get about four hours of sleep.

Or four hours of trying to sleep. Many of the regulars nodded right off, but there were plenty of distractions to keep others awake. New men kept arriving for the next two hours or more, until almost all the beds were filled. (Obviously, these men slept an even shorter time.) Though the lights that hung from the ceiling were dark, bright lights ringed the walls of the vast room. Many of the men coughed all night, and two or three were deranged and sometimes rose to wander down the aisles saying things. ("I paid my taxes," one man mumbled over and over. "Beg pardon. Beg pardon. I paid my taxes.") From the men who were asleep came the sound of at least a hundred snores.

Early risers in the armory began to get up at about five-thirty, and after that it was again hard to sleep. They dressed, pulled the sheets and pillowcases off their beds, and carried them to waiting garbage bags. One man stumbled off leaving his bed still made; after asking him several times to retrieve his linen, a staff member gave up and shouted, "You're sleeping on plastic tonight! Just remember that!" At precisely 6 A.M., the rafter lights came on, north to south across the armory, as switches were thrown. "It's that time again!" one of the workers sang out over and over. "It's that time again, gentlemen!" Slowly, the men collected their gear, stripped their beds, and walked out of the room, down the stairs, down the hall, and through the cold morning to a waiting bus, which carried them, via the F.D.R. Drive, back to East Third Street. The first bus from Fort Washington got to the Bowery at six-thirty. It was eighteen degrees outside, and the sun wouldn't rise for half an hour. There was already a pretty good line waiting for breakfast.

FROM THERE TO HERE

As a child of the sixties, I never tire of attending reunions of my friends and comrades who struggled together through that exciting era. My affinity group at the march on the Pentagon, at the Chicago Convention, and at the Boston Common still gets together once a month to reminisce. The guys in my men's rap group, veterans of so many coffee-and-cigarette late-night sessions in those distant Summers of Love, meet four times a year at a restaurant in Chinatown. And as for the "heads" who went looking for America on the Merry Pranksters' bus—Kesey, myself, Mountain Girl, Hassler, Zonker, Speed Limit, and the rest—we convene the first Tuesday of every month, no matter the weather, at twelve noon in the lobby of the Airway Motor Inn, beside LaGuardia Airport. At all these reunions, we sixties survivors talk, compare notes, and wonder at the odd arcs our lives have described since the days when we awoke every morning expecting to find a world transformed by love, radiant and utopian, waiting on our doorstep.

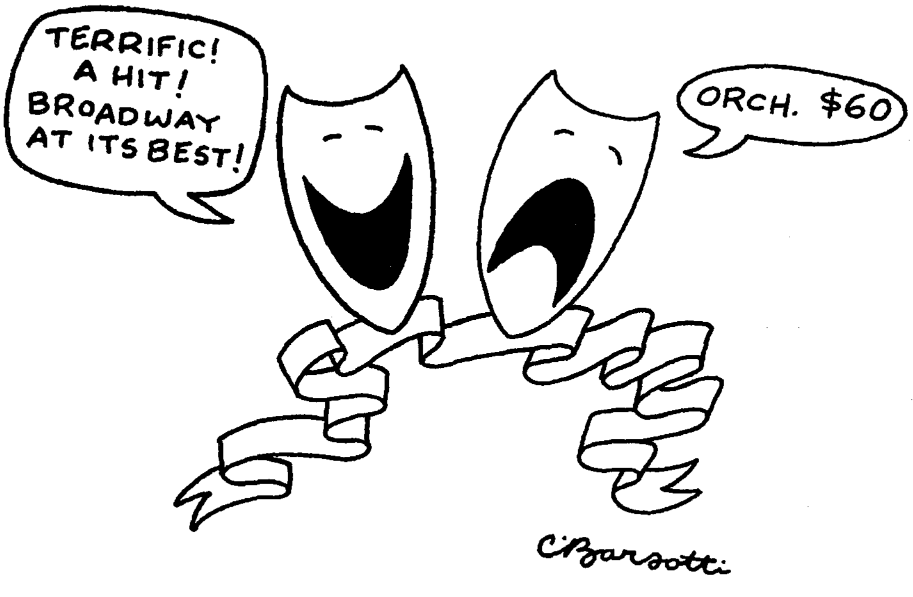
For the most part, we find that the years have softened us. Now we can see the gray areas, whereas, before, all we could see was black and white. We are not so much saddened by these changes as we are gently bemused. No, things didn't turn out the way we thought they would. But then neither did we. We grew, nudged by forces both inside and outside ourselves, forces that we did not take into account at the time. Personal fulfillment in such areas as love, sexuality, careers, and coping gradually overrode the slogans of the sixties. The next thing we knew, we weren't the kids anymore—we were the adults, with kids of our own.

These days, when we get together to marvel at the major and minor miracles that brought us from there to here, we find that our conversation always seems to return to the children. Rather than bemoaning the shattered dreams of our revolutionary youth, more and more we find ourselves amazed at the unanticipated miracle of this new generation. Sixty million Americans born since the Beatles released "Rubber Soul"! Sixty million for whom the Berkeley Free Speech Movement is a historical event as remote as the Korean War! These kids are so different from us, and yet they're so wonderful, too. They're committed, competent, hardworking, goal-oriented—all the things we weren't. So levelheaded, so matter-of-fact, so accepting of the way the world is, so undismayed. Not for them the wild caroming from rock music to drugs to gurus to radical politics which characterized the generation of the sixties; today's kids know what they want, and they know how they're going to get it. With all they have seen, they have a wisdom that many of their parents are still seeking.

I know my friends sometimes may think I'm a bit of a pain when we're trading snapshots, the way I go on about my nephews Zachariah and Noah. They're my sister's kids from her first and second marriages, and I can't help bragging about them. Those kids really keep me sane. Surprisingly, I find very often it is *I* who learn from *them*. They have a terrific ability to deflate their elders' pretensions and follies with a sense of humor that is refreshingly down to earth. For example, when we ride the subway I always retreat into my shell, stare at my feet, and put on a blank expression, like so many other numbed adults. Not my nephews. They'll stroll up and down the car, looking into the shopping bag of one passenger, mussing the hair of another. They'll remove the glasses from this one and then replace them upside down, or they'll pull up the shirt collar of that one and read the label. If they see an attractive woman, why, they'll give her a pinch or a pat. They're so in touch with their feelings—their anger, particularly. If someone laughs at them, they'll give him a lick over the head with a golf club that they carry just for that purpose, and then take his box radio. How they come up with these things I can't imagine. They have such marvellous savvy. They know where to sell gold chains, what arcades in Times Square are best for meeting older men from New Jersey, what day of the month the Social Security checks arrive. Being around them is a twenty-four-hour-a-day experience in wonder. I can never tell what they're going to do next. I've long ago stopped trying to figure them out. All I do is love them, watch them, listen to them, and try to let them teach me.

And what about us grownups—lapsed flower children, ex-peaceniks? Do we have anything to teach the kids of today? Can we tell them how it felt to live for an idea, to stand with arms linked against oppression and racism, to sing with our brothers and sisters about the world we were going to build? Sadly, we cannot—any more than our parents could tell us about their youth. And that is the irony: that the children of the eighties should help us to understand not only our own time but also our parents' (the children of the eighties' grandparents') time; because we, the parents of today, understand better why our parents acted toward us as they did when we look at our own children and see that in twenty years, when they have children of their own, they will understand us better—the way we now understand our parents better. And maybe then the kids of today will begin to understand the spirit of the sixties.

—Ian Frazier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ORCH. $60

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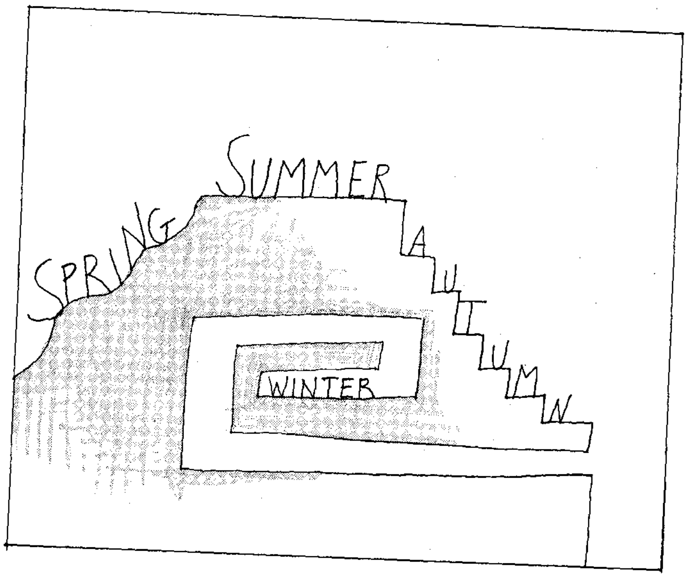
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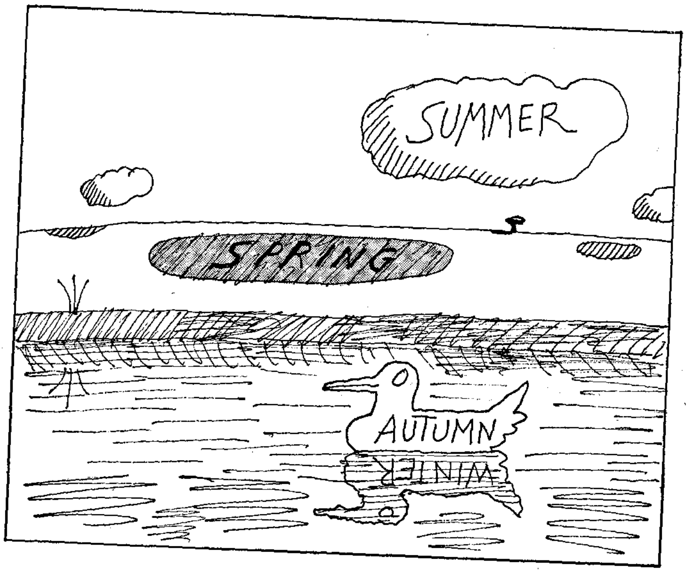
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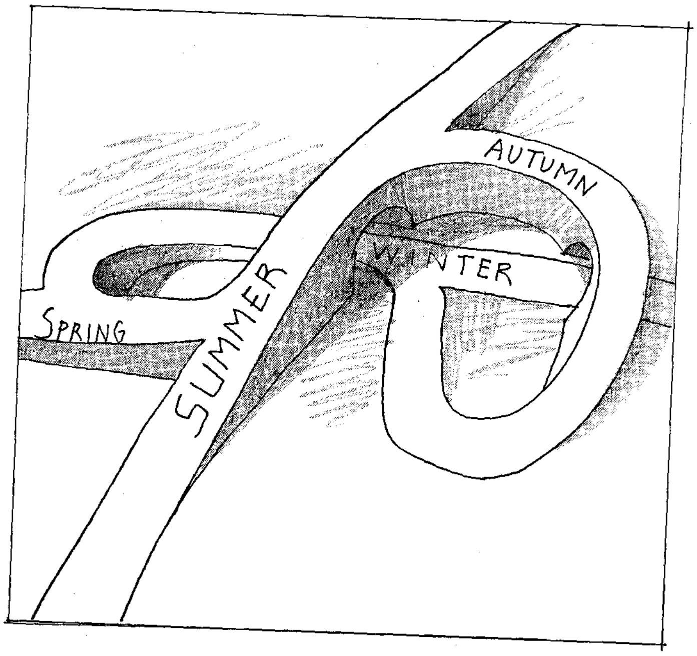
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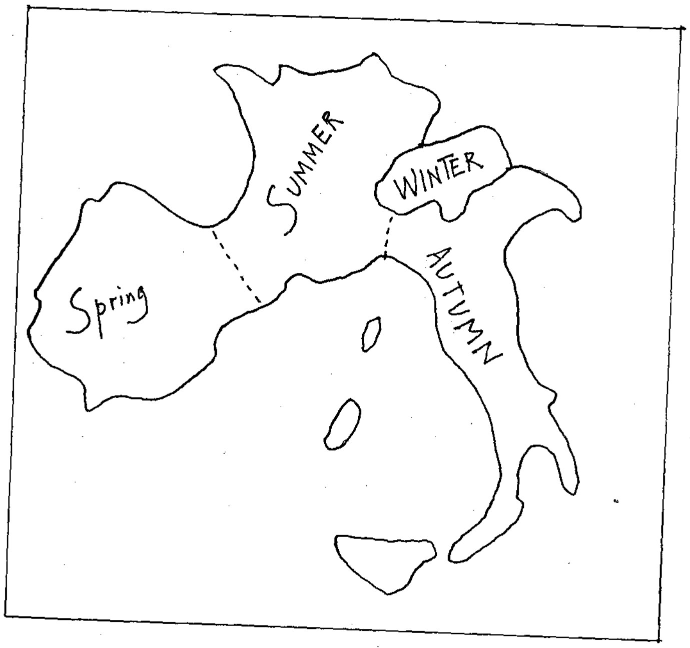
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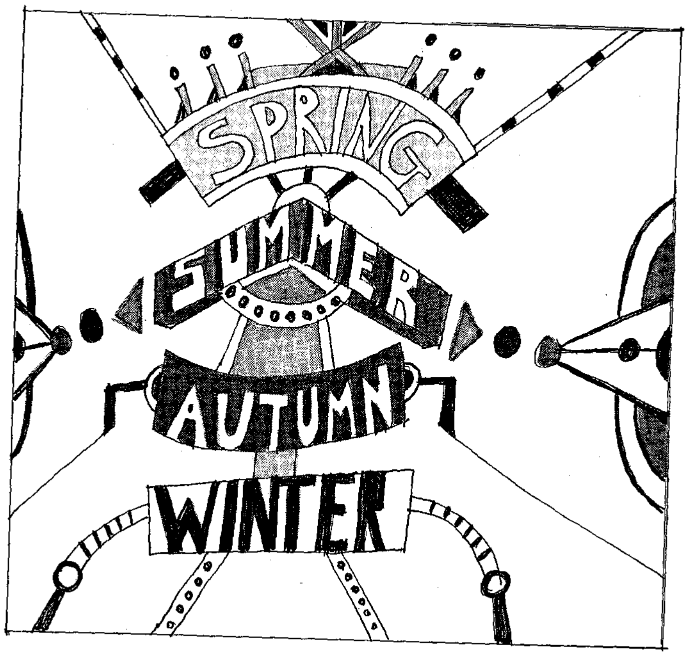
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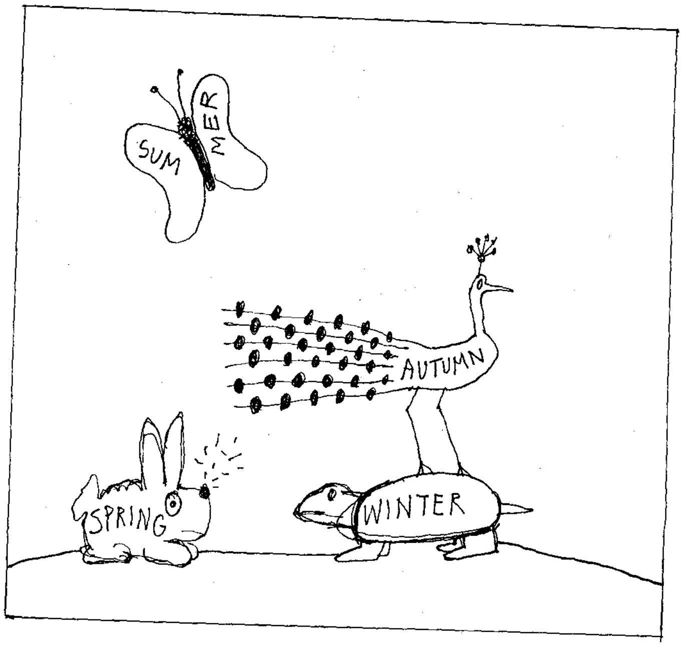
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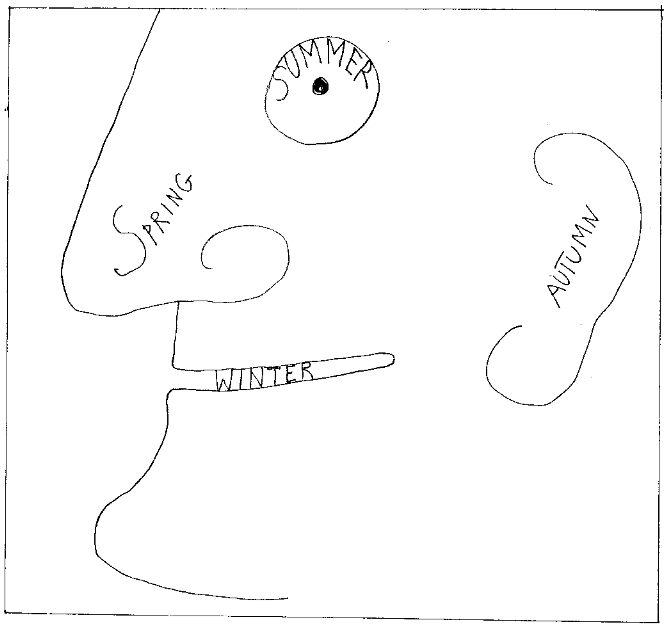
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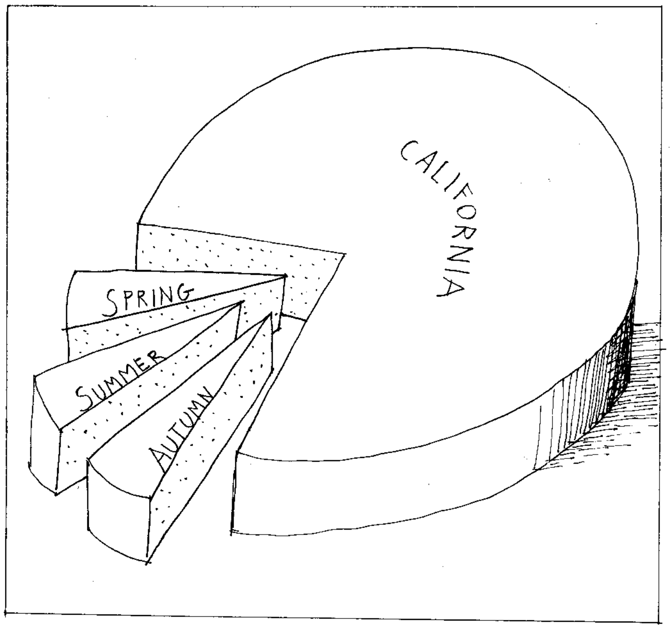
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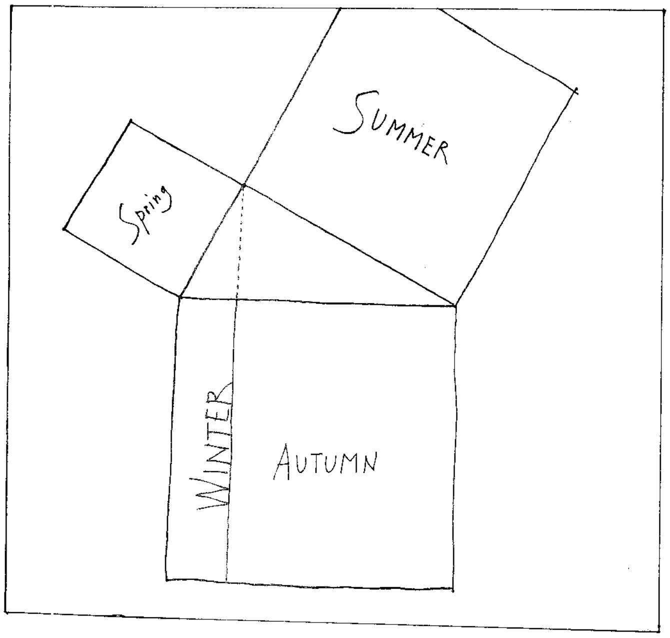
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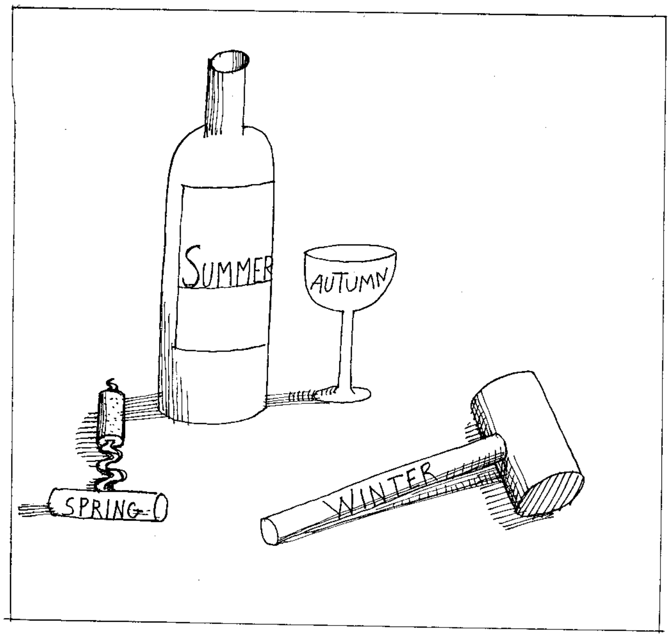
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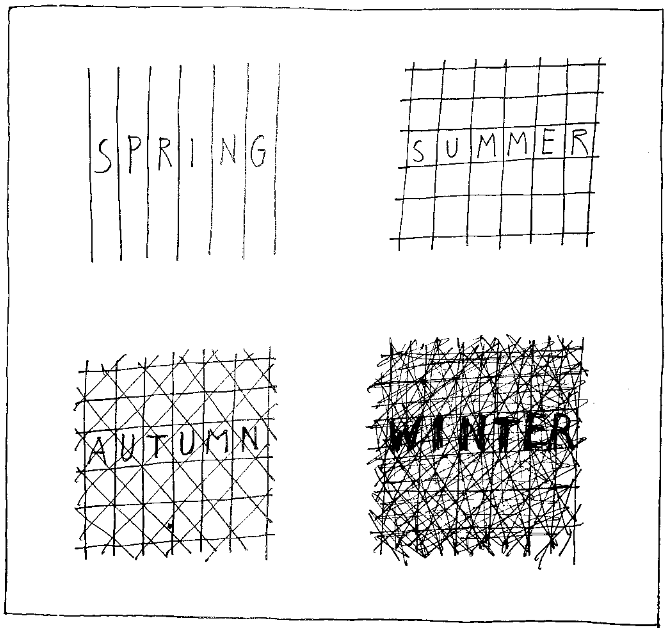
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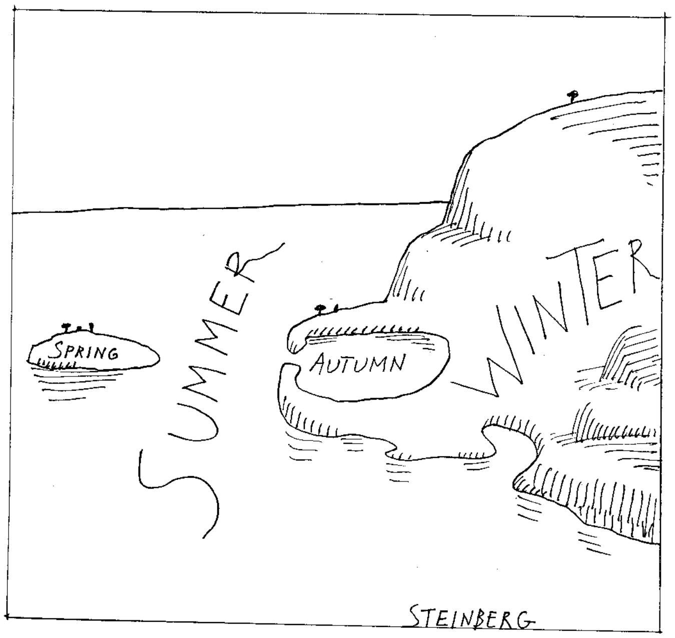
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FIRST WIVES AND TROLLEY CARS

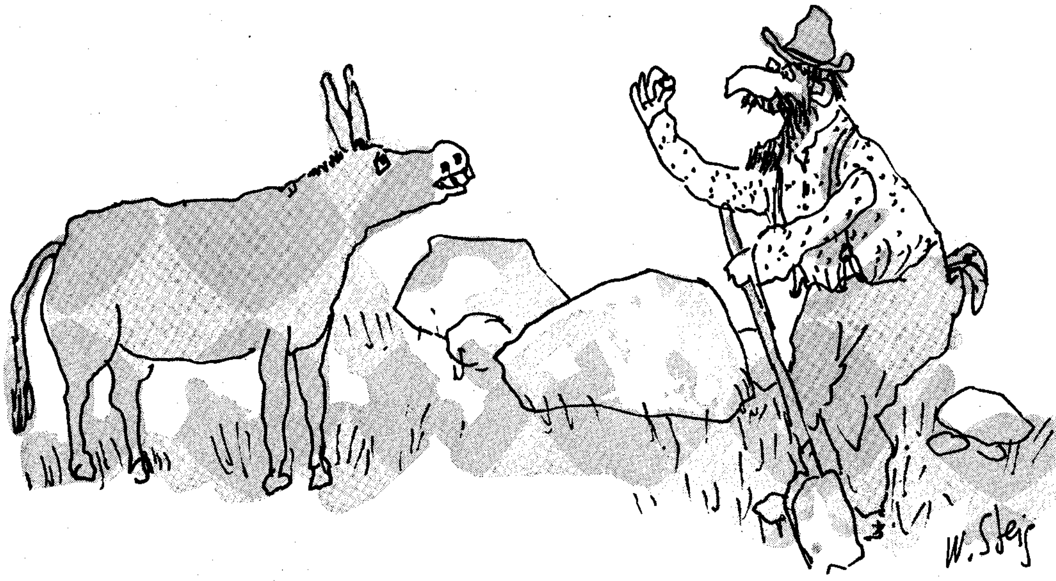
WILLIAM FARNHAM, though as tough and flip as most media-hardened denizens of this eighty-two-per-cent-depleted century, was sentimental about first wives and trolley cars. A trolley line had been threaded down the center of the main street of Wenrich’s Corner, his home town, leading one way to the minor-league metropolis of Alton and in the other direction to a town so small and rural that its mere name, Smokeville, was enough to make the boy Farnham and his flip pals laugh aloud. Yet it was the ride toward Smokeville that lingered romantically in his memory.

For several years, he delivered free movie circulars for the Wenrich’s Corner Movie Theatre, walking up and down the rectilinear maple-shaded streets on Saturday mornings, darting up cement walks and tossing the leaflets onto porches as if playing Halloween pranks in daylight. The leaflets announced the week’s coming attractions and were distributed not just throughout Wenrich’s Corner but in the neighboring towns as well. Some Saturdays, Farnham was assigned Smokeville and given the two dimes’ trolley fare there and back by the tall bald man, the town’s only Jew, who owned the movie theatre. The shows changed three times a week, with B-movie double features on Mondays and Tuesdays, free dishes to the ladies on Thursday nights, and free Hershey bars to children after the Saturday matinée. All Hollywood’s produce poured through that little theatre, with its slanted cement floors and its comforting smells of steam heat and bubble gum. There were some minimal wall decorations in what Farnham thought of as Egyptian style but he now knew to have been Art Deco, reduced at this remote provincial level to a few angular stripes of beige and silver paint. Farnham was eleven, twelve. He believed in the movies, and in the Sunday-night radio shows broadcast from this same Hollywood area, where Jack Benny would drop by at Ronald Colman’s house to borrow a cup of sugar, just like neighbors in Wenrich’s Corner. Farnham’s simple joy in the “Jack Benny Program” was only slightly troubled by certain paradoxes. If Benny and Mary Livingstone were married, as the papers all said, why didn’t they live together and why was her last name different? And why, when Dennis Day sang his song, was it always to show Jack and Rochester what it *would* sound like when he did it *really* on the Sunday-night show, which they all admitted existed but which never, on the air, arrived, except in the form of rehearsal? These were mysteries, like what girls were thinking and why all heroes in comic books wore capes.

The movies, like the trolley cars, cost a dime, if you were twelve or under. When admission went up by a penny tax for the war effort, this tiny increase drove Farnham, whose weekly allowance was thirty-five cents, to deliver circulars in exchange for a week’s free pass. Otherwise he wouldn’t have a nickel for the Sunday-school collection.

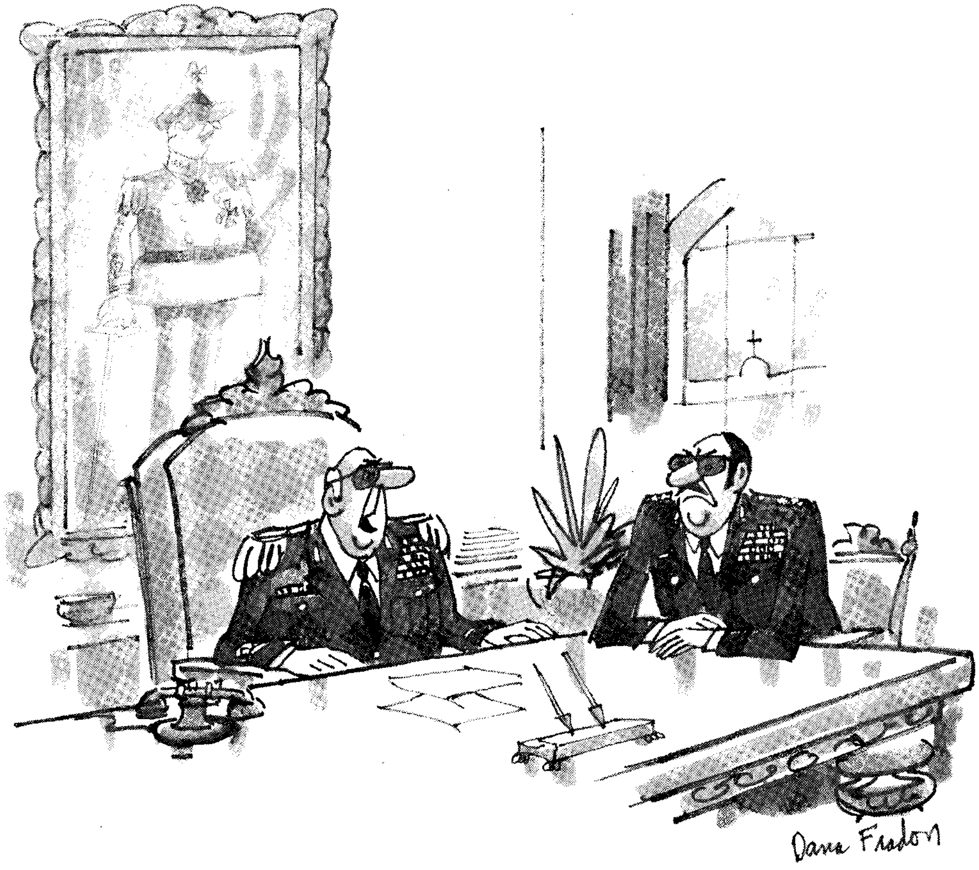
On the way to Smokeville, the tracks rounded the celebrated but no longer central (the town had grown east, toward Alton) corner where Wenrich’s Inn had stood until Prohibition. Through Farnham’s boyhood, the building, stuccoed sandstone with a long second-story porch full of peeling jigsaw carpentry, had been boarded up; after the war, it opened as a camera store at one entrance and a bakery at the other, with two dentists and a chiropractor upstairs. On his last sentimental visit to the town, Farnham, a professor of English who had found tenure in Southern California, saw that the inn had been reestablished as an eating place, with exposed beams and fancy prices. The streetcars had negotiated this corner with much plaintive friction of metal on metal and sometimes a shower of sparks that indicated the trolley had lost its electrical connection overhead. The motorman would shove off from his high metal stool, let himself out of the clattery folding doors with the step that flopped into place, and run to the rear of the stalled car, where with a single expert thump he would set things right. The motor resumed its throb, that incessant mechanical pulsing as of a heart trapped beneath the long, dirt-blackened floorboards.

Past the corner, the tracks, which had hogged the center of Alton Avenue all through town, now moved to one side, so the trolley car skimmed and swayed along in the shade of old trees, on the edge of front yards where men in suspenders were trimming their hedges and fat women in cotton dresses were bending to their flowers. The last brick row houses of Wenrich’s Corner were left behind. A ragged area of open fields and scattered stone farmhouses was then traversed, with relatively few stops. The tracks seemed to give the car a livelier ride; the shiny straw seats and stiff porcelain hand loops glittered in the shuttling, slanting sunlight. The air that rushed in through the window grates of crimped black wire had the moist, hearty smell at the roots of uncut grass. Farnham was always thrilled by a moment when the trolley car, on Smokeville’s outskirts, leaned into a long curve and deftly rattled across a wooden trestle bridge at a sudden scary height above a stagnant brook. From the glar-



“Gold!”

ing black water a few white ducks would thrash up in alarm, resettling while still in sight, making concentric circles. The wire grate was always dirty, and dust came off in squares on Farnham's face as he pressed to see. An isolated row of drab asbestos-shingled houses, gaunter and meaner somehow than those in Wenrich's Corner, would fling into view, and then an isolated long brick building people said was a hat factory, and more houses, while the conductor moved along the aisle slamming seat backs into the other position. Smokeville was the end of the line, where the cars reversed direction. Farnham and his companion would hoist up their packets of circulars and step into the town; the boys were sent out in pairs, because two could work both sides of a street and one could watch that the other didn't dump his leaflets down the sewer. This had happened more than once. Smokeville was considered undesirable duty by the movie-circular boys, because of its steep streets and the long cement stairs up to the porches. Yet often, Farnham remembered, he and his associate, when their circulars were gone, would agree to buy candy bars with their trolley dimes and walk the three miles back, along the tracks. Milk-white water trickled in the ditches near the hat factory, and the gaps between the ties of the rickety trestle were giddying if you looked down.



"Damn it, Roberto! Being certified O.K. on human rights does not mean we're sissies!"

THREE miles the other way from Wenrich's Corner, along an avenue whose general slope was downward as it passed between tall tight rows of houses with octagonal cupolas roofed in fish-scale slates, lay Alton, where Farnham's father worked and his mother shopped. When Farnham reached high-school age, the gang he was part of took the trolley to town just for the night life—for the bowling alleys and the packs of strange girls roaming the wide pavements and the movie theatres where the same show played for weeks at a time and plush curtains lifted in thick crimson festoons to reveal the majestic screen. The trolley cars had run all through the war, and it seemed they must last forever. But while Farnham was at college they were phased out and replaced by belching, dark-windowed buses, and by the time he was married and far from home, even the old tracks were torn up or buried, buried everywhere but at Wenrich's Corner itself, where a few yards of track glinted through the asphalt like the spine of a dinosaur drowned in tar or like a silver version of those curved lines whereby cartoonists indicate swift motion.

Farnham was susceptible to images of trolley cars in old photographs of city streets—to think that Manhattan, and Bangor, and Kansas City were all once webbed by their inflexible, patient paths!—or by glimpses of them in fiction, such as Augie March's recalling "those leafy nights of the beginning green in streets of the lower North Side where the car seemed to blunder as if without tracks, off Fullerton or Belmont," or, in "Ulysses," the sentence "Right and left parallel clanging ringing a doubledecker and a singledeck moved from their railheads, swerved to the down line, glided parallel." In fiction, too, the traces of first wives moved Farnham. Often discarded before the author found his full voice, they figure as shadows in those first, awkwardly tactful and conventional novels; as marginal obstacles to the narrator's slowly unfolding, somehow magnificent quest; as tremulous rainbows cast by the prism of his polished ego upon a far wall, destined to pale and wink out when the first cloud passes. Yet they return, powerfully. In John Barth's "Sabbatical," the first wife returns in malevolent triumph as a C.I.A operative and withers with a few stern words the ingenious hero's eager foliage of lovableness. And Hemingway's Hadley, seen so wispily in those early short stories, returns in "A Moveable Feast" to dominate his dying imagination. First wives, Farnham in his late-twentieth-century wisdom had concluded, grow in power and size, just as the children we have had by them do. Married young, they are young eternally. They knew you when, and never let that knowledge go. Their very ability to survive the divorce makes them huge, as judges and public monuments are huge. In silence they turn at the head of the stairs, carrying a basket of first-family laundry, and their face is that of Vermeer's girl with the pearl earring, of Ingres's odalisque, of all the women who look at us over their shoulders in endless thoughtful farewell.

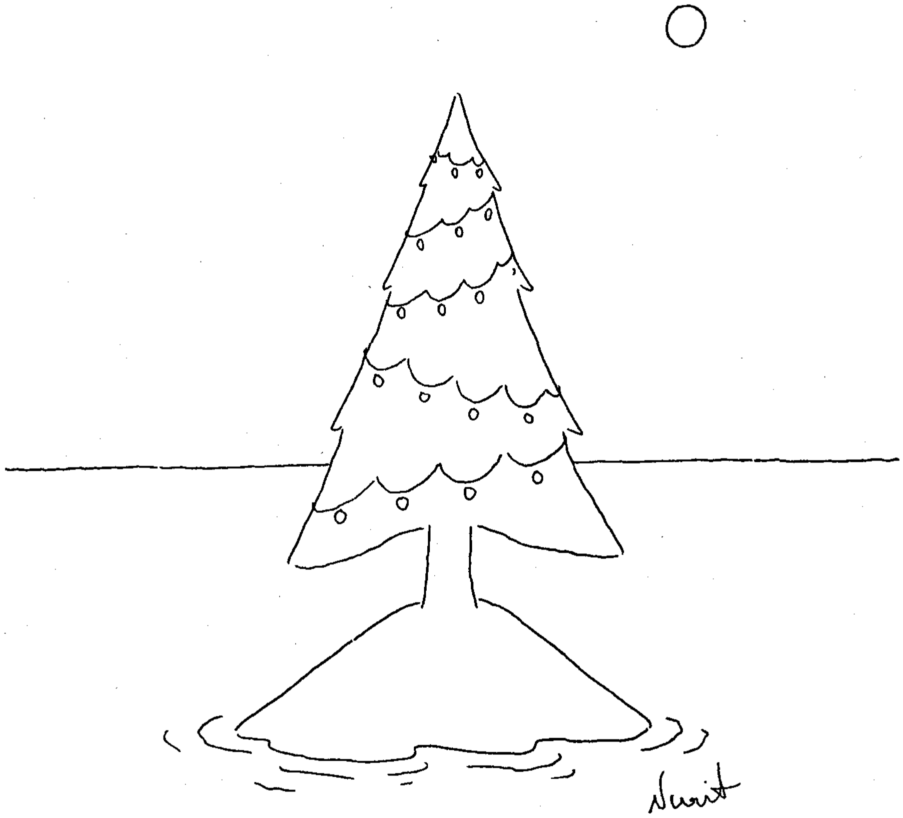
They were so young. Captured from their still vigorous parents, carried off trailing ribands and torn threads of family connection and childhood usage, some still clasped Teddy bears and dance cards with all but the tangos filled in. Some still smelled faintly of their fathers' shaving lotion. Their bodies were so fresh and smooth it was hard to make a dent in them. Still tomboyish, they stuck out their chins and kept their legs under them; later wives by comparison crumple like wastepaper, and bruise easy as peaches. Of course, a first husband is also immature, and perhaps his wallop has little substance to it. The quality of dismissability that first wives bestow turns out to be precious, as the aging world needs us more and more and shows deeper and deeper scars at our decisions, like initials carved in the expanding bark of a beech tree in the middle of the campus. We sat light on the world once; the keys to this lightness first wives have taken with them, along with the slide projector, the card table the slide projector sat upon, and the happy pink infants cradled in their Kodak Carousels. With a switchy swiftness, in bikinis, with narrow tan hands and feet, they move as fledgling mothers through home movies taken at poolside, movies we will never see screened again, movies they will show their second husbands.

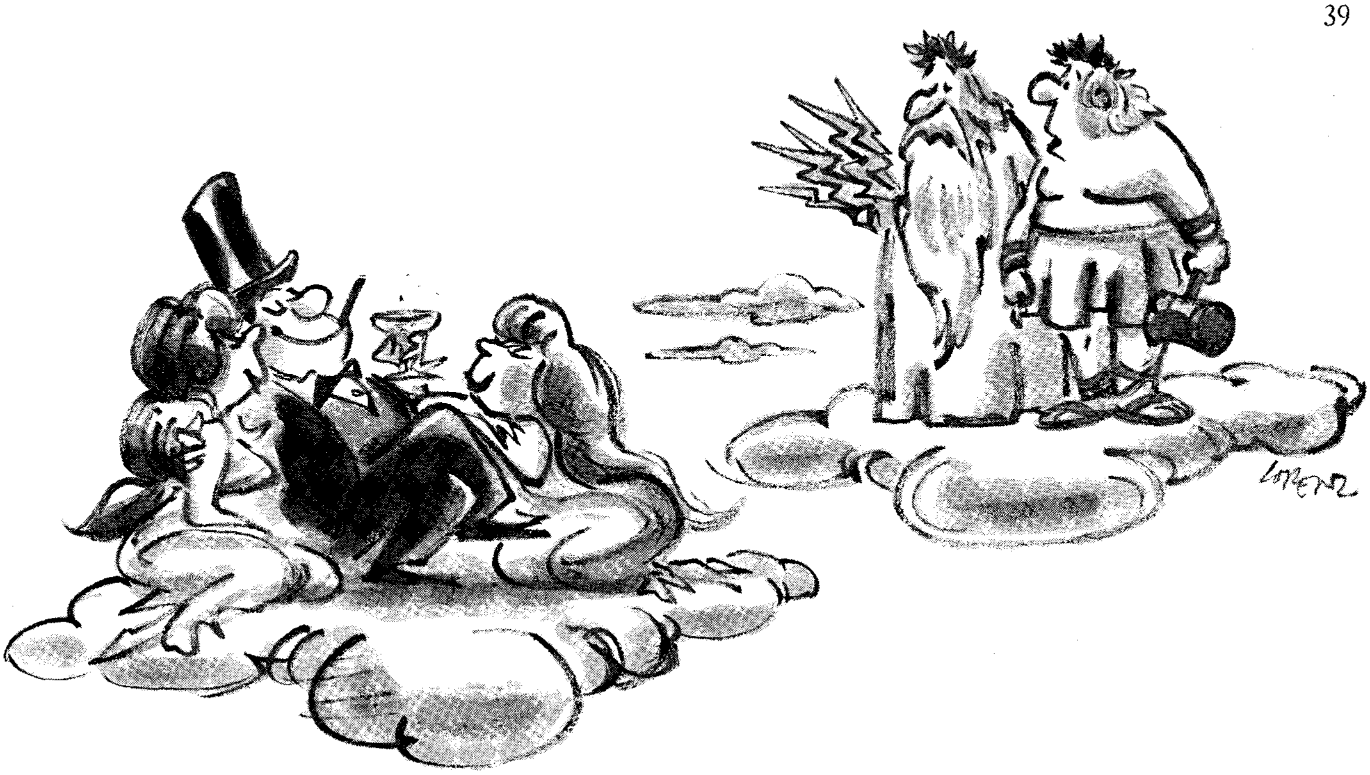
The night of the day when Farnham's first wife remarried, he had a vivid dream. She was crouching by a wall naked, and he, dressed, was trying to extend a measure of protection. There was, out in the center of the street or room, a crowd that her nakedness must confront and be sifted through. Farnham was alive simultaneously to the erotic appeal of her condition and to the social embarrassment of it. The two of them conferred urgently, he pouring down advice from above while still revolving within himself the puzzle of how to get her, so vulnerable and luminous, through that gathering; the problem being insoluble, he awoke, with an erection of metallic adamancy. The palms outside his window rattled mournfully.

IN those lost days before suburban shopping malls and inner-city decay, the enterprising people of Wenrich's Corner took the trolley car into Alton to shop, to be entertained, to seek refinement. Farnham's mother enrolled him in a futile series of lessons there—piano, clarinet, and, worst of all, tap dancing. Such metropolitan skills were thought to be a possible way out of Alton. But instead of being taught how to fly in white tie and tails across a heavenly sound stage with an effortless clatter of taps, the child was set in a line with others and put through a military exercise whose refrain was "Shuffle *one*, shuffle *two*, kick, kick, kick." His mother amused herself in the stores, rarely buying anything, during this hour of torture. When they were reunited, his noon reward and weekly treat was a sandwich—bacon-lettuce-and-tomato, cut into quarters, with each quarter held together by a tasselled toothpick—and a pistachio ice-cream soda in a drugstore with a green marble counter that seemed, with its chrome faucets, the epitome of luxury. It was in such drugstores, redolent of beauty aids, that Hollywood stars were discovered. Farnham was surprised to learn, years later, at about the same time that the trolley cars were replaced by buses, that this drugstore had closed and been replaced by a gloomy outlet that sold name-brand clothes at factory prices.

On the trolley ride home, the car clanged and bucked its way through the dense blocks of Alton's south side and up over a big bridge whose concrete had the texture of burned coconut cookies. Tough city boys swaggered and hooted from the broad wall of this bridge; they would never get out. The motorman pounded the warning bell with the heel of his black shoe, and there was a smell of something, like oily rags burning, that Farnham years later was told must have been ozone. Cumbersomely the car halted and started, bunching auto traffic behind it, and swung its bulky long body into the double-track turnouts where one car waited for another coming in the opposite direction to pass. The row houses with their crabbed fairy-tale-castle touches sluggishly slid by, mixed with used-car lots and funeral parlors and florist's greenhouses and tragic brick buildings that manufactured things nobody could ever want, or so it seemed to the boy. The distance to the stop in Wenrich's Corner where he and his mother could most conveniently alight was now two miles away, less than fifteen minutes; but minutes and miles can seem enormous to a child, and nausea was creeping up from underneath the grooved, blackened, throbbing floorboards, the chemical smell mixed with the aftertaste of bacon and milkshake and the hopeless monotony of shuffle *one*, shuffle *two*. His mother was watching his face grow paler. She squeezed his hand, so he felt how damp his palm was. "Only seven more stops," she promised him.

"Seven," he repeated. The number could have been infinity. Amid his discomforts was a wish not to spoil this outing for her. She was, he realized now, still young—a first wife. The hand of hers not holding his rested gracefully in her lap, wearing its gold wedding ring. It was sad, he thought, the way she never bought anything in the stores. There was a poverty in her life that pained him.





"He says he's the God of Restructured Debt, whatever that is."

• •

Years later, Farnham's first wife was told by a doctor that she suffered from depression. This, too, pained Farnham. They were not poor, and he could not imagine any other reason for depression. The doctor prescribed pills for her, but it didn't seem to help.

The trolley car struggled and swayed. Shapeless nameless trees and houses with drawn front curtains crawled past in fitful starts he timed with his held breath. The air on the outside of the window grate seemed a precious clear fluid, the transparent essence of freedom. The sights inside the car—the ad posters and the old faces of the other passengers, wrinkled and yellow and fallen in upon themselves like shrivelling apples, and the pink pamphlets the trolley company gave out free from a little tin box behind the motorman's head—had all become a kind of poison; if he rested his eyes on them even a second, he felt sicker. The woman beside him kept glancing down at the side of his face, and her concern joined the other pressures afflicting him. There was a long wait at a turnout while the motor throbbed and the worn straw seats repeated and repeated their pattern of tiny, painful shadows in the sunlight that slanted in through the dust.

Years later, the idea very slowly grew upon him that perhaps *he* was the reason for his wife's depression. Yet when he first suggested the possibility of separation her reaction was fear and tears. In his heart, he agreed; it would be an indigestible sin.

His trolley-sick stomach now was riding high in his chest, and swallowing only made it bob lower for an instant. His whole skin under his clothes was sweating like his palms.

"Just four more stops," his mother said brightly. "See—there's the poorhouse lane."

Farnham stared rigidly at the motionless world outside, a kind of paradise that could be attained only through dishonor. Beyond the poorhouse lane, the grassy open acres of the school grounds began, and it was possible to get off here and walk diagonally across them a half mile home. Each trip, every Saturday, he vowed not to make his mother get off early.

The motorman, the back of his neck in thick folds above the collar of his uniform, pounded the floor gong and swung a burnished brass handle back and forth in a fury. The long inside of the trolley car lurched, and the other passengers lost their faces entirely. The smell and the throbbing and the vow to hold on had rubbed out their faces like a blackboard eraser.

Her voice tugged at him gently. "Let's get off here, Willy. We can walk across the school grounds."

"No. I can make it."

But she had decided. She had become girlish and animated, confusingly. She insisted, "Come on, I *want* to. It'll be *fun*," and pushed the bell. The old trolleys in memory do not seem to have had pull cords; instead there were porcelain buttons like doorbells above each seat.

The double-hinged door flapped open. The little step flopped down. Farnham's relief was greater than his guilt. The trudge across the school grounds, with their cinder track and wooden bleachers and the bucking sled for the football players, was long enough for his stomach to settle and his color to return, and for him to put away his mother's hand as something he no longer needed. He raced ahead, and when at their own hedge he turned, she seemed a distant stranger, a woman walking alone in a field.

—JOHN UPDIKE

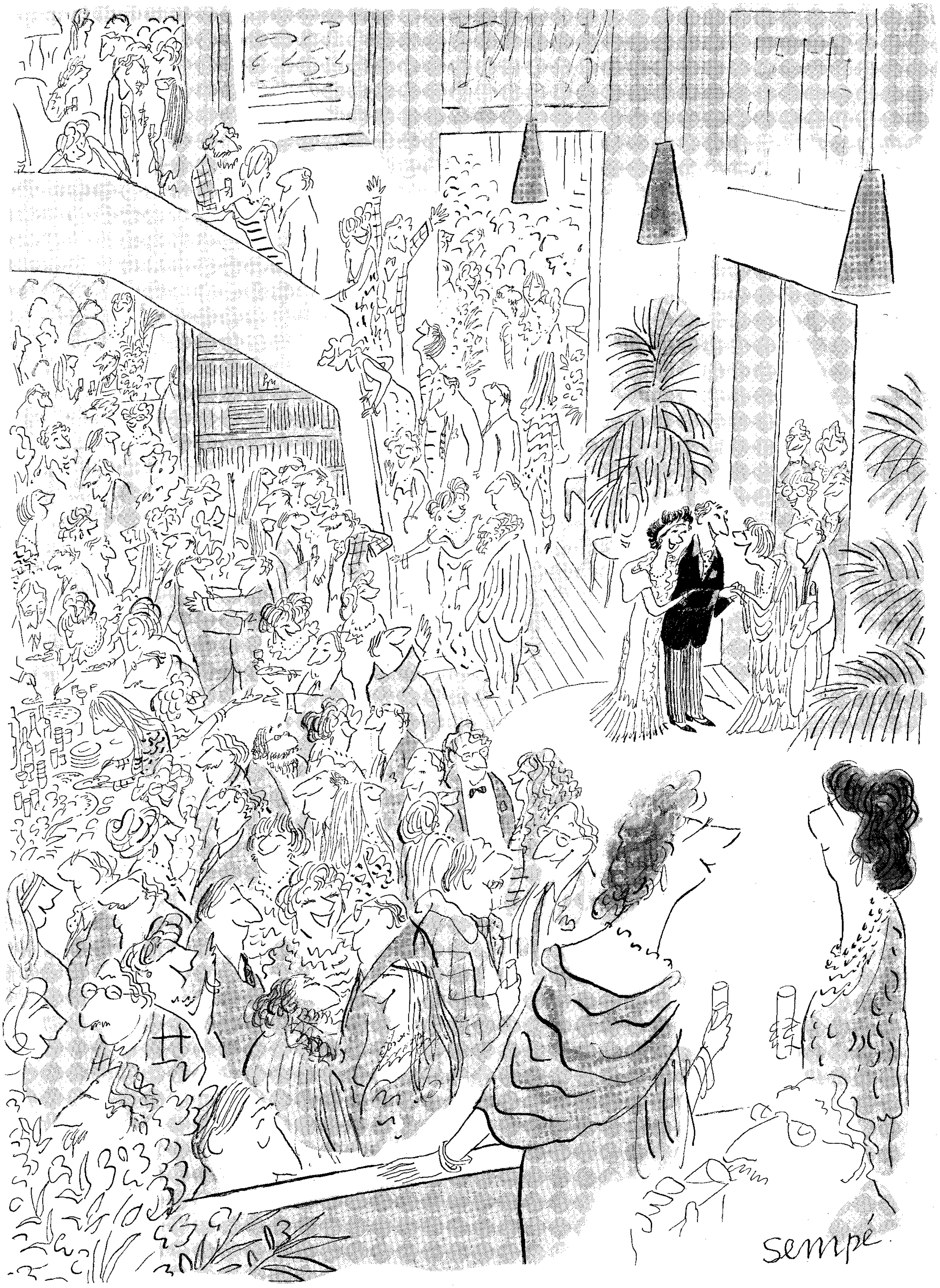
•

A would-be robber walked out of a Steak'n Egg Kitchen empty-handed yesterday after his demands for money were ignored by a waitress, police said.

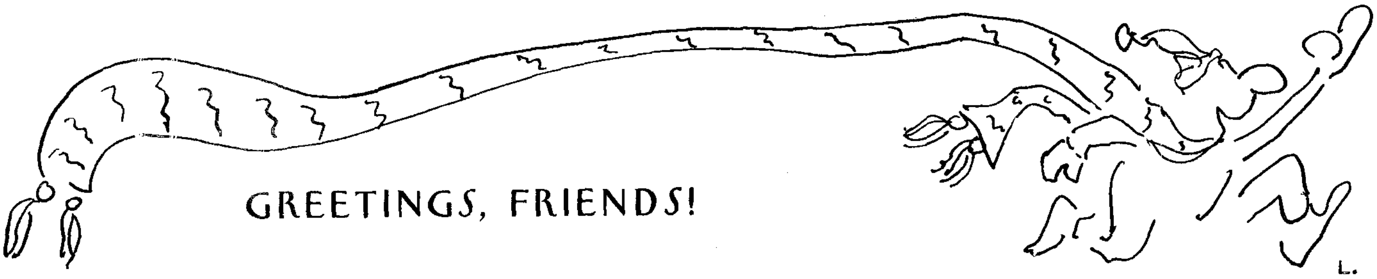
A man walked into the 4013 W. Broad St. restaurant at 6:15 p.m., according to police. He pulled out a revolver and told a waitress to get the money out. But the waitress told him to get the money out himself and waited on another customer.

The ignored bandit then left the restaurant, police said.—*Richmond Times-Dispatch.*

We know that waitress from someplace.



"They're trying to get back to a one-to-one relationship."



GREETINGS, FRIENDS!

Good friends, draw near and lend a hand
As we crank up this one-man band
And send it swaying down the street
With clanky tunes and bumpy beat
To sound the sweet news round again
Of peace on earth, good will to men.
Valued readers, may we hail ya
There in Beaufort and Visalia?
Yule greetings from these hoary halls
To pals in Pierre and Klamath Falls;
We want all sorts of gladsome things
For citizens of Steamboat Springs,
Sheboygan, Harpers Ferry, and
Saint Marys City, Maryland.
May blessings equally accrue
To folks in Flint and San Berdoo;
We wish a most agreeable hol.
To families out in Greeley, Col.,
And a titanic Twelfth Night gala
For the inhabs. of Gadsden, Ala.
So cheers, my dears! *God Jul!* Yo-ho!
From Anaheim to Isle au Haut,
We hug you and your kith and cousins;
Joy to y'all from each of us'ns.
Far friends, shall we with one accord
Wish Christmas balm to Walter Lord,
Christie Brinkley, Al Jarreau,
Jade Jagger, and Sebastian Coe,
And aim some jocund Yuletide beams
Toward the various Carradines,
Archbishop Glemp, Lesley Stahl,
Eileen Simpson, and Louis Malle?
Hark! Bells tintinnabulate
For George P. Shultz, our man at State;
Now let their joyful bongs be borne
To the ears of Marilyn Horne,
Maggie Smith, Dan Quisenberry,
And Nebraska's Joseph R. (Bob) Kerrey.
You hov'ring cherubim, *avanti*,
And trill for Daniel J. Travanti,
Pippa Pearthree, Paolo Rossi,
Michael Palin, and Mike Bossy;
And then, lads, crack the lofty welkin
With hymns in praise of Stanley Elkin,
Vartan Gregorian, Hank Brennan,
Oil Can Boyd, and George F. Kennan!
May this eponymous rag send love
To its recently elected gov.,
Mario Cuomo, and evince
Its general joy in Shlomo Mintz,
And express within two lines
Awe for Sir Ranulph Twisleton-Wykeham-Fiennes?
Senator Cranston! Tom Victor!
Joy to you, gents, from Sviatoslav Richter!
Helmut Kohl, God rest you merry!
The same—*jawohl!*—to Gaylord Perry.
Sandy Faison! Muffie Brandon!
I squeeze you, luvs, with Yule abandon!
Ah, there, Dr. Ruth Westheimer!
Greetings from this ancient rhymer,
Who now puts mistletoe to use
To plant a buss on Margaret Moos
And make a harmless passing grab
At lissome Mary Decker Tabb.
Ting-ling! The dinner bell, at last!
Come join our full-press turkey blast!
Adeste and to table, all,
With Phil Habib and Tom T. Hall;
Take places at the groaning board
With Raquel Welch, President Ford,
Joe Montana, Debra Winger,
Armand Hammer, and Rhonda Singer,
And pass these steaming platters on
To Gail Godwin and Elton John.
Here's gravied goose in some amount
For Nam June Paik and Robin Yount,
And stuffing in a bold attempt on
The self-control of Murray Kempton.
Another helping? Yes, indeedy,
If it's for Rita Bouboulidi,
And more mince pie for Kate Nelligan
And Senator Claiborne Pell again.
With candlelight and snowy napery,
We'll eat and drink and join in japery
With Punch Sulzberger, Judy Davis,
Mary Beth Hurt, and Hertz and Avis.
We'll grow Dickensian and Micawbery
With Slim Pickens, Darryl Strawberry,
Darci Kistler, Brian Eno,
And other pleasant people we know,
Like Brian De Palma, Sleepy LaBeef,
Lee Krasner, Ed Asner, Omar Sharif,
Terrence McNally, Terry Gilliam,
Willie and Waylon and young Prince William.
Confrères, come clink a glass of Mumm's
And drink to us and absent chums.
Happy New Year, friends—of thee I sing,
And E.T., Erté, and B. B. King!

Christmas week, it's our ambition
To mount a northward expedition,
And there strap on cross-country skis
And slip away, neath burdened trees,
Down some unbroken brookside track
Twixt shadowed spruce and tamarack,
Where treetop gusts make snowdust fly
In latticed light of woodland sky,
And airy silence wraps us round,
And a sense of season may be found.
So, touched by Appalachian bliss,
Perhaps we'll pause and think of this:
To pluck the boughs that nearest grow
And bend them in a balsam "O,"
With myrtle vines tied round beneath
To form—behold!—a newborn wreath.

—Roger Angell

A REPORTER AT LARGE

A TEXTBOOK PLACE FOR BEARS

IN Princeton, New Jersey, we do not see bears every day; on the other hand, they are not unknown. A couple of years ago, and five before that, wild bears came within a mile and a half of the main campus of Princeton University before wandering off into other townships. Guardian hounds with bristling hair tend to be scarce when the bears go through. The bears move among the flagship houses. They have been seen on curbstoned streets. People call the police. People have called the police in Ho-Ho-Kus, too, in Bergen County—ten crow miles from the Hudson River—correctly reporting wild bears. In recent years, there have been sightings in Ridgewood, Paterson, West Orange, and Summit, not to mention the two thousand square miles of less suburban settings—of New Jersey forests and limestone valleys, New Jersey ridges and glacial bogs—to the north and west of the megalopolitan towns.

The bears go onto the blotter.

Sussex County, 1981. Bear shows up at a barbecue, goes straight upwind to the charcoal-broiling hot dogs, takes them from the grill.

Sussex County, 1981. Bear on evening rounds sees pet guinea hen strutting in citizen's yard. Consumes guinea hen.

Morris County, 1981. Fox terrier trees bear. Bear refuses to descend, largely because a hundred people have collected under the tree. Address: Denville.

Passaic County, 1982. Near Bearfort Waters, not far from Buckabear Pond, bear observed on patio, eating cat food. Weight: four hundred and sixty-five pounds. Length: six feet seven inches. Sex: male.

Passaic County, 1982. Bear observed in tree on property of Newark Watershed.

Passaic County, 1982. Bear in private garden attempts to pass through opening in dry wall. Bear too wide, knocks down dry wall.

Passaic County, Essex County, 1967. Bear on Garden State Parkway escapes dog warden, later foils ambush at West Paterson police pistol range, later evades Cedar Grove police, Clifton police, Montclair police, and a team of bluetick hounds at Montclair State College.

Mercer County, 1979. Bear at Washington Crossing.

Middlesex County, 1979. Two bears in South Brunswick Township accept handouts from local residents. Capture attempts unsuccessful.

Warren County, 1981. Bear tries to cross Route 57 in town of Washington but is intimidated by traffic and, soon afterward, by a crowd of a hundred and fifty people. Bear sits down in scruffy weed patch near Shop-Rite and waits for the crowd to disperse. Sympathetic police are unable to scatter the people. Bear waits them out, moves on under deep dusk. Sign goes up in window: "BEARS SHOP AT SHOP-RITE WHY DON'T YOU?"

Somerset County, 1975. Twenty miles west of New York City. Patrolman Robert Huizing reports, "It was all black. Its head was very, very big, and it was just a beautiful-looking animal. I was never so impressed. I just couldn't tell you how impressive that doggone thing looked. I've seen them in cages, but it's nothing like in the open field in their own environment."

Although I have lived in Princeton all my life, and for the past twenty years in a house four miles northwest of the university, it has come as something of a surprise to me to discover that I live in bear country. The first wild bear I ever saw was in Vermont, eating raspberries, in 1946. I have since seen others, in remoter places. But I've never seen a bear in Princeton, or anywhere near it, and, in fact, was unaware that bears live in New Jersey until one morning about fifteen years ago when an interview I had been granted by Lester MacNamara, the state's Director of Fish and Game, was interrupted by a ringing telephone. MacNamara was a big man from California with a weathered countenance, and he looked out of place in the confinement of a Trenton office. Relaxed and reminiscing, he had been telling me that he much preferred New Jersey's wild terrains to the ones of his youth in California. The phone call made him furious. He was learning that a farmer in Pottersville had murdered with a shotgun a treed and frightened bear. MacNamara's responses were not so much spoken as detonated. When he hung up, he almost broke the phone. Begging his pardon, I told him I could not help overhearing his conversation. Would he tell me more about New Jersey's bears? As of last fall's census, he said, there were twenty-two, and he was going to prosecute that farmer. "We'll hear from the agricultural organizations, but I don't care. You have to draw the line somewhere. You can't just shoot an animal like that because you think it can do harm. The bear was doing no damage. He was a threat to no one. All the man had to do was pick up a phone and call a conservation officer. We have specialists—biologists—who shoot tranquillizers into bears with a dart gun; then we can move them. We wanted to move this one to Kittatinny Mountain. It's a shame. The species is not overabundant in New Jersey. We have only twenty-two bears—" He stopped and corrected himself, saying, "Twenty-one."

Over the years, without doing much about it, I have wondered about the fate and fortunes of those twenty-one bears, their strength of lineage, the adventures of their offspring. After they began turning up in Princeton, my curiosity was quickened. Eventually, I called MacNamara's old office, and I learned that he had retired and died—too soon to enjoy the evident increase in the number of New Jersey's wild bears, of which there are probably as many as at any other time in the twentieth century. Soon thereafter, keeping an appointment, I found myself awakening beside a small lake in the Great Valley of the Appalachians, close to—and a thousand feet below—the Kittatinny ridge, at five hours after midnight, in an early dawn of June. A light-green pickup, raising dust, came down the slope to fetch me. The driver, Patricia McConnell, had travelled about twenty miles from her fifty-four-acre farm, in Warren County, where she and her husband grow hay and have a small herd of beef cattle. Age forty, give or take a year, she is the mother of three living children. A biologist who works seven days a week for the state, she traps bears.

SOMETIMES McConnell wears a blue T-shirt that expresses her allegiance to a "Nautilus Aerobic Medical Fitness Center." Now she was wearing a red turtleneck, tan jeans, blue-and-red running shoes, and one sock. People who get up routinely at 4 A.M. do not always go forth assembled to the last detail.

She is scarcely five feet tall. Her jeans were too long and were rolled to the tops of her shoes. Her hair is a dark, rich brown with strands of gray. She has a quick, infectious smile that somehow seems to break inward, concentrating its brightness.

Making her rounds, she ignores both breakfast and lunch. Her family lives to an important extent on beef from its own pastures. Items that cook quickly will dwindle in the freezer until all that remain are roasts. At the end of a day, she has neither time nor energy to deal with a roast.

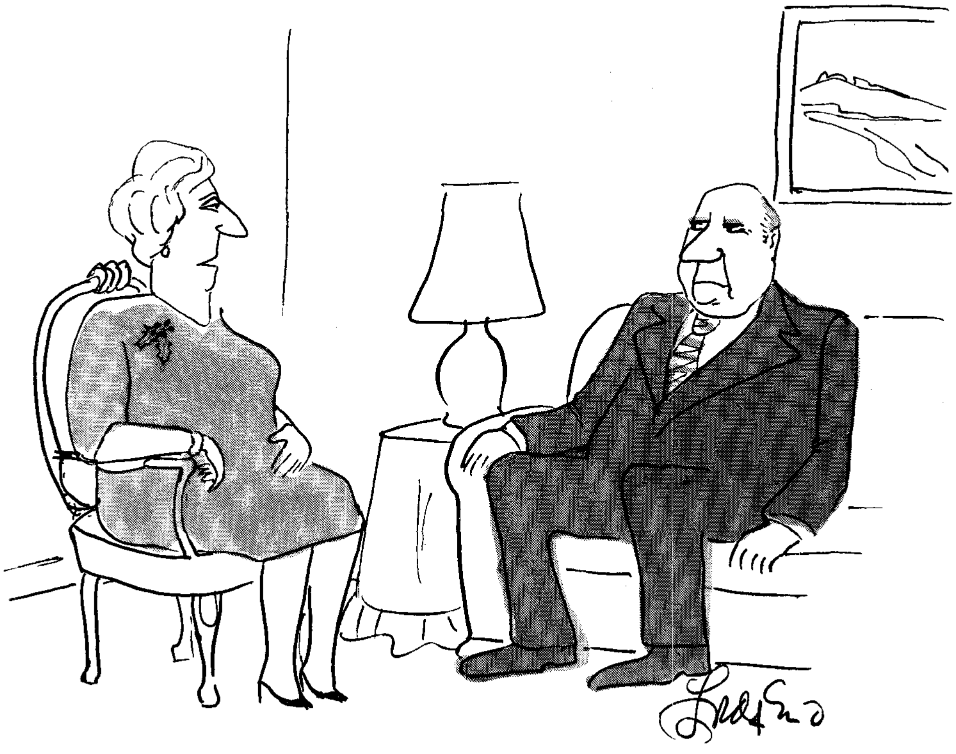
"Have you ever tried bear meat?"

"No. But my father likes it. He's from the South."

We were on the mountainside now, climbing switchbacks up the Kittatinny, looking back across the English green of the shale-and-limestone valley. The scenes were so robust they suggested even more the narcotic glens of Burgundy. New Jersey may be the sliest state in the union, for New Jersey has hidden its Burgundys while concentrating both its visitors and its supreme ugliness in one narrow band, moving millions of people a day in one side and out the other through scenes that suggest gunshot wounds in an infected Uncle Sam.

In the back of the pickup were two big sacks full of Dunkin' Donuts. Various baits will attract bears. Suet smeared with unsulphured molasses seems to be appealing, and marshmallows dipped in maple syrup. But nothing is in a class with the Dunkin' Donut. "Every bear we have caught this year we have caught on Dunkin' Donuts," McConnell said. "Crullers, lemon-filled, cream-filled, jelly. Anything they've got. The bears have been climbing in and out for Dunkin' Donuts." Unfortunately, the franchise nearest her home had temporarily closed, and her trapping program was suffering from impeded supplies. The franchise was decorated with pictures of bears, which McConnell had presented to the manager after framing them herself. "The pictures have helped to educate the public," she told me. "The pictures tell them that bears exist in this part of the world. It's such a large animal many people who see one are just totally alarmed." Customers would follow her out of Dunkin' Donuts asking about bears. On the top of the pickup's dashboard was a small bottle of anise extract. Sometimes she pours a little of that onto the doughnuts, adding to their range of flavors a striking touch of licorice. "That drives the bears wild."

Until a few years ago, New Jersey accorded its wild bears the lowest possible status. The number was so small that individual animals were regarded as curiosities and nothing more. Now, for reasons not entirely understood, the number seems to be up to sixty or seventy or, some people think, possibly a hundred. Therefore, the state has decided to find out more about them. "We are trying to get a handle on distribution, sex ratio, reproductive rate, habitat, home range," McConnell said. "We are trying to refine our estimates, which are now based on sightings. We want to put radios on



"Joyeux Noël."

them and track them to their dens.” In 1980, she had been switched from deer to bears. From April to October in 1981 and since April of 1982, she had caught fourteen, a couple of them more than once. All were males. “Females appear to be much more wary of a trapping situation,” she said. Six different sows with cubs were sighted in New Jersey in 1981. She followed up the reports by setting traps, but the bears ate the doughnuts and stayed out of the traps.

There were a hundred and thirteen sightings in New Jersey from July of 1980 to June of 1981, compared with thirty-one in 1979 and ten in 1977. Bears have been reported in nine of the state’s twenty-one counties. Reproduction alone cannot account for the obvious increase in numbers. Like human families opting for new starts in California or Colorado, bears are moving into New Jersey from other states. New York bears. Pennsylvania bears (bears that have been described as “surplus Pocono bears”). As we were going over the top of the ridge and the Pocono Plateau spread into view, McConnell said, “We know we have a certain inflow from Pennsylvania.”

“Do they swim across the Delaware River?”

“They swim or they come right across the bridge. They’ll just take the path of least resistance. On May 15th, we caught a three-hundred-pound male that had been tagged a year and a half earlier in Palmyra Township, Pennsylvania. He had weighed a hundred and fifty pounds in Pennsylvania. We caught another one of their bears last year. Now it’s our bear.”

There are six thousand bears in Pennsylvania. In one day, in fall, Pennsylvania hunters kill numbers approaching a thousand bears. For twelve years, it has been illegal to hunt bears in New Jersey. Given the intelligence of these animals and their sense of sanctuary, it is not entirely a joke to say that the message may at last have crossed the river.

THE GALLERY WALK: ART AND NATURE

A lesson in perspective, a trick of light?
How to daub some innocent canvas
With the seedy grapeshot of a current fashion?
No, I am only trying to teach you
What pleasure is, and also about
The end of things,
And how the two of them go hand in hand.

To me, music is at the heart of it,
And painting of every kind and school,
From Florence’s serene Annunciations—
Mary surprised, not astonished, at the news,
Some angel like a flat-footed bird nearby
Or threshing upward toward a thread of goldleaf,
Blue-green finicky, brushworked hills
Beyond—to Pollock’s wounded linoleums
Wriggling away, or Rothko’s bars
Of cathedral light. I am also partial
To the monumental:
Sculpture against the ruins of sculpture,
Afternoons in Rome, light everlasting.

Something, too, should be said for the crafts,
The ewers, crocks, cups and saucers
Spread out on tables over centuries
For the altar’s royal elegants, or for
The crop dividers coming home at dusk
To share their simple grains and leaves.

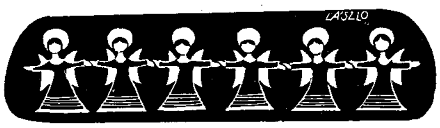
Each time among them two figures appear,
Repentant Adam, unknowledgeable Eve,
Boring as ever with the family news,
And always there comes the same surprise:
She falls down in the middle of a joy,
He keels over at the wedding feast,
And then the lament goes on and on,
Witless, without humor, dumbfounded, grim . . .

And so it is better to look at the dancers,
Or these beautiful canvases of dancers dancing,
Or listen to music re-create the pulse
Of sounded, marvellous emotions caught
In the lines of the body, its grace and flights,
And to see on the wing of a violin
Nature soaring in, all green,
A tree, in which a bird will seek
Its habitation the summer long,
Singing its heart out, as usual.

—Howard Moss

• •

Below us, on either side of the Delaware, was the sumptuous country that had been valued highest in all the East by the Minsi band of the Lenape, who called it the Minisink. On a small road, we descended into the Minisink among hemlock stands and blossoming laurel, clear streams in oak-and-maple forest, and prodigious rhododendron. To deal with the doughnut emergency, doughnuts and related pastry had been sought as far away as Fair Lawn, minutes from the George Washington Bridge. They had been collected from the Fair Lawn Dunkin’ by Pete Servas, a student of wildlife biology at Montclair State College, who had signed on with McConnell as a kind of summer interne. We met him in the Minisink and returned, farther north, to the mountain, climbing toward baited traps. There were six under bait at the moment, in various places. Running the trap line daily, she hopes but does not expect to find bears. Her average success rate has been one catch every two weeks—with success more frequently in June, when bears are most active, incautious with sexual urge. She checks not only set traps but also sites she has “prebaited,” strewing doughnuts in the woods for several days before setting snares—like a fisherman throwing



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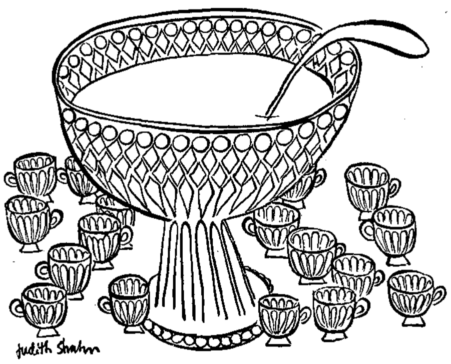
chum in the sea. Lately, as pre-bait, she had been using peas, apples, carrots, cabbage, watermelon, potatoes, pizza, and ziti, which she picked up from the kitchens of children's camps. She hangs the food in perforated plastic bags. Squirrels and coons might nip such bags. Bears explode them. If a turkey hunter shows her where he has sat in his camouflage suit with his bow and arrow and been closely approached by "a huge bear," she will put a few doughnuts there and hang up some pizza. Mainly, she follows her own intuition, sometimes using topographic maps to guess where bears might be. When daily checks reveal that bears are working the site, she sets a snare or two, made of quarter-inch coiled cable bolted around a tree. Logs are placed on either side of the snare so that a walking bear will place a paw between them. A trigger springs, and a loop of cable draws tight on the paw. Cut brush is piled up on either side of the set to keep the bear on the trail. Crullers, suet, and whatnot are spread along the trail for thirty or forty feet in both directions. Returning the next day, she will frequently find that the bait has been eaten to the snare from both sides, and even the logs have been moved, but nothing has touched the trigger. "It's time to start the old jelly-on-the-tree trick," she said one day when the trail bait was gone and so was the bear. "We pulled a big one once on orange marmalade. So we'll give this one a dose of that." She smeared marmalade on the tree that held the snare. Bears in Montana have been known to wait beside traps for biologists to come along; they don't mind the traps and will happily get into them as long as they are fed some "bait." Rufous-sided towhees were nagging overhead. "Rufous-sided towhees drive you nuts," McConnell said, wiping her hands. "Fifty million times a day, they sing, 'Drink your tea! Drink your tea!' My children used to say to me, 'Mommy, there's a rufous-sided toady.' "

Up a long grade, the truck regained the ridge. Twice, it nearly lurched off the road as McConnell dodged things that were small and running. She swerves for animals, including voles and shrews. Rounding a steep bend, she looked off to the left into a piece of forest that she said was the home of two Chihuahuas. "Two wild Chihuahuas live in the woods there. Don't you recognize Chihuahua habitat when you see it?"

I have since learned that there are black bears in Chihuahua. They are called *Ursus americanus machetes*.

Turning northeast near the summit, the truck ran parallel to the Appalachian Trail. Called Shawangunk Mountain in New York, Kittatinny Mountain in New Jersey, Blue Mountain in Pennsylvania, this was one long ridge, prominent above the landscape below it, from the Hudson River to Alabama, nicked and notched by wind gaps and water gaps. It is the front wall of the ridge-and-valley Appalachians, and it is everywhere the habitat of bears. Not far off the summit, McConnell, studying her maps of seven-and-a-half-minute quadrangles of Sussex County, New Jersey, had noticed an upland swamp, set in a crease of the terrain and protected on two sides by steep and forested ground, where vegetation would presumably be as dense as steel wool. She had left some pre-bait near the swamp, and when she returned it was gone to the last cruller. She had set snares—a pair of them, about thirty feet apart. And now, making rounds, at a few minutes to six in the morning, we went down into the woods to see what sort of mischief might have happened near the snares. The site was some distance from the road, and the mountainside fell steeply away. The only sound we heard was the tread of our feet. "There's no bear here or we'd have heard it by now," she was saying, but then she drew in her breath and stopped. She stared through the trees in excited disbelief. "This could only happen once," she said. "We have hit the daily double. A bear in each snare."

IMMEDIATELY, McConnell decided that she could not handle the situation without adequate help. A glazed college sophomore and a cinnamon-raisin writer did not constitute adequate help. She wanted to augment her drug supply. She needed to get to a phone. Bears will often sit quietly when snared, but these were up and moving, annoyed and aware, each one scratching at its tree. Their vision being weak and myopic, they could not see us, but they could virtually count our heartbeats and sniff our silhouettes. One had been caught by a foreleg, the other by a hind leg. "I wonder how he managed that," she said. "Did he *back* into the snare? Let's get going."



She hurried uphill and into the truck and down the mountain, honking at deer and shouting at them, too: "Come on! Get out of the way!" It was six miles to the nearest telephone. She mentioned en route that her eleven-year-old daughter was to appear in a gymnastics show later that morning and she was meant to be there.

"If we miss with the jab stick a couple times, we are going to start burning up a lot of drug," she was soon saying to someone somewhere. "A half bottle of Rompun? Is that back at Flatbrook? Is it in your refrigerator? Well, swing by Flatbrook and pick up the Rompun and go to Ellie's home for the Ketaset. I want to have a double supply, just in case. Meet us at the ranger station. Bob Lund is coming from Mountain Lake, in Warren. Joe Garris is coming from Flatbrook."

She woke up a National Park Service ranger, stationed in the Delaware Water Gap National Recreation Area, who shook himself out of bed and into uniform, then called other rangers by radio to announce this unprecedented opportunity to see close at hand such a large percentage of New Jersey's wild bears. Back on the mountain, people gradually collected, until the group was large enough to suggest a posse. McConnell got her gear together: tattoo box with six-volt batteries, tape measure, notebook, drug box, weighing cuffs, jab sticks, spring scales. She slung a block and tackle over her shoulder. Six vehicles had lined up along the edge of the road. On the back seat of one of them, a Park Service man had left his Smokey Bear hat, its broad brim held flat, like a tennis racquet, in a U-shaped plywood press. When McConnell's colleague Joe Garris appeared, he was accompanied by an extremely well-fed young man named Frank Walsh, known throughout the region as Buddha. Buddha wore a hardhat's soft hat—a polyester-and-plastic visored cap—and on its forehead were the words "Quaker Boy Turkey Calls." Garris, a tall young redhead with biceps like spruce burls, often wears "North Jersey Tractor Pulling Association"

T-shirts, and appears to be prepared not just to pull a tractor but to lift one. Garris pursues wild turkeys in the way that McConnell goes after bears. Their boss, Robert Lund, arrived—a trim, athletic man in a blue chambray shirt, frayed dungarees, a camouflage-cloth cap, and with a graying beard: a supervisor of research for what is now called the Division of Fish, Game, and Wildlife. He looked over the assembly with some interest and seemed impatient to get to the bears. Into the woods and down the mountain went twelve people, crashing through the blossoming laurel among oaks and maples, hemlock and witch hazel, in what must have seemed from below to be the approaching end of the world.

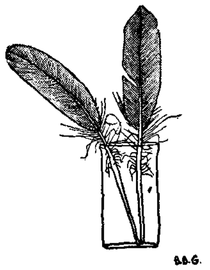
When people come, trapped bears sometimes lie down and try to hide behind their paws. The two we had come to see were up and a little angry, tugging at their cables. The nearer and larger one, hind leg snared, stood against the snare tree and tore at the trunk with its forepaws. The tree was a red maple. Its diameter breast high was about six inches, or had been. The bark was torn to shreds to a height of fifteen feet. Wood was gone. The same bear, in its frustration, had felled with its teeth a four-inch sassafras nearby. Sassafras is that much softer than maple. The animals made no sound. Trapped bears will sometimes whine at a high pitch or emit a distressed wail. Angry, they chop their jaws. They woof. Angry cubs hiss like cats. The Park Service rangers, who had pistols on their hips, compared f-stops, for shooting the bears with cameras. Pat McConnell filled a syringe with Ketaset and Rompun. Rompun relaxes muscles. Ketaset is ketamine hydrochloride. She used half again as much as would be needed to anesthetize a two-hundred-pound bear. The needle resembled the kind that is used to inflate basketballs. "There are dart guns," said Bob Lund. "But we don't like to use them. They have explosive impact and bruise the animal." McConnell assembled a pair of threaded aluminum rods to make a pole about eight feet long, with a fitting for the syringe at one end. The resistance of the bear's muscles would force fluid from the syringe. To keep it from dripping in the meantime, she sealed the tip of the needle with a globule of Vaseline. She handed the completed jab stick to Lund.

By now, she and Lund had the undivided attention of the immediate bear. While Lund moved away and circled behind, McConnell presented herself to the bear face to face. When she stepped even closer, the bear forgot all about Bob Lund. The rest of us watched almost in silence. Shutters clicked. Buddha was rapt. I remembered McConnell's telling me, on another occasion, "When a bear is caught by the hind leg, he has that much more power to lunge with, and when he lunges you have to figure he's lunging at you." She once showed me a foot-thick oak—its leaves copper—that had been killed by a furious bear. Caught by a hind leg, he had torn off all the bark within reach, and when she came on the scene he had lunged repeatedly at her. "It was the angriest bear I have ever seen," she had said. "That was one of the few times I've been apprehensive. I knew that if the cable broke or came loose the bear was not going to run away. I'm glad the cable held." Now the bear before her was not particularly angry, and—although on its feet and alert—seemed merely interested in what might happen next. The jab came from behind.

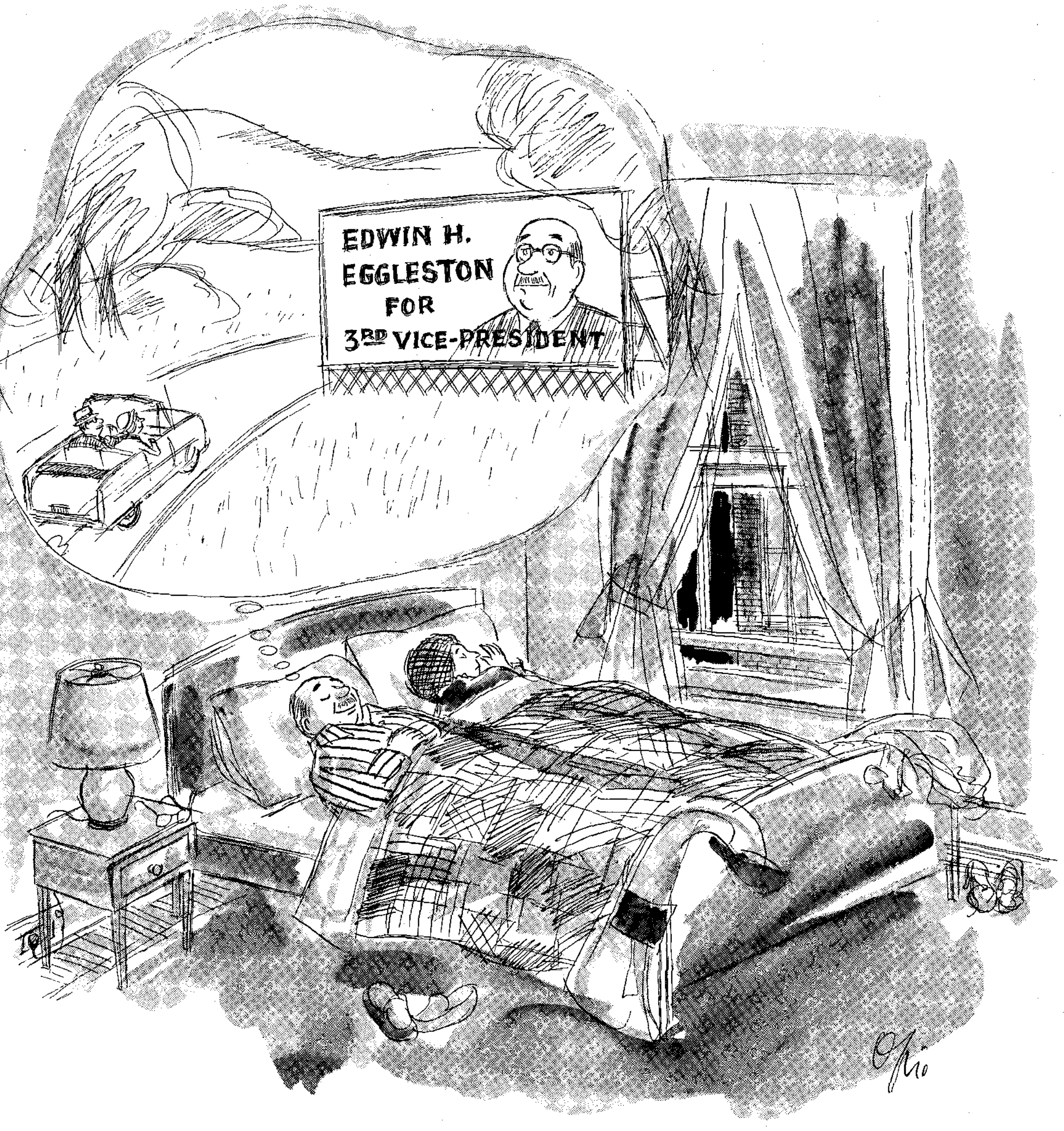
Within sixty seconds, the bear sat down. It breathed heavily, began to nod like a dinner guest, and in five or ten minutes was stretched out on its side in slumber. It was male. It was without tags or tattoos—an almost certain indication that it had not been previously caught, in New Jersey or any other state. McConnell affectionately roughed his ears as if he were a pet mastiff.

She refilled the syringe and kept the jab stick this time while Lund clapped his hands and distracted the smaller bear. "We try to jab the needle in the lower thigh, where there is less fat," she said, taking aim. "Some prefer a neck or shoulder shot, but there's no way I'm going to do that." A few minutes later, the second bear was as sound asleep as the first. No tags. No tattoos. No . . . "Female! She's a female!" McConnell fairly shouted. Asleep under the scrutiny of twelve venerating witnesses was the first female bear ever caught by the State of New Jersey.

IT made the mind race. Now there could be radio-tracking that would follow the bear to her winter den, where she would give birth and—placing her head between her hind paws—curl herself into a big warm circle around her naked cubs. McConnell had not yet come across a den, in part because dens are casual and miscellaneous. When black bears are ready to den, they sometimes just lie down. They pull a few leaves over themselves, some twigs. They make nests. Others use rock cavities, hollow logs, spaces under fallen trees—or woodchuck holes, renovated expansively. Except in Arctic situations bears have no need to consider weather. Their fur is heavy, and the fat within can be as thick as a mattress. If snow falls on them, it melts. If enough snow falls on them, it forms a cave. Their respiration may go down to five breaths every two minutes, while their heartbeats become commensurately slow, but they do not turn cold, like hibernating chipmunks. There is a difference in ratio of surface to volume. Bears' temperatures drop only ten per cent. Once or twice a day, their pulses quicken, multiply—hearts pounding—and the bears come up out of deep sleep into almost sudden consciousness. They just lie there for a time, awake, and then drift again to sleep. They eat nothing for half a year. At the end of winter, they still have at least two-thirds of their fat—to live on in the spare months of spring. Some bears will den almost anywhere. In Pennsylvania, dens have been found beside highways and within twenty-five feet of occupied houses, the owners ignorant that the bears were there. Looking down at the small, sleeping New Jersey female, one could imagine some bizarre environments among her choices where her cubs might be born. In earlier American times, bear oil was highly recommended for the cooking of doughnuts.



Weighing cuffs were placed around the feet of the male bear. These were a set of ropes arranged so that they looped each leg and came together under the belly. Before the actual weighing, they would serve to restrain the bear if he unexpectedly woke up. Right now, he was sleeping like a bear—snoring some, and occasionally exhaling with a wheezing sound that I had heard, among alders, before. His breath was—as reputed—bad. His coat was cordovan and glistened expensively—much more so than the female's, which was divoted and tufty, an apparent response to summer. For this and more obvious reasons, it has long been considered unpromising to


EDWIN H. EGGLESTON FOR 3RD VICE-PRESIDENT

sell a bearskin before catching the bear—a warning that once had the status of a platitude and has made its way to Wall Street as the bear market. In a book about bears, I once came upon this notable sentence: "The black bear apparently got its name from its color." The author was aiming toward the point that black bears are not always black. With few exceptions, they are black in the East, but in Western states, in addition to black, the species has numerous chromas. The cinnamon bear. The mouse-gray bear. The seal-brown, light-cream, yellow-brown, olive-yellow, steel-blue bear. On islands of British Columbia, there is a specifically "black" bear with reddish paws, a gray nose, brown eyes, and a white coat. It is known as the Kermode bear. Other Kermode bears are black, orange, yellow with dark stripes, chestnut red. In 1946 in New York, someone trapped a blue-gray bear.

McConnell set dental forceps, a dental elevator, some cotton, and a bottle of Anbesol on the bear's side. Holding his head firmly in the crook of one arm, she opened his mouth and began to elevate a tooth. "Pennsylvania always takes a tooth. So do we," she said. "We take the first upper premolar." Premolars, just behind the big fangy canines, are not of much use to bears, and usually disappear from a bear's mouth in the course of its life. Pathologists cut off the crowns, then slice the lower halves extremely thin. These thin sections, like geologists' thin sections of rock, are looked at under microscopes. In magnification, bear teeth sliced the long way resemble contour maps of islands, and each contour line represents a layer of dentin and a year of life. As we would see in the tooth that McConnell was removing, the male bear was born in 1979 and was now about three and a half years old. She wrapped the tooth in a slip of paper and swabbed the wound with Anbesol, the label of which said it was an "antiseptic anesthetic for toothache, teething, denture irritation, and cold sores." The bear wheezed. She put his head down. He snored.

A laurel blossom had fallen into her hair. She was unaware of it as she clipped green plastic tags to the bear's ears. If people were to report seeing a bear with green streamers, she would know it was this bear. All her bears are color-coded. In Montana, hunters have complained to the state after shooting bears with ribbons on their ears, asserting that ribbons diminish the wilderness experience. As McConnell worked over the animal, green-and-gold earrings in her own pierced ears gave off flashes of brilliance.

Because Bob Lund is a renowned talent on the electric tattoo, she asked him to inscribe the bear's inner lip. The machine made sounds like radio static. Saliva obscured Lund's work as he performed it, but when he was finished he wiped the lip clean, and there in double pica on the pink background were the letter and numbers "N 33 34," registering the bear more or less in the manner of an airplane.

Statistics of the bear were taken and recorded. Total length: five feet six inches. Height to shoulder blade: thirty inches. Right rear paw: seven and a half by five inches. Neck circumference: twenty-two and a half inches. Chest circumference: thirty-six inches. An unofficial stat was three and three-quarters inches: the length of the bear's tail. In Europe, long ago, it was understood why bears have short tails. The red fox persuaded the bear to try to use its tail to catch fish

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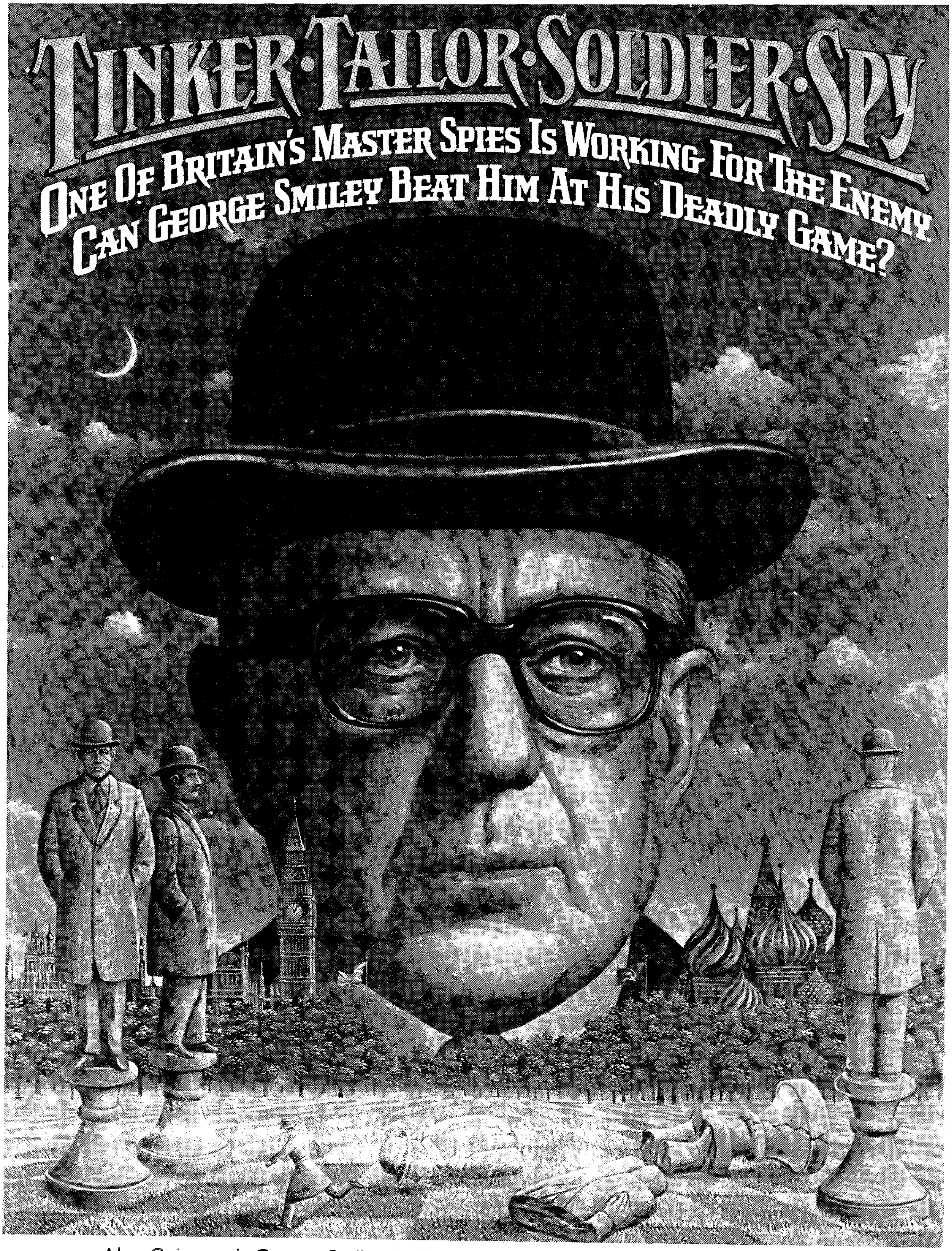
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through a hole in ice. With the tail in it, the hole froze. Then the fox attacked the bear.

The snare had not much affected the leg, but where there was some abrasion McConnell cleaned the surface with alcohol and applied Mycitracin. I have since read that biologists in Tennessee once caught two hundred and sixty-four bears in snares equipped with automobile-hood springs as shock absorbers—thus eliminating virtually all injury.

McConnell's block and tackle was tied to a limb of a dead and barkless white oak. The male bear, his four feet trussed in the weighing cuffs, was hauled toward the dead oak on his butt, sliding like a black toboggan. The cuffs were hooked to a spring scale and pulleyed into the air. The bear, suspended upside down, resembled a hanging sloth. He weighed two hundred and two pounds and had some growing left to do. The heaviest bear ever weighed in New Jersey was the four-hundred-and-sixty-five-pound bear that ate the cat food off the patio in Passaic County. McConnell had him in a trap within twenty-four hours, and soon afterward, like this one, up in the air in a sling. He was six feet seven inches long, had a thirty-four-inch neck and a nine-inch right rear paw. Black-bear females generally grow to about two hundred pounds and males to four hundred, with exceptional individuals weighing a great deal more.

Addressing herself to the female, McConnell said, "This bear doesn't look all that thrifty. She's kind of skinny. But we can't be choosy. This is our first female." She weighed about the same as my daughters who are in college. While elevating a tooth, McConnell muttered about the compound coincidences of this extraordinary day. "Everything happens at once," she said. "Wouldn't you know we'd hit the hottest site ever on the morning after my son's graduation from high school and the day one of my daughters is in a gymnastics show. I'm supposed to be there at ten-forty-five this morning. This kid will never understand. This is why mothers should be home. My husband has no shirts. I've been so busy I haven't done them." The tooth came free. McConnell clipped orange streamers to the ears, and the bear's appearance suggested a little girl in ribbons, ready for school. If it seemed a shame that an innocent bear had to walk the Jersey wilds with orange ribbons in her ears, it was in the category of acts that *The National Geographic* has described as a "painless plug-in for science."

New Jersey did not at the moment have an appropriate radio collar for this bear. Without one, keeping track of her would be a matter of chance sightings, hit or miss. Another opportunity like this—another female—might not present itself for years. With a sigh and a crinkly grin, McConnell asked Lund and the others to mind the bears while she went to a telephone to call Pennsylvania. "If he wakes up, let him go," she said. "If she stirs, keep her half drugged until I get back. I don't want to move her unless I know I can get a collar."

She hurried up the mountain and was gone. Some of the curious departed, too, leaving Lund, Servas, Garris, Buddha, and others to begin a quiet vigil by the sleeping bears.

THIS was "a textbook place for bears," Lund pointed out. What a black bear wanted most was dense cover throughout the year, which the mixed stand of hardwoods and conifers amply provided. In the swamp below, there would be water, a place to wallow, and even denser cover—a secure place to be in daylight hours. "The areas where they hang out during the day are what we call really dog hair," he said. "Extremely thick. Unusually swampy." Up here in the dry woods were acorns, herbs, and open patches of fruit-bearing shrubs. It was, indeed, the hottest site ever, and in the following weeks additional destruction by more caught bears would leave the trap sites looking like shell-shot, defoliated jungle. This was the sort of place that would attract not only the bear and the bear biologist but possibly the bear poacher as well, and Patricia McConnell had asked me not to record its position in detail. To avoid putting too fine a triangulation on it, suffice it to say that we were a hundred miles north of Bear, Delaware, fifty miles east of Bear Creek, Pennsylvania, and thirty-five hundred miles southeast of Great Bear Lake, on the Arctic Circle. The black bear has continued to thrive in many parts of the United States by adjusting to civilization, by becoming essentially nocturnal, by retreating in the daytime into places where even a poacher would hesitate to follow. The grizzly bear has a disposition that is unarguably incompatible with civilization. In the lower forty-eight United States, there are a hundred and fifty thousand black bears and six hundred grizzlies. Grizzlies symbolize country with an absence of human artifact. Black bears are collaborators. Where the two species overlap, grizzlies sometimes kill and eat black bears. It is thought that black bears learned to climb trees because they feared grizzlies, while grizzlies stay on the ground because they fear nothing. However that may be, there is about black bears a certain whiff of sycophancy, and, as with deer, their numbers may in some places have come to indicate less the absence than the presence of man. There is nothing deer like better than a small farm backed up against a woodlot with view. They can eat at the expense of the farmer, sleep in the woods, and not have to move much between. The northwestern border of New Jersey—from Mercer up through Hunterdon and Warren and Sussex Counties—consists largely of such woodlots and farms. In these fifteen hundred square miles lives the densest concentration of wild deer in North America. They sound like parrots in the woods at night. In terms of wildlife management, the fall 1979 "harvest" was declared "disappointing"—that is, too low a percentage was taken out—when New Jersey hunters killed fifteen thousand six hundred and forty deer. At dusk on summer evenings, it is difficult not to see deer grazing in fields near a backdrop of trees on Mer-

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cer, Hunterdon, Warren, and Sussex farms. In 1979, a black bear was sighted in Hunterdon grazing with a herd of deer.

Bob Lund prepared a hand syringe and, like a nurse in Intensive Care, sat beside the sleeping sow. He said he was reluctant to use more drug and would do so only if the bear seemed about to get up. He ignored the jab stick. Lund grew up in Woodbridge, near Perth Amboy. He once said to an interstate symposium of wildlife biologists, "To understand the problem of black bears in New Jersey, you have to understand the mind of the average New Jersey citizen. The state's population is probably ninety per cent urban, and the urban mind, at least in New Jersey, is extremely afraid of animals, particularly something as large as a black bear. Most of the contacts that our professional people have had with black bear involved trying to capture and move a bear before it is destroyed by the local heroes."

In Hunterdon County a couple of years ago, a bear was walking in the woods between two of New Jersey's major highways, which for some distance run parallel, then gradually converge. The bear kept going into the V until he found himself in anxious confusion, weired in asphalt, with big trucks pounding on either side. Bears in such situations are likely to be put away by almost anyone's bullets, not to mention the traffic, unless a biologist or a Wildlife Control Representative gets there first. Lund got there first, and shot the bear with what has been defined as an "automatic projectile syringe fired by a carbon-dioxide-powered long-range syringe projector"—a weapon that looks like a .22 and is called a Cap-Chur gun. The bear keeled over in a drugged stupor and slept through the ride to the mountains.

A bear appeared in Princeton in 1980 on its way to a different fate. It crossed Rosedale Road near Stony Brook, went out of Princeton a couple of miles downstream, and in a residential neighborhood in Lawrence Township had a face-to-face encounter with a cat. The bear, only sixteen months old, looked a little like an anteater, and possibly more like a Newfoundland dog. The cat looked like the arch of St. Louis. The bear backed off. Somehow, it managed to cross U.S. 1—over a concrete divider in an extremely busy road, five miles from the center of Trenton. It also crossed an interstate. In Yardville, a Trenton suburb, it had its nose in a garbage can when a policeman fired at it three times with double-aught buckshot, doing "extensive damage to skull, vertebral column, and thoracic organs," all of which were, in other words, pulped. The officer explained that he had done what he believed was right. At the time, Bob Lund summarized the event as "an urban community overreacting to a situation it did not understand."

He said now, "There has never been a reported incident of a bear molesting a person in New Jersey." For that matter, as far as authorities are aware no bear has attacked a human being in Pennsylvania in at least a hundred years. For some reason, bear horror stories seem to belong to the West and the far Northwest, and are by no means limited to grizzlies. There have been some bad ones in Alaska in recent years. A young woman lost both arms to a black bear in the Yukon-Tanana terrain; and in the same country, a hundred or so miles away, a young man was killed and partly eaten by a black bear. Both victims were geologists. Meanwhile, a friend of mine was telling me what a wonderful wilderness experience his young daughter had had when he and she were camping by an Adirondack lake and he awoke to see his daughter trying to pull her backpack from the paws of a big black bear. The bear did not harm her. In the Maine woods, the number of bears is unknown but is suggested each fall when hunters shoot more than a thousand. All through the summer in the woods of Maine, there are hundreds of thousands of campers. No one is attacked by the bears. Books on black bears generally stress their shyness and mildness, and all but promise that they will not attack. Biologists say that many sows could not care less if you walk between them and their cubs. Biologists sometimes work on cubs while undrugged mothers stand and watch. Stretching out to sleep in the woods in the East, I never think of bears. In Alaska, I think of little else. For years, I have asked wardens, biologists, and trappers why so-called bear incidents do not happen in the East and seem to occur with greater severity and frequency in proportion to distance northwest. The best answer I have yet received has been a shrug. Three or four years ago, however, the threshold of violence made a great leap eastward, in distinctly sobering terms. Soon after breakup, three teen-aged boys made a fishing trip to a Canadian stream, where they were killed by a black bear and to varying extents consumed. The stream was in southernmost Canada—far below the latitude of most of the United States-Canadian boundary, and less than three hundred miles due north of Pennsylvania.

Bob Lund remarked that he had eaten black bears in Montana. He obviously did not imagine that bears in New Jersey would ever return the compliment. When he was eighteen years old, he left Woodbridge to study wildlife biology at the University of Montana, and went to summer forestry camp near Missoula. "At the camp," he said, "bears were our meat resource."

We sat quietly watching the two before us while the gentle patter of gypsy-moth caterpillars sounded like rain in the leaves above. The female had turned onto her back, in the manner of a dog profoundly slumbering. The male appeared content on his side, his flank moving like a slow ocean swell, his body otherwise unstirring. Bears are ordinarily fitful, toss-and-turn, wake-and-doze sleepers. "They're having a good time," Lund said. "If there's a bear heaven, they're there right now."

IN December of 1979, after a hunter illegally shot a bear in Warren County, Lund opened its stomach. The content was a hundred per cent corn. Black bears are not particularly interested in flesh. They are not even equipped with flesh-ripping teeth. Three-quarters of what they eat is vegetable. They like jack-in-the-pulpit tubers. They have been seen in fields eating string beans. They love hazelnuts, beechnuts, and hickory nuts, which they allow squirrels to collect for them, and if a squirrel comes too near when the bear takes the nuts the bear will eat the squirrel. Black bears rarely eat creatures larger than squirrels. They prefer little ones. They eat wasps' nests with the wasps in them. They eat living yellow jackets. When eating honeycombs, they also eat the bees. In 1976, a tagged Pennsylvania bear was caught stealing from a beehive in New Jersey. It was dart-gunned and extradited—home to Pennsylvania. A bear will sit on its butt beside an anthill, bomb the anthill with a whisking paw, then set the paw on the ground and patiently watch while ants swarm over the paw. The bear licks the paw. A bear will eat a snake or a frog. But all these sources of protein do almost nothing to pack that mattress of fat. Fruit and nuts make the fat. Bears eat so many apples sometimes that they throw up the pulp and retain the cider, which ferments in the stomach no less effectively than it would in a pot still. The bears become drunk. By the Deerfield River, in Massachusetts, a dozen years ago, two inebriated bears full of hard cider lurched all over a nearby road, wove about, staggered, lolled, fell, and got up on the hood of a police car. Massachusetts closed its bear season for the duration of the hangover.

One of the trees that stood over us was a black birch that had been rather emphatically but not angrily bitten by a bear about two metres above the ground. The tree was near the snares but not within reach of the bears once they had been caught, and therefore it was evident that a bear had marked the tree before stepping into a snare. Much has been written about bear trees, which are found wherever bears exist in forests, and the trees are said, variously, to mark breeding territories, to proclaim home ranges, or to be so inscribed "for no apparent reason." Bear trees, in other words, have not yet been figured out, and, with their petroglyphic curves that are cut deep but do not extend enough to kill the tree, they endure in the world as a delicious enigma. Bears making bear trees deface and destroy human notices and wooden signs.

Joe, Bob, and Buddha were attempting to reconstruct what had happened at this scene.

"She came in first, got caught in the snare, and he scented her."

"She's too young."

"He's so horny he'd check out anything."

"He comes in, finds this female in the snare. He marks his territory on the black birch. Backing up, he steps in the other snare."

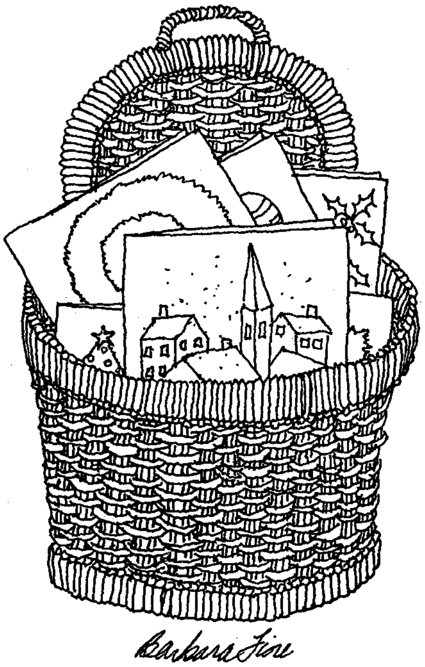
On the top of her head, Joe Garris gave the female a gentle tap with his toe. She stirred, lifted her head, and set it down again. Bob Lund sat up a little straighter, holding the hand syringe. To the rest of us, he said, "Be quiet." Bears seldom wake up so soon, and she would probably go back to sleep. Again, she lifted her head—and this time was suddenly on her feet and, after an instant's hesitation, away.

The cuffs were still around her legs, and they hobbled her. She had them off before she had travelled thirty feet. She was wobbly, unsteady, clumsy, and fast. Fear had burned through the drug. She had got up and gone before Lund had time to inject her. She crashed down the mountain through the woods, he running after her with his hypodermic needle held forward like a baton.

When bears wake up from narcosis, they characteristically move off a little, lie down, move a little, lie down, before betaking themselves away altogether. This one was not an exception. However, the sequence was unusually rapid. She lay down, collecting herself, wanting, apparently, to sleep and not to sleep—a drunk struggling to be sober. With caution and athletic stealth, Lund approached her, his needle now a switchblade, a short épée. He took a step closer, another step; he was all but there when she got to her feet and away.

The drug had not confused her sense of destination. She ran, flopped, tumbled toward the swamp. Lund and the needle followed. Again, she lay down—near the edge of the swamp. Again, Lund approached her, moving almost silently. Close now, he reached toward her. She swung her head toward him, possibly getting ready to bite. It's not worth taking a chance, he thought, and so he made no further move.

Shouting up the mountainside, he asked if anyone had brought a Cap-Chur gun. Someone answered no.



The bear moved into the swamp, where she lay down and waited for whatever might happen next. To understate it, the swamp was really dog hair. Barred with fallen hemlocks, it was underset with grass tussocks and with small hummocks standing in channels of thin black ooze. It seemed to contain enough bear scat to fertilize the Garden State, and was darkly overgrown with rhododendron. Lund could see the female under a big fallen hemlock. She looked soporific. Her head was not in water. He decided to wait until assistance came.

About now, up the hill, the male bear began to move. He lifted his head and took a woozy look around. Buddha went up a tree. It was a semitoppled slanting tree. Joe Garris, like a utility lineman, ran straight up the side of an oak. Bears climb trees spirally. If they are frightened, they gallop straight up the trunk, like Joe. When the male dropped his head and seemed to go back to sleep, Garris returned to the ground, but Buddha stayed in his tree.

Down the mountain came Pat McConnell. She had arranged with Pennsylvania to borrow a collar and had come back now to collect her bear. The first thing she noticed was Buddha up the tree. "What the hell is going on here?" she said.

In thirty syllables, or more, Garris said, "The bear got up and went down to the swamp."

"Which bear?" said McConnell.

"The female."

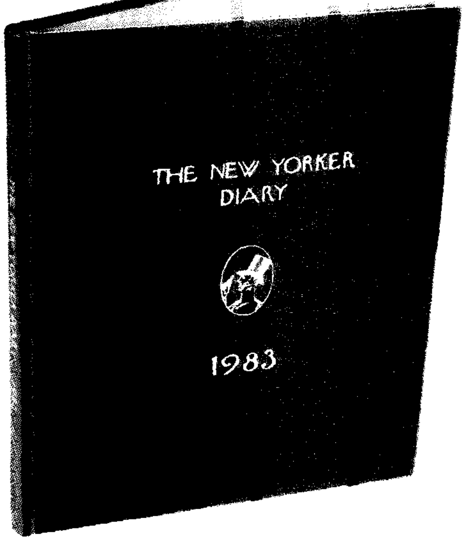
"Oh—God—damn!"

"Bob went after her. He needs the drugs, but the other bear is waking up and he's beside the drug case."

"*So what?* Get a stick and get him out of there."

One light prod and the bear was on his feet. There was a scattering of onlookers, some climbing of trees. Unable to walk, the bear pulled himself along—crawled like an otter on a living-room rug. Newborn cubs have no control of their hind legs (probably to keep them in the den), and drugged bears, as they wake up, seem to be recapitulating their earliest days. The bear moved some yards and lay down. McConnell ignored him and began filling a jab-stick syringe. He got up and weavingly, drunkenly ran and fell downhill, out of sight.

When the syringe was ready and the jab stick assembled at its javelin length, she carried it down the moun-



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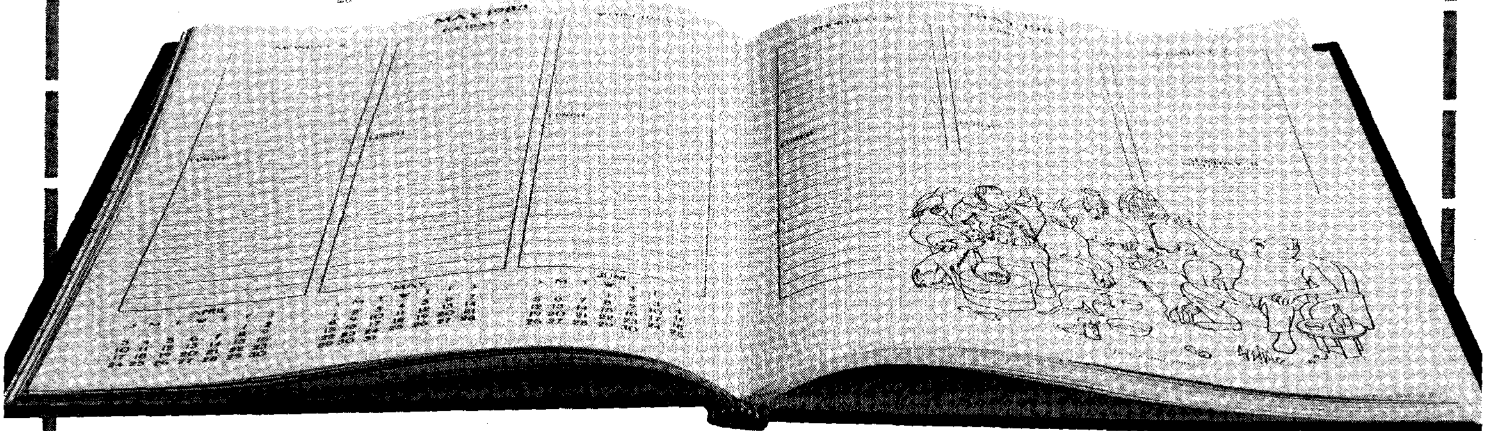

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tainside to Bob. She could not see the female. The vegetation seemed less woven than solid. A person six feet away could be invisible, let alone a bear. McConnell had seen Lund gazing intently in one direction, and now, up to her knees in muck, she was trying to circle the inferred animal and block her from going farther back in the swamp. Joe Garris, picking his way through the mesh, made a similar move on another side; and by talking with Lund they formed—although none of the three could see another—the base of a triangle with Lund at the apex and the bear in the middle. Slowly, McConnell and Garris shortened the triangle, deciding their movements entirely by sound.

"Coming."

"Coming, Bob."

"Coming."

"Don't let the bear bite you," Lund said.

The bear heard McConnell and Garris approaching and moved a few yards closer to Lund. Lund advanced the jab stick, in the manner of a crochet needle, through the rhododendron. At last, it was lined up with fur. Everyone was silent. A single bird song was the only sound. He thrust the jab stick forward, and said at once that he thought he had not been successful. But Garris said, "She's going down. Her eyes are just flickering. She looks like she's drugged." Soon the bear's head fell. McConnell got to her quickly. McConnell was up to her hips now in ooze, keeping the head above water. With Garris, she slowly hauled the bear to dry ground.

Garris tapped on the bear's skull.

A Park Service ranger said, "Anybody home?"

Garris said, "She's in never-never land."

"I hope so," said McConnell.

Garris leaned over, sank his fingers into the fur at the shoulder and the rump, and lifted the bear above his head like pressed weight. He lowered her to his shoulders, fireman's carry, and walked up the mountain. I remembered McConnell saying to me one day while the two of us watched Garris move a three-hundred-pound barrel trap from one position to another, "As a woman, I am limited in what I can lift and lug around. I hate to say it, but it's true."

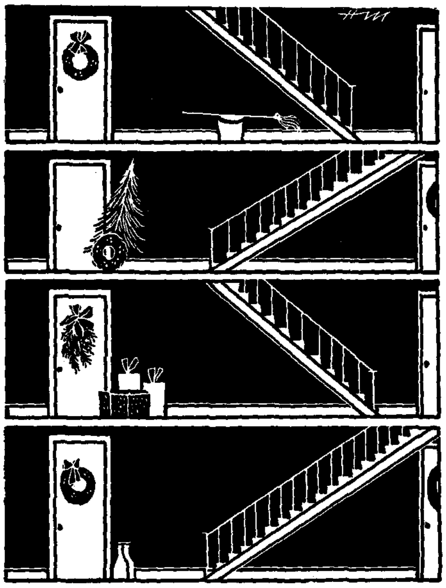
At the road, Garris put the bear in the back of his pickup, and then a three-piece motorcade, led by a Park Service ranger, moved slowly down the long grades to the Minisink. Miles later, while the vehicles were slowly passing through Millbrook Village, the bear began to wake up. She lifted her head, dully glanced about her, laid her head down, and went back to sleep. The vehicles stopped. McConnell watched her for a while and then got into the back of Garris's truck. The motorcade proceeded. McConnell sat beside the bear—needle in hand, held like a pencil. She rested the hand on the flank of the bear. "I don't want to shoot her up any more than I have to," she said. "But I don't want her jumping out of the truck."

The gymnastics show—in Washington, New Jersey, an hour away—was to begin at ten-forty-five. The time now was close to ten-fifteen. "The kid will never understand this," McConnell said again. "This is why mothers should be home." She was worried not only about her own absence but also that her husband might be out in the fields and there would be no one on hand even to drive the child to town, let alone watch her perform.

After slowly ascending long, unpaved lanes through hemlock, the vehicles at last came to the remote site of a barrel trap—sometimes called a culvert trap—which would serve temporarily as a cage. It was a piece of culvert pipe three feet in diameter and seven feet long, welded sledlike to a pair of angle-iron runners, and perforated with holes the sizes of eggs and baseballs. One end was closed with sheet metal. The other end was open. A heavy door—a square yard of steel—was poised above the opening, suspended in something like a window frame and triggered to fall. When such a trap is set, a fish-net bag full of doughnuts is placed in the closed end. A trail of doughnuts leads out the other way and off toward the woods. A bear that comes along eating Dutch Apple and Sugar-Raised goes on into the culvert pipe and grabs the fish-net bag, which is attached to a wire that runs back along the top of the barrel and releases the Damoclean door. Yellow signs were tacked to the surrounding trees:

DANGER
BEAR TRAP
DO NOT APPROACH

Foot snares and culvert traps are used to capture black bears unharmed, for research and damage-control purposes. Each bear is examined, weighed, ear-tagged, and released. Those bears causing damage are moved to a new location. The heavy door of the culvert trap and the activation spring of the foot snare can cause serious injury. For your protection, please stay outside the posted area.



The sleeping bear was put in the slammer. She assumed a fetal position there. More drug had not been required. Scarcely had the door crashed down when McConnell jumped into her pickup and hurried for the nearest phone. She reached one at just about show time, and nervously called her home. She called collect. She said, "My name is Pat McConnell." The operator said to her, "Thank you, Pat. Enjoy your day."

McConnell's parents happened to be on hand to answer. Her husband and daughter had gone to the show. "Did he take her down there? . . . Oh, thank goodness."

Relieved as she was, she nonetheless felt that—no matter how late—she must be there herself, for there was an extra dimension to the importance of her presence. She had had a daughter who died a few years before, at the age of thirteen, in an equestrian accident, and as a form of memorial she and her husband had recently adopted this one. Over the mountain and down through valleys the pickup flew—crossing wide green meadows after dark stands of forest, and slowing in the centers of compact stone-architecture towns. We passed remarkably versatile farms. "DWARF BUNNIES $5." McConnell said, "I wouldn't trade this job for anything. Now that we have four marked bears travelling the area, we can get some idea of the number of unmarked bears. I'll have to make some calls and run some errands before we get the collar and go back to the bear. Would you write these down? Envelopes. Vaseline. To Agway for cattle tags. To Doc Wasser for

Ketaset. To Spaulding & Rogers for needles. Ask Pennsylvania if they're using green streamers."

She needed the envelopes for bears' teeth. I remembered her stopping at a gate that blocked a forest-access road and handing Pete Servas a folded slip of paper on which she had written the combination of the lock. As Servas walked toward the gate, she called after him, "Don't lose the tooth out of there."

"Which tooth is that?" he asked.

"It's not a bear's tooth," she said. "It's a kid tooth. She forgot to put it under her pillow."

On the seat between us now was her loose-leaf Bear Book, a running diary of captures and sightings. On August 24, 1981, in Sussex, she had captured a four-hundred-and-twenty-five-pound bear and hung a radio on him. After he took off, the radio beeped for ten minutes and he was never heard from again. On September 16, 1981, and May 2, 1982, she had captured a four-hundred-pound bear and had given him the nickname Flasher. She had nicknamed other bears Pain, Buckwheat, and Mo. May 14, 1982, Passaic County, she caught a three-hundred-and-fifty-seven-pounder, who was, in a manner of speaking, too close to Fifth Avenue, and she moved him over to Warren. May 27, 1982, bear reported on Shades of Death Road, in Allamuchy. December 12, 1981, twenty-three-pounder under Bearfort Tower, in the Newark Watershed, Passaic County.

"Twenty-three pounds!" I said. "Where was the mother?"

"It wasn't a bear. It was a bobcat," she answered. "You've gone out of the bears and into the wildcats."

A few years ago, Maine gave New Jersey seventeen bobcats. Once upon a time, New Jersey was to bobcats what California was to golden bears. In both states, the animals were—as biologists prefer to say—extirpated. New Jersey wants its bobcats to prosper anew, and McConnell looks after them. In fact, she is in charge of all of New Jersey's furbearing mammals, from the otters and the minks to the coyotes and the bears. She began to wonder if bobcats had really been extirpated when she found one that had not come from Maine.

Among the entries in the Bear Book were fragments of another kind of prose—passages, in McConnell's handwriting, from Marcus Aurelius, John Stuart Mill, George Bernard Shaw, Ralph Waldo Emerson.

"Nothing can bring you peace but the triumph of principles."

"If it is not right, do not do it. If it is not true, do not say it."

"Nature brings you nothing that you cannot bear."

In McConnell's world, no one is likely to argue with Emerson's principles or with Marcus Aurelius right and true, but with regard to what nature brings (the quotation is also from Marcus Aurelius) there are people in New Jersey who take exception. When a bear shows up on the patio, they call McConnell, addressing her as if she were a plumber and something had sprung a leak. A number of people say, in effect, "I have a problem, and what are you going to do about it?" Since most callers have until moments before been completely unaware that there are bears in New Jersey, there is often in their voices a component of alarm, up to and including terror. McConnell's response is calmer than pavement. She speaks in tones that range from ho to hum. "Yes, there are bears in your area," she says, and goes on to say, with an added hint of congratulation, "You live in beautiful bear habitat." If it is late spring or early summer, she says, "At this time of year, bears wander around a lot and sometimes become visible to the general public." And ultimately she says, "We are not going to move the bear." Or, as Parks Canada puts it in its pamphlets: "You are in bear country. It's been their home for thousands of years. You're the visitor. Remember that and act accordingly."

"It's such a large animal. People perceive it as a problem just because it happens to be there," she said to me now. "The bear isn't interested in them. The bear wants to get on about its business. We don't like to move bears. We do that only when they go too far into the suburbs or when they get into a jam. Some people tease bears. They hold out food to them, get them interested, and then pull the food away. They'll let a bear stick its nose in the house and then slam the door. I tell them, 'If you want to play games with an animal, get yourself a dog or a cat.' "

When a bear goes at a wooden beehive, it places the hive between its legs and cracks it open like a coconut. It eats everything inside but the frames. This brings out the beekeepers, who complain to the state. The honeybee is the state insect. To deal with such problems in an immediate but temporary manner, the state has portable electric fences and sets of flashing lights. The state does not pay damages. (The Pennsylvania Game Commission does pay for the destructive behavior of bears.) In New Jersey bear country, there are at least twenty thousand commercial beehives. Bears seldom damage more than twenty hives a year.

From a town parking lot, we ran down the main street of Washington, up a long flight of wooden stairs, and into a loft above a shoe store, where an eleven-year-old girl in a black-and-ivory leotard was performing on a trampoline. Her mother's jeans were still wet to the thighs and caked with swamp muck. She tried, impossibly, to conceal her appearance and to make herself evident, too. When the girl finished, her mother waved from the doorway and was acknowledged with a shy smile. Seated close to the walls were grandmothers and grandfathers, parents and siblings, under big paper butterflies and fluorescent lights. For various gymnastic achievements, Dee Dee McConnell was awarded four stars.

We ran the errands and followed the family home for lunch—to a small farmhouse on a crown road in Oxford, Warren County. The place looked less prosperous than hardworking. It was not a gentleman farmer's farm—not one of our noble New Jersey agrestates raked off by the farmland assessment. Its steadings were in less than cosmetic repair. It was a workingman's weekend farm. Pat's husband, Ed McConnell, lays out new lines for a power company. Projecting into the kitchen was a homemade barrel stove. Fruit, bread, and cold cuts quickly appeared. Her parents, whose name is McConnell, were visiting from Netcong, twenty miles east, where she grew up alphabetized in school next to Ed McConnell, her man from then to now. As a hunter, he went out in all seasons to study the movements of deer. She went along. In her phrase, she was "not domestic." She spent more time outdoors than in, picking up snakes and toads to admire their beauty. Whatever she found dead, she took apart. She studied pond waters under a microscope. She read everything she could find about wild animals, and was particularly drawn to the big predators—wolves, the big cats, bears. She went to Rutgers, the state university, and was at first pre-med. She dropped out, age eighteen, married Ed, and had a son and a daughter. When she was twenty-six, she returned to Rutgers, said she wanted a degree but had no idea what to study now, and mentioned her interest in medicine and in "any kind of wild animal." Rutgers mentioned wildlife management.

Wolfing sandwiches, we left for Pennsylvania—up through Manunka Chunk and the Delaware Water Gap to the vegetated mesas of the Pocono Plateau. The Pine Barrens of southern New Jersey are more or less the size of the Poconos and are very much more wild. More than a thousand black bears live in the Poconos. The species was extirpated in the Pine Barrens seventy-five years ago. In 1981, Pat McConnell and Bob Lund and others in their division came forth with a proposal whereby thirty bears would be picked up in the Poconos and, with Pennsylvania's approval, deposited in the Pine Barrens. There would, of course, be an environmental-impact statement. There were all kinds of other statements as well. It was said that senior citizens seeing bears might drop dead. Even without seeing them, beekeepers seemed ready to follow suit. People feared for the safety of livestock and children. Blueberry growers said that migrant labor was already hard to attract—a difficulty that would increase exponentially if the pickers thought they were to go among the bushes to compete with bears.

"It's not like we're letting loose anything that wasn't there in the first place," McConnell said. "As professional wildlife managers, we like to restore native animals to their habitats, provided the habitats are still there." It seemed a fair exchange with Pennsylvania, which had once imported New Jersey deer. The Pine Barrens, moreover, had recently been preserved and protected by state and federal legislation, while northwest New Jersey was in large part vulnerable to development. "We think the pinelands may eventually be the only place in the state for bears to live," Lund told the press. "We want to put in a base before they are wiped out at the other end. Man has a responsibility to other life forms."

"Many years ago, during hard winters, wolves used to roam the streets of Paris," said a professor at Princeton. "Should they be reintroduced?"

"We had dinosaurs at one time, too," said Ernest Cutts, of the Pine Barrens. "Is the state going to bring *them* back?"

Opponents of the program started a rumor that the state was also planning to stock rattlesnake dens. The state responded that it had no plans for rattlesnakes except to listen to the radios that were already planted in their bodies.

William Haines, of Hog Wallow, the No. 1 cranberry grower in the Pine Barrens, told a reporter that bears might reduce the number of tourists there, and that would be, insofar as he was concerned, a positive effect. The state's Department of Agriculture hinted at insanity in the Division of Fish, Game, and Wildlife. The idea of restoring bears to the Pine Barrens cooled rapidly and became dormant. "For the time being," McConnell said, "it's been put on hold, hold, hold."

THIRTY miles into Pennsylvania, we stopped at an isolated woods-road market called Toyer's Steak-Out and picked up a radio collar suitable for the female bear. McConnell's counterpart in Pennsylvania had arranged for it to be dropped off there. It was a belt of laminated leathers with a tiny transmitter invisible under friction tape. I set the collar on the market's hanging scale. Two pounds. We put it in the truck and started back to the bear.

d. ehrenberg

In weeks that followed, McConnell would put radio collars on other bears as well (male bears). Lying in the back of her pickup were a tall antenna that looked like something borrowed from the top of a house and a smaller directional antenna for precise homing, which from time to time she would hold in her hands and aim into the woods as if she were a dowser seeking water. Standing the big antenna in a socket in the side of the truck, she would drive from trap to trap, and from one pre-baiting site to another, listening in earphones for her bears. "One bear's been hangin' out just up the road here," she would say, and a minute would go by as the truck slowly cruised. Then: "O.K., the big one's in here. He just came on. Channel 2." There were twenty-four channels in the receiver, and a fine tuner, so that each channel had room for two bears. The sound was sort of like a chick cheeping. McConnell said that bears beep in her dreams. "We have bait piled up here. Maybe he's working the bait piles. He moves out really rapidly. We chased him all over yesterday. He led us on a merry chase. He went down that access road and then back up the mountain and around the other side. If he is following his usual circuit, he'll come down through that glen and up into here. I don't know when this bear sleeps." She said he was a big ugly bear. "Rake scars on his right side, bites in his face, an upper canine split in half. Scars all over his flank. When we weighed him last week, he weighed three hundred and twenty-seven pounds. He's probably the dominant bear here—picking all the fights. The bear on Channel 11 travels pretty much the same route, but there are places the Channel 2 bear goes that the bear on Channel 11 will not follow." Not all such monarchs are ugly. She said that she had caught a four-hundred-and-forty-eight-pound male last year in Sussex County, and, not without emotion, she added, "He was the most beautiful thing I ever saw in my life." She became silent, listening to the sounds in her earphones, spinning a knob from channel to channel. "Tremendous!" she said. "I hear the one on Channel 11. The little bugger's somewhere up in back there." The home range of a New Jersey male is something like seven miles square, and the home range of a female and cubs considerably less. When biologists describe black bears, they tend to use words like "sedentary." Female black bears seem to have among themselves an understanding of contract and conveyance that amounts to a sense of private property. Bear studies in Minnesota have shown that when females die or decide to move they leave their terrain to specific beneficiaries. And from time to time they subdivide large estates. If a female is allotted too small a parcel of land, the odds are that she will not produce cubs. Males, meanwhile, just seem to wander around. In the light of these facts, the usual interpretation of the bear tree—that it proclaims male territory—seems macho and embarrassed.

Past Fulmer Falls, Dingmans Falls, Silverthread Falls, we were descending now to the Delaware River, and were about to leave Pennsylvania. "There's an animal over there in Stokes Forest with a radio collar on it," McConnell was saying. "It was not put there by the State of New Jersey, and it's not on a frequency used by Pennsylvania. No one knows what it is. Possibly it's a New York fisher. Maybe it's a New York bear."

We rumbled over a bridge and into New Jersey, within a mile or two of Minisink Island and the homesite of the Minsi. With Route 209 and its plastic artifacts, Pennsylvania has modernized its side of the Minisink region, but in New Jersey the Lenape would recognize it still. It is part and parcel of the fern glades and forests of Sussex, the sugar maples and stone fences, the tilted fields and white farms of Sussex. Bears love Sussex. At any given time, probably a third of New Jersey bears are somewhere in Sussex. The country resembles Vermont, with steep-rising pastures, mountains above, and boulders bestrewn like jacks. The ice sheets covered a hundred per cent of Sussex. "I claim this area. I just feel that it's mine," said McConnell, heading south toward her bear. "The massive ridge, the beautiful valley underneath—I used to fly the ridge looking for deer. It was our annual deer census, in winter. See the patches of green on the mountain? The deer were in those hemlock stands."

A wedding was convening in the Millbrook Methodist Episcopal Church. We went on into the woods and up the lanes of hemlocks to the barrel trap, where we were joined by Pete Servas and Joe Garris. Through the perforations, we looked inside. The bear was active in the twilight of the trap, her eyes less like saucers than daggers. Servas peered in at her and said, "For a little one, she's really ornery." When bears are transferred from one place to another, they are sometimes moved in barrel traps. I asked McConnell how she went about releasing them, since they might well be much annoyed. "When they come out, they come out fast and keep right on going," she said. "You should stand to the side, naturally, and the bear just comes out; but I don't have the strength to do that. I have to get up on the top of the trap with a block and tackle to open the door."

She prepared a jab stick and tried to find a moment when she could see an appropriate muscle while the bear was standing still. The relative darkness inside the trap and the bear's agitation delayed the arrival of such a moment. At last, she shot the stick home, and in ten minutes the shuffling in the trap stopped. Garris slid the steel door up as if it were a window screen. The bear lay on her side and was evidently asleep. Garris hauled her out. McConnell attached the radio collar and added the cattle tags to the ears. "Believe me, if you saw *that* coming through the woods, *that* you would remember," she said. The collar was designed to rot off in two years. The space between neck and collar was more than the bear would grow in four.

Garris lifted the bear up, and once more set her in his pickup. We began the slow return to the place where she was snared and the upland swamp where she seemed to live. With syringe in hand, as before, McConnell sat in back with the bear, which was sleeping off its third fix of the day and was rapidly building a tolerance for Ketaset, as developments were soon to show. Out of the woods and down a hill, we slowly moved through Millbrook. In the warmth of the afternoon, the church windows were open, and we could see the packed assembly, the pastel dresses, the wedding in progress inside. If any man can show just cause . . . let him now speak, or else hereafter for ever hold his peace.

The bear picked up her head, looked around, and seemed ready to jump into the church. I, Beverly, take thee, Alan . . . The bear lost interest. She slept some more as we moved north, then began to stir again when we started up the mountain. McConnell sat close with the needle, wanting not to administer a fourth dose of drug but hoping to get her home.

After another slow mile, the bear rose up on her forelegs, assuming the position of the sphinx. Garris stopped the truck. The bear's eyes glazed and she rolled over again, for what turned out to be a very short nap.

"I'm not going to give her this," McConnell decided, gesturing with the syringe. "Let's leave the tailgate open in case she gets up and wants out. We'll drive on toward the top of the ridge and see how far we can get."

With the tailgate down, we sat with our backs to the cab, six feet from the bear, which kept shaking itself awake but not quite getting to its feet as we climbed another mile.

The bear made a floppy movement, sliding close to the tailgate. "We're going to have to stop, but not here," McConnell called to Garris. "Keep going. Try to move the truck a little farther on." We were in the home range of the wild Chihuahuas. The bear was in no condition to face them.

A couple of minutes later, she rose up and flopped again, closer to the back of the truck. McConnell shouted, "Pull over!" Garris crossed the road into a patch of mountain meadow. As soon as the truck stopped, the bear moved across the tailgate and dropped into the deep grass. With her colorful streamers and tags, she looked like a planted garden. She took a short nap, then got up and began to wander in all directions at once, stumbling, swaying, wobbling. After hibernation, a bear sometimes takes two or three days to wake up; after drugs, a couple of hours. An International Scout came up the hill with four people inside, and it stopped when they saw the bear. McConnell went to them quickly to explain what they were seeing.

One of the people asked, "Will it bite?"

"If you corner her," McConnell said. After a pause, she added, "A mouse will bite if you corner it. Of course, the bear has a bigger bite."

The bear lay still for a time. The Scout moved on. The bear got up and crossed the road like an alumnus at a reunion. Close by the edge, it lay down for another doze. A car with Virginia license plates and several occupants slowly passed through the scene—sightseers, evidently, who failed to catch everything there was to see.

The bear got up again and moved far into a copse of pink laurel. Her steps were steadier. The next time she walked, she kept going.

We had brought her back—if not all the way, very close to her apparent home. McConnell was pleased. "She could have found it on her own," she said. "But she's had quite a day."

—JOHN MCPHEE

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HOW'S THAT AGAIN? DEPARTMENT

[*Headline in the Bloomington* (*Ind.*) *Herald-Telephone*]

REAGAN ENDS BRAZIL VISIT;
HEADS FOR SOUTH AMERICA

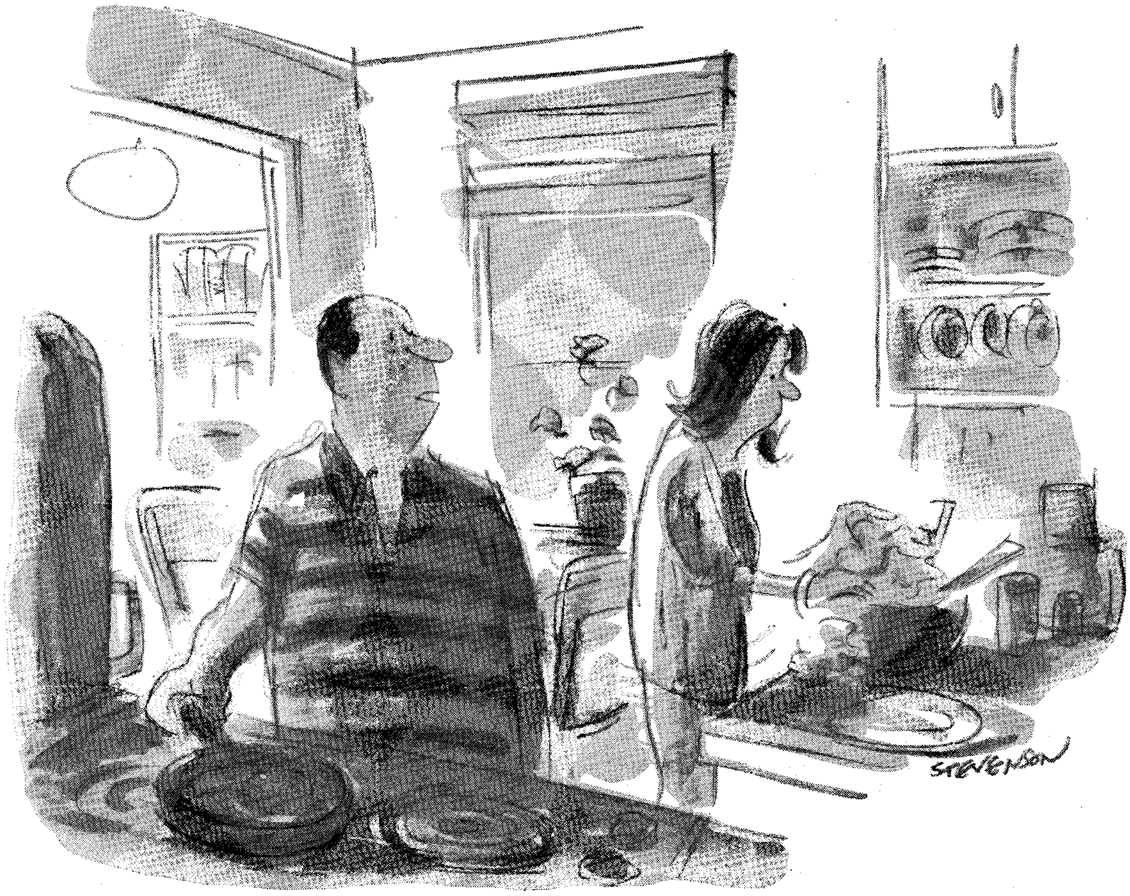
THE THEATRE

Loving and Failing to Love

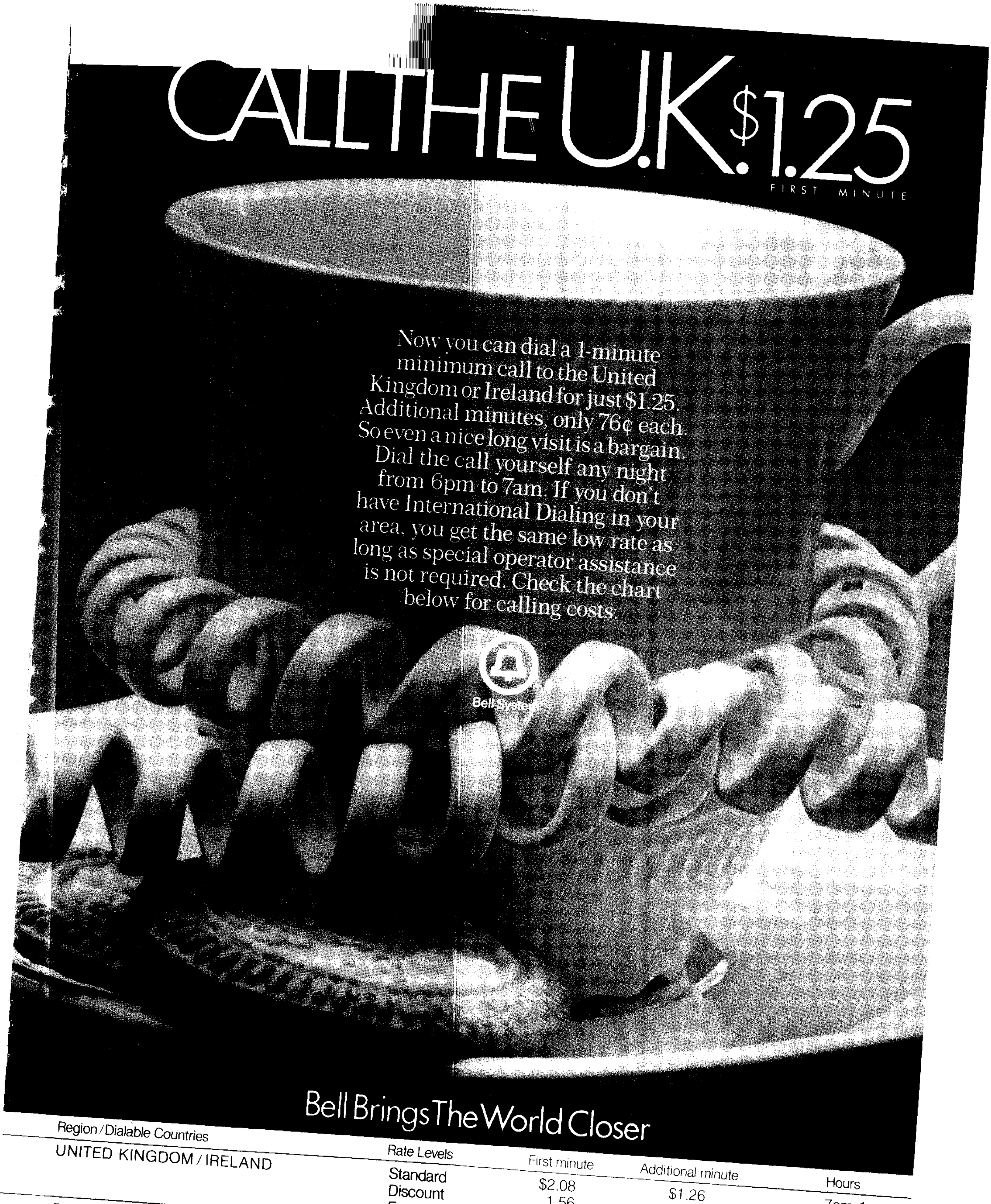
IN "Monday After the Miracle" (at the Eugene O'Neill), William Gibson is making an ambitious attempt to turn history into art—always a risky enterprise, given the indiscriminate overabundance of facts that busybody life grossly insists on thrusting into our paths. In the present instance, Mr. Gibson is returning to the chief figures in his classic play and movie "The Miracle Worker." He takes up the superbly fruitful and yet always difficult relationship between Helen Keller and Annie Sullivan at a point, seventeen years later, where Annie, having spent almost every moment from the age of twenty to the age of thirty-six teaching the blind deaf-mute Helen the arts of reading, writing, and speaking, has begun to feel an overpowering need to pursue a life of her own. Before it is too late, she would like to fall in love, have children, and be seen to be something more than the attendant of a world-famous prodigy. (Helen was six when Annie came to her; now, thanks to Annie, she is a student at Radcliffe and will soon be graduating with high honors.) Annie and Helen have undertaken to write a book that will be called "The Story of My Life," though "The Story of Our Lives" would be a more appropriate title. Understandably, the two amateurs are finding their task a hard one, and it has been suggested to them that a young English instructor at Harvard, John Macy, lend them his professional assistance.

With Macy's arrival, Gibson's play begins: the seemingly indissoluble pair becomes a trio, and the trio soon threatens to become a triangle. For, though many years Annie's junior, Macy falls in love with her and they marry, aware from the start that Helen will be an integral part of the marriage. The play carries us through the unhappy downward course of that marriage, through Macy's probably unconsummated flirtation with Helen, and through Helen's doomed efforts to marry a man whom Annie considers unsuitable for her. (History records that Macy openly complained of having married an institution, and that Helen wrote with regret of having to devote her sexual energies to the championing of good causes rather than to any normal male-female relationship.) At every turn, Gibson has taken care to avoid that witty but outrageous manipulation of actual people and events which was Doctorow's method in "Ragtime." It appears that we can have confidence in the essential veracity of "Monday After the Miracle," but veracity in art, however commendable, is never enough; neither, it turns out, is the playwright's sympathetic view of the cat's cradle of unfulfillable desires into which Helen and Annie have been pitched. Aside from some giggly, amorous byplay in bed, the tone of the play is unrelievedly earthbound and portentous. Its structure is as solid and commodious as a stone bridge, but what we seek in vain is a heartfelt lyric note and a glimpse, however fugitive, of gossamer.

Fortunately, the cast is a superlative one. Jane Alexander plays Annie, Karen Allen plays Helen, and William Converse-Roberts plays Macy, while Joseph Warren and Matt McKenzie have small roles as, respectively, a family doctor and Helen's unlucky suitor. These days, Miss Alexander is performing at the very height of her powers, and it is a continuously exhilarating experience to be in her presence—I wouldn't dare to blink an eye when she is onstage lest I miss something of value. Miss Allen and Mr. Converse-Roberts are charmingly making their way up through the green foothills of their talents, and they furnish the play with the needed winsome liveliness of youth. John Lee Beatty has designed a set that hints, perhaps a trifle too darkly, of the bleak days that lie ahead for Helen and Annie; the delightful costumes are by Carol Oditz; and the lighting is by F. Mitchell Dana. The con-



"One wonders what they're serving tonight at Oustaû de Baumanière in Les Baux."



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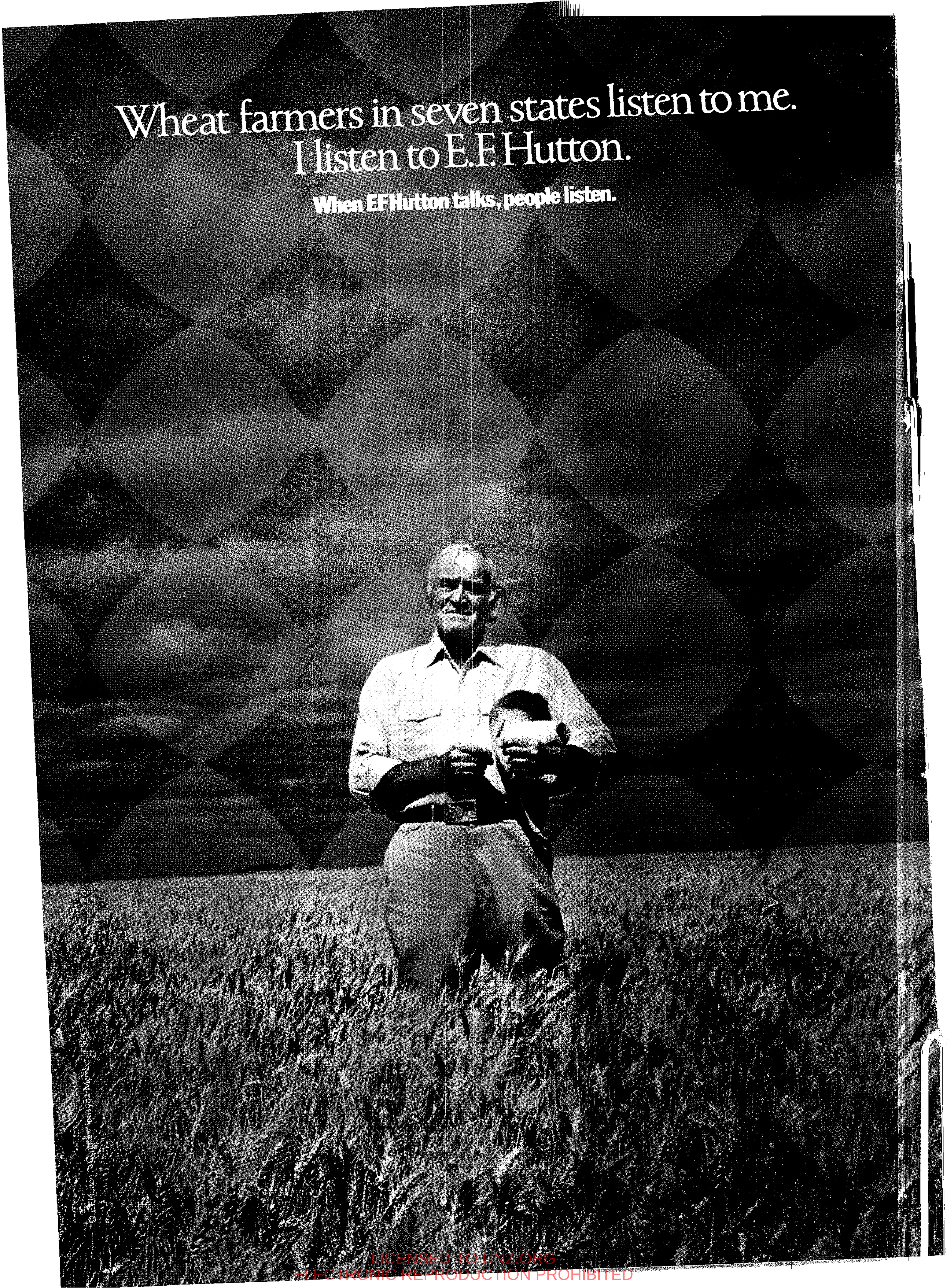
Wheat farmers in seven states listen to me.
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fident direction is by Arthur Penn, who also directed "The Miracle Worker."

THE two other openings of the week can be dealt with briefly. "A Little Family Business," at the Martin Beck, is an adaptation by Jay Presson Allen of a French comedy by Pierre Barillet and Jean-Pierre Gredy. The only reason it requires mention is that it stars Angela Lansbury and John McMartin, two of the most attractive figures in our theatre. One is irresistibly tempted to ask them, "But why on earth did you consent to appear in so obvious a disaster—a play that contains not a single witty line and much unpleasantness?" One already knows the answer: actors live to work, not to practice wisdom, and they tell themselves over and over that "Oklahoma!" was a flop on opening night in New Haven. The other certifiable clinker-of-the-week was "Almost an Eagle," briefly at the Longacre; the cast consisted of a squat, wizened, loudmouthed, mindless Scout leader, recklessly impersonated by James Whitmore, and four odious adolescent Boy Scouts, whose names I withhold in order to spare them and their innocent families embarrassment. The setting, by Karl Eigsti, was supposed to represent the basement of a beer hall in Table Rock, Iowa. The play, directed by Jacques Levy, was written by Michael Kimberley, who, according to the program notes, was born in 1949 and is therefore a grown-up. He is certainly not—or not yet—a playwright.
—BRENDAN GILL

◆

UH-HUH DEPARTMENT

[*From the San Francisco Chronicle*]

As recently as November 8, six days after being elected, Deukmejian said emphatically he would veto any tax increase bill put on his desk.

Yesterday he appeared to soften that position.

"I'm not one who uses words like 'never' or 'always'—those are absolute terms that I never use," he said.

◆

A free evening of classical guitar and recorder music is slated for 8 p.m. in the Communication Building Recital Hall. Benjamin Britten, Louis de Narvaez, Girolamo Frescobaldi, Fernando Sor, Thomas Morley, Francisco Tarrega, and others will perform.—*Olympia* (*Wash.*) *News*.

Vivaldi couldn't make it.

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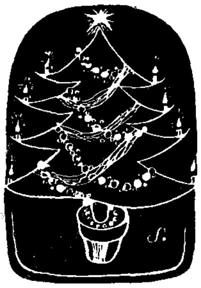
AROUND CITY HALL

STARTING OVER

"ASIAN GAMES GIVE MRS. GANDHI A POLITICAL VICTORY" was the *Times* headline early this month over a story reporting that although the games were costly and soon over, leaving India's immense problems no closer to solution than before, national pride and excitement at the staging in New Delhi of the equivalent of an Asian Olympics had brought a big increase in the popularity of the Gandhi regime. The view that exhilaration over sports events can have positive consequences for politicians is no news in this town. Many New Yorkers will always be convinced that in 1969 John Lindsay was able to win a second term as mayor because of the New York Mets. In the team's first seven seasons, beginning in 1962, the Mets had inflicted on their fans what a *News* headline called "THE SEVEN YEARS OF SUFFERING." In the weeks before the 1969 mayoral election, they performed what was widely termed a miracle by winning first the National League pennant and then the World Series. According to some political theorists, Lindsay, whom many had considered a certain loser, since he did not have the backing of either major party, was swept to reëlection on the huge tide of local euphoria over the Mets' achievement, which had persuaded voters that the city's condition was not as hopeless as it was claimed to be by Lindsay's opponents, who had been portraying his first term as the "four years of suffering." Little political lift from the win-loss records of local teams was available to New York candidates in this year's election. The Yankees (formerly the Mighty Yankees) ended up one game out of last place in their division, while the Mets (once the Miracle Mets) were dead last in theirs. Neither the New York Giants nor the New York Jets made the 1982 final of the National Football League. In basketball, the Knicks and the Nets had lackluster seasons. The New York Rangers were eliminated in the quarter-finals of the National Hockey League. In this generally woeful local record, the shining exceptions were the New York Islanders, who won the National Hockey League's Stanley Cup for the third year in a row. Some New York Islander fans insisted that there was still one reason for them to feel downcast, though: the team's name. Nassau and Suffolk, the two counties that make up suburban Long Island, have no other major-league team of any kind, and the Islanders are a source of enormous pride to their area's two and a half million residents. Although Long Island *is* part of New York State, they worry that because of the team's name a measure of credit for its success might go to New York City, an area that many suburbanites mistrust and resent as much as many upstaters do. After the death last April of a fan named Roluf Jensen, the co-owner of a delicatessen in Albertson, Long Island, friends recalled that he had always wished that the team could be called the *Long Island* Islanders. As sports fans go, Jensen was surely among the more devout. At his wake, an Islander–Stanley Cup championship pennant was pinned to the inside of the casket, an Islander jersey hung from the coffin lid, and a fourteen-karat-gold Stanley Cup charm was pinned to his lapel. When he was buried, the championship pennant and the Islander jersey were put in the casket with him. "AN ISLANDER FAN TO THE VERY END" was the headline in *Newsday*, the Long Island newspaper. He had died of a heart attack after an Islander playoff game, and, as his friends kept saying, at least he had died happy, since the Islanders had won.



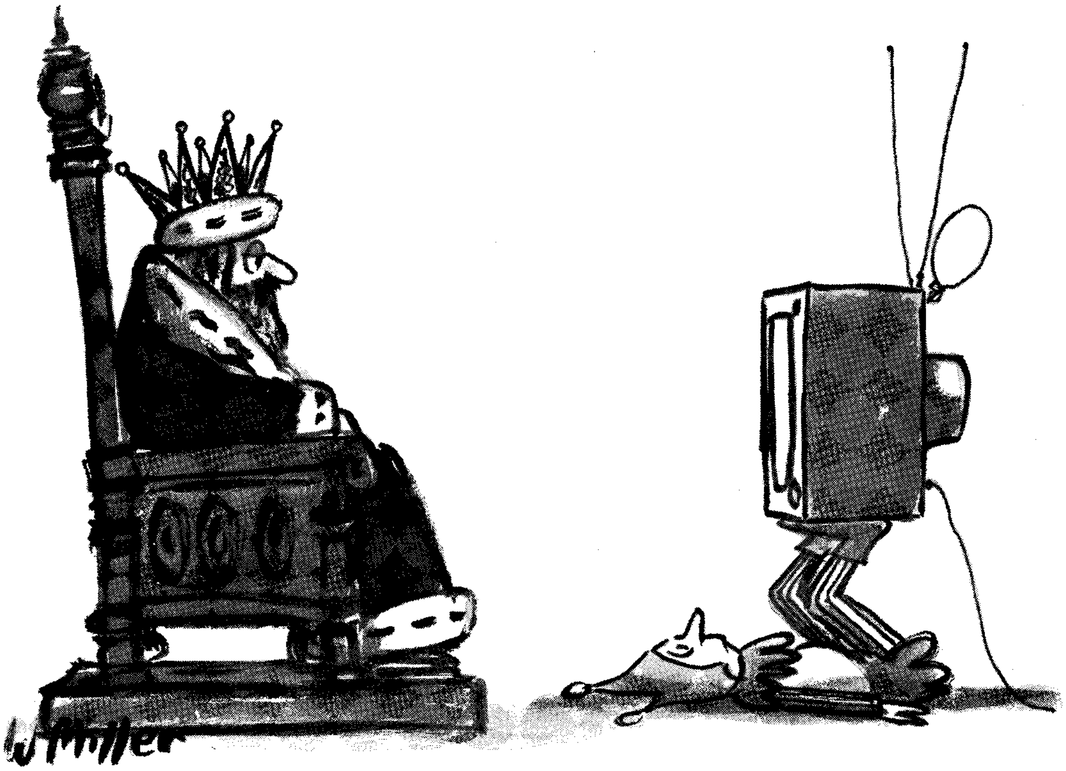
Hockey was on the mind of the Republican candidate for the governorship of New York on the day before last month's election. During a flying tour around the state, Lewis Lehrman, whose sixty-million-dollar fortune consists largely of stock in a discount-drugstore chain, urged the crowds at each stop to remember the words of Herb Brooks, the coach of the 1980 American Olympic championship hockey team: "This is your moment. You were born to play this game. Victory will be yours." Most politicians, preoccupied with their own kind of public contest, tend not to be avid sports fans. Indeed, a local political reporter has not yet recovered from having happened to mention the Chicago Cubs at a political gathering, only to have one of this year's interim candidates for governor ask him, "Who—or what—are the Chicago Cubs?" The frequency with which political figures resort to sports imagery may represent their hope not only of demonstrating the common touch but of appropriating to their own cause some of the sports fans' sense of passionate involvement—and passion for winning. In the final phase of the 1982 gubernatorial campaign, most of the references to baseball were made not by Mario Cuomo, the Democratic nominee, who was once an outfielder for a Pittsburgh Pirates farm team, but by Lehrman. On the day after the election, when, sixteen and a half hours after the polls closed, the Republican candidate finally conceded defeat, he said of his losing effort, "We played as close to errorless ball as we could. We hit singles and doubles. My opponent hit a home run." He also praised the high standards of the campaign, saying, "I have always found that the competition determined the quality of the game." Cuomo was not entirely won over by the gracefulness of these messages, believing, as he did, that several of his opponent's campaign moves would in some sports have been penalized as foul play. In the last two weeks before the election, Lehrman stopped stressing his proposed economic remedies for the state, which reflected his role as what has been described as an ur-supply-sider, and concentrated instead on attacking Cuomo's opposition to the death penalty, which he himself strongly supports. On Election Day, by courtesy of Lehrman's close allies at the *Post*, which was the only local paper to endorse him, voters on their way to the polls were greeted by a headline, covering most of the *Post's* front page, that began "LEHRMAN LASHES OUT—'WHO WILL PAY . . . ?' " The accompanying story reported Lehrman's reaction to the shooting of a Brooklyn druggist—a crime that was not deemed worthy of even a paragraph of follow-up coverage in the *Post* on the day after the election.

At his headquarters, shortly before one o'clock on Election Night, Lehrman announced that the contest would not be decided until sometime the following afternoon, and his campaign manager said that he had begun action to demand a recount. Two hours earlier, however, a member of Lehrman's staff had told reporters on the scene, "We lost by a hundred and fifty thousand votes." (The final margin was a hundred and eighty thousand.) It was later learned that, about that same time, in a telephone conversation with Cuomo's headquarters, another Lehrman aide had said the Republican was ready to concede—a move that would enable Cuomo to make his victory speech immediately to the huge throng of restless Democrats at his headquarters. There was a stipulation, however: According to Cuomo, he had to promise that in the speech he would designate Lehrman as the man he would subsequently deal with as the top Republican in the state. Cuomo declined the offer, knowing that he would begin his governorship looking like a political dunderhead if he made such a designation, which was properly the privilege of the state's Republican leaders. By declining to concede until the next afternoon, Lehrman, who has made it clear that he intends to run for governor again four years from now, may have hoped to spread the impression that Cuomo's margin was far narrower than it actually was—thus hampering the Democrat's ability to govern from the start. The delayed concession did apparently establish the election as a virtual dead heat in the minds of some of the more conservative commentators in Washington, who have been hailing Lehrman as one of the ideological winners of the 1982 elections. He has been called by one such commentator "more of a Reaganite than Reagan," and what was seen by the conservatives as a near-victory was also taken as proof that ur-Reaganism was not in fact repudiated on November 2nd.

JUST over a month after the election, Lehrman went to the Rainbow Room to receive an award from the New York Conservative Party, which was celebrating its twentieth anniversary. The Party was founded by Republicans unhappy with the relatively liberal policies of Nelson Rockefeller, who dominated the Republican organization in New York from the mid-nineteen-fifties until shortly before his death, in 1979. Before Lehrman, who had been a substantial Conservative Party contributor, announced his candidacy for the Republican nomination for governor last January, he received assurances that he could count on the Conservative nomination and would thus have a place on the November ballot no matter how he fared in the Republican primary. This circumstance, which meant that, in the general election, any other Republican nominated would have to run against Lehrman as well as the Democratic primary winner, helped persuade Republican State Comptroller Edward Regan to withdraw from the gubernatorial race, although polls had shown that his chance of beating New York's Mayor Edward Koch, then considered sure to be the Democratic nominee, was twice as good as the combined chances of all the other Republicans in the race, including Lehrman.

After this year's election was over, at a December 1st meeting of Republican state leaders, Lehrman was not the star of the show. Asked to describe the present condition of the New York Republican Party, Regan—who after withdrawing from the governor's race had successfully run for reëlection as comptroller and remains the only Republican statewide officeholder—said, "About as well as could be expected for a party that just lost its third election for governor in a row." He might have added that as a result of the events of November 2nd all thirty-five members of the New York City Council who are elected by district will be Democrats. Though the Republicans, just as they kept control of the United States Senate in Washington, continue to control the State Senate, they lost ten members of the hundred-and-fifty-member State Assembly, a larger percentage than their twenty-six-member loss in the U.S. House of Representatives. For such a dismal outcome, the Republicans' losing standard-bearer was bound to be blamed, particularly since many of the G.O.P. leaders considered Lehrman a brash interloper who had bought the nomination. Asked who the state's top Republicans were, Comptroller Regan clearly expressed a consensus when he identified them as, for political matters, State Republican Chairman George Clark and, for governmental matters, State Senate Majority Leader Warren Anderson. As for anyone else, the Comptroller said with a smile, he was sure that Lehrman, among others, would play some role.

At the Conservative Party event in the Rainbow Room on December 6th, Lehrman seemed happy to be among friends. It was a sedate occasion, not one at which it would have been suitable to signal the band to break into Lehrman's campaign song, the rousing theme from "Chariots of Fire"—a number that had been appropriate because Lehrman is a marathon runner. Lehrman was not wearing the jazzy red suspenders that had been his trademark throughout his race for the governorship. His spirit, however, had not flagged. Forgetting, perhaps, that Herb Brooks is now the coach of the New York Rangers, whose 1982 record



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seemed to prove that stirring exhortation is not enough—any more than "Win one for the Gipper!" can now be counted on to do the trick—Lehrman assured the somewhat puzzled-looking Conservatives, "This is your moment. You were born to play this game. Victory will be yours."

TO some politically-minded New Yorkers, the year now ending was a progression from one centennial celebration to another. On December 11th, a dinner was held in the Grand Ballroom of the Plaza Hotel to observe what would have been the hundredth birthday of Fiorello LaGuardia. The dinner was the culmination of a series of gatherings that had honored the Little Flower throughout the year. Last January 26th, at City Hall, there had also been the first of hundreds of celebrations that continued during 1982 to commemorate the centennial of Franklin D. Roosevelt, the last New Yorker to make it to the White House. In the speeches that day, and at the celebrations that followed throughout the country, there were continual references to Roosevelt's compassion for less fortunate Americans—a quality that critics had kept saying was lacking in Reagan's Administration. Although President Reagan had often been accused of wanting to repeal the New Deal, he had quoted Roosevelt in almost every speech he had made since he took office—possibly as a kind of salute from one Great Communicator to another. It was reported that for this year's State of the Union Message he had asked his speech writers to find somebody else to quote, and this time Churchill got the nod. By this fall, however, the word seemed to get around among many Republican candidates that the compassion vote was more substantial than they had been led to believe. In one early October campaign appearance, supply-sider Lehrman used "compassion" six times. The President, however, said, the week before the election, "It's about time that the people who blow so much smoke about compassion started showing some real compassion for the people who pay this country's bills."

"LaGuardia was a man of enormous compassion," John Lindsay told those gathered this month for the dinner honoring the Little Flower. Besides Lindsay, who presided, there were two other former mayors, Abraham Beame and Vincent Impellitteri, on hand, and the present mayor, who

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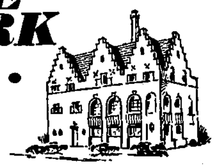

likes to be identified as "a six-foot Fiorello LaGuardia," made a brief appearance. Politics can be a rough game—more closely related, in fact, to street wars between rival gangs than to organized sports, with their rules, umpires, and penalties. LaGuardia is fondly remembered today as the man who said, "When I make a mistake, it's a beaut," and who read the funnies to New York children during a newspaper strike. The LaGuardia discussed in the dinner speeches was a man of far more substantive achievements. No speaker, however, quoted Alva Johnston, a former *Times* reporter, who once wrote of the Little Flower, "Anyone who extends to him the right hand of fellowship is in danger of losing a couple of fingers."

Among the speakers at the LaGuardia dinner was former Supreme Court Justice Arthur Goldberg. In the late nineteen-sixties, Goldberg's name was far better known than it is today and, in general, had a very high approval rating, particularly in this state. If he had not decided to be a candidate for governor of New York in 1970, many Democratic leaders here might have said, years later, whenever his name came up, "If only we could have got Arthur Goldberg to run." But somebody did get him to run, and although he won the Democratic nomination, he proved to be a wretched campaigner and lost the election to Rockefeller. His name has become shorthand in this state for a candidate about whom there are large and, as it turns out, deluded assumptions of political magic. "Sounds to me like another Arthur Goldberg" is the ultimate political signoff here. Nothing so dismal is likely to happen to New York's mayor, who, although he failed even to make the finals in this year's gubernatorial race, remains at the center of things at City Hall. Still, one can imagine that he may one day say, "When I make a mistake, it's a beaut," of his delusion, which first surfaced last January, that he would win the New York governorship almost by acclamation. This was not only his own view but one that was held by many New Yorkers, including quite a few who did not look forward to a Koch governorship. During 1981 and much of 1982, there was even speculation that after a short stay in Albany he might move on. "Where Is Ed Koch Going?" was the title of an article by Dotson Rader in the magazine *Parade* last August, which predicted that he might be the first Jewish

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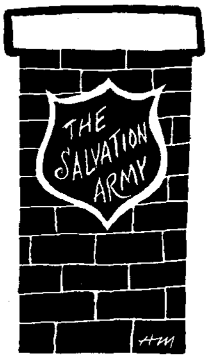
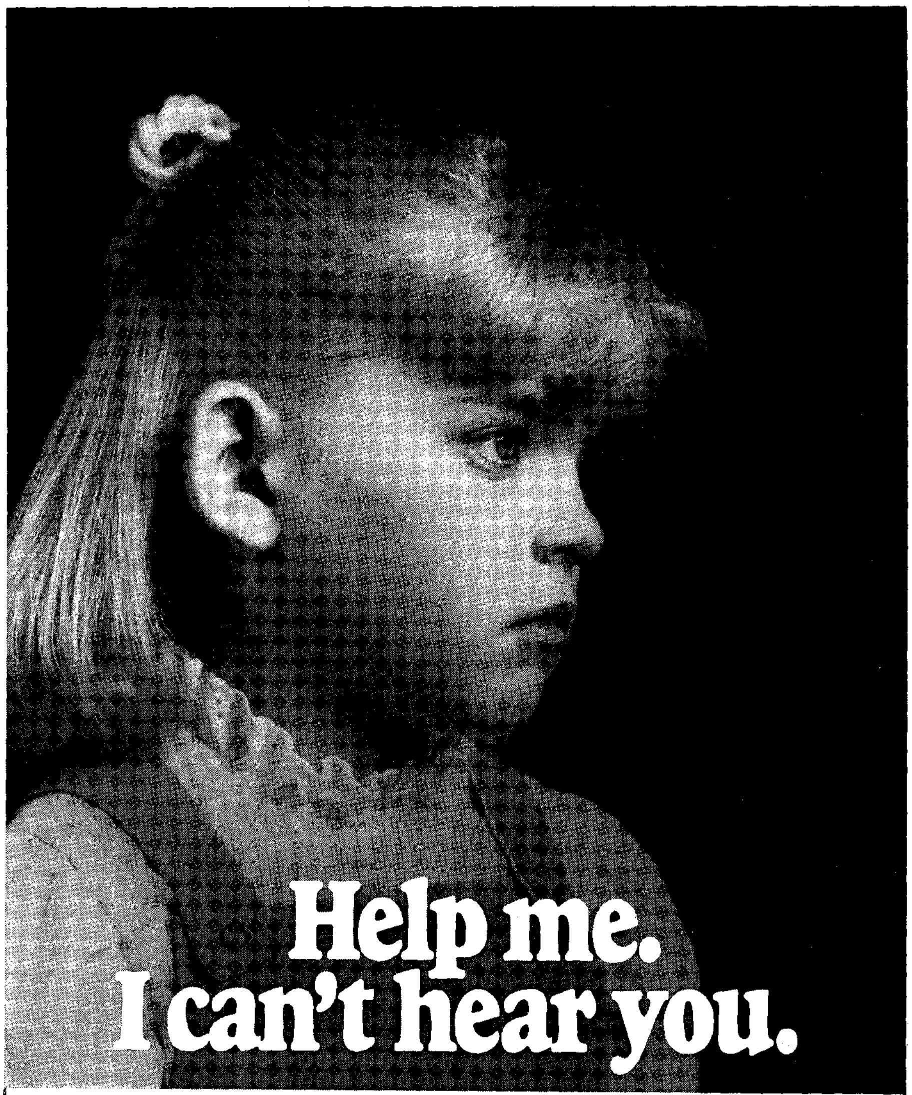
President. As the result of this year's Democratic primary, it seems that he will be staying right here. Koch and other believers in his almost certain victory were undoubtedly misled by his seventy-five per cent margin of victory in the five boroughs in the 1981 mayoral election, forgetting that that year he had no significant opponents. On upstate swings during the primary campaign, he often mentioned his big win that year in Staten Island, the most pastoral of the city's boroughs, as proof that he was attuned to non-urban problems. During a speech at the state Democratic Convention in Syracuse last June, those listening were suddenly startled to hear the Mayor launch into praise of Martin Van Buren, whom he referred to as "Old Kinderhook," Kinderhook being the town near Albany where Van Buren was born and died. This year marked another anniversary: the bicentennial of Van Buren, who was the first New Yorker to become President. He was elected in 1836—just in time for the Panic of 1837. During his term, Van Buren was denounced for "heartlessness" toward those hard hit by the panic, and he lost his bid for reëlection. Koch's Syracuse pitch was taken as an attempt to assure upstate delegates that his political heroes were born not only, like LaGuardia, in Greenwich Village, which was Koch's original political base, but in places such as Kinderhook. Despite this and similar efforts, Cuomo won on Primary Day by taking the upstate Democratic vote. The Mayor also lost Staten Island. In 1977, Cuomo, after losing the mayoral election to Koch, was even lower in spirits than Koch is now. From the point of view of an eventual race for the governorship, however, his defeat was a blessing. Although, like Koch, Cuomo has lived in the city all his life, in his eight years in the Carey administration, first as secretary of state and then as lieutenant governor, part of his job was to move around the state, representing the Governor at various events, attending fund-raisers, acting as state ombudsman, serving as head of the state's Rural Affairs Cabinet, and generally establishing himself as a suburban and upstate presence—one of *them*, rather than one of those enemy aliens from the big city.



The major reason Koch gave last year for wanting to make local history by being elected mayor on both the Republican and Democratic lines was that since the Republicans controlled the upper houses of the state and federal legislatures and there was a Republican President, this G.O.P. affiliation would be a big advantage when he asked for money for the city in either Albany or Washington. So far, there has been little evidence of these touted benefits. Earlier this month, it did seem that the Mayor was getting an especially friendly reception in Washington. A front-page picture in the *Times*, the *News*, and *Newsday* showed the Mayor and the President enjoying a big laugh during a gathering of civic leaders, which included a number of mayors, at the White House. The cause of the laughter was not one of the Mayor's famous one-liners but a joke the President had made. "What was the name of the city *you're from?*" he had asked Koch. At least, it was assumed that the President had meant it as a joke, though at a meeting of mayors a year or so ago he had shaken hands with Samuel Pierce, his Secretary of Housing and Urban Development, and asked him, "And how are things in your city, Mr. Mayor?" The demonstration of chumminess between New York's Mayor and the President turned out to have been of very short duration. Koch had been at the White House as one of eight mayors who were receiving awards for creative use of federal funds in association with private enterprise. Each of the visitors was granted a photo opportunity with the President; according to the *News*, Koch's lasted only "a few seconds." As soon as he left the President, Koch complained to reporters that the Reagan Administration had "eliminated or decimated" practically every federal housing program. Meanwhile, up in Albany, State Senate Republicans have given no demonstrations of special indulgence toward Koch, their former fellow-Republican. Of the prospects for help from the new governor, Koch has said that Cuomo, of course, will be of great assistance to the city. "He surely won't turn his back on his base," the Mayor explained. In fact, it will be crucial to Cuomo's prospects for success in getting any bills through the Legislature to establish among upstaters and suburbanites in Albany that he is not partial to City Hall but is the governor of all the people of the state.

AT City Hall, there is a sense of suddenly being in reduced circumstances. Even the avid press attention that established Koch as the local Great Communicator has fallen off as reporters have been kept busy seeing what the Governor-elect is up to. Many political figures who, in the days when the Mayor was riding high, were *non grata* at City Hall, are now close to the new seat of power. In the city, the term "fiscal crisis" is being used around City Hall again—not retrospectively. When there is talk of the city's turning to the state for help, as it did in 1975, state leaders point out that they have a fiscal crisis of their own. Koch is not the only local politician for whom 1982 has been a deeply disappointing year. Eight or ten local officeholders had been getting ready to run in the special mayoral election that would have been held in November of 1983 if he had become governor. Among Koch's other recent burdens was that of being blamed for having spoiled so many people's plans by losing. "The aura of invincibility has been diminished," Michigan Representative Guy Vander Jagt said of Reagan after the November election. The Mayor's diminished aura of invincibility has inevitably changed his relationship with others at City Hall: They do not fall as tamely into line as they did for much of his first five years. Koch's loss of the governorship meant that the city was spared a third election in three successive years, and that without the excuse of having to be off campaigning someplace everyone at City Hall now has no choice but to settle down to the business of governing. In this new, rather muted atmosphere, the Mayor has been reaching out to some of his critics as he rarely did in his first five years in office—a development that seems to bode well for the year to come. Early this month, he agreed to meet with leaders of the black and Hispanic communities who had vigorously opposed him for the governorship and some of whom had previously been on his enemies list. Oatmeal cookies, baked at Gracie Mansion, were passed around. The participants got through the session without exchanging a single insult or catcall, although, as their hands met in, if not fellowship, relative civility, there was a sense that all concerned were watching their fingers. —ANDY LOGAN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THE CURRENT CINEMA

Tootsie, Gandhi, and Sophie

"TOOTSIE" began with Don McGuire, who wrote what is said to have been a wild screenplay. After it was sold and Dick Richards was set to be the director, Robert Kaufman was hired to do a new draft. When Dustin Hoffman read Kaufman's version, he agreed to play in the picture, and brought in his playwright pal Murray Schisgal (with whom he had once tried to concoct a movie about a man impersonating a woman) to rework the material. Then the director, Dick Richards, was replaced by Hal Ashby, and Larry Gelbart was hired for yet another version. After that, Hal Ashby was replaced by Sydney Pollack, and Elaine May (who chose to be anonymous) was signed to do a rewrite; after her came the team of Barry Levinson and Valerie Curtin, and after them, Robert Garland. And with some of these people doing more than one draft, when the screenplay had to be submitted to the Writers Guild for arbitration over the issue of who should get the screen credit, three large cardboard boxes were needed to transport the more than twenty scripts. Pollack must have saved whatever he could of the best in each of them—"Tootsie" sounds as if one superb comedy writer had done it all. There is talk in Hollywood now of forming the I Also Wrote/I Almost Directed "Tootsie" Club. (The writing credit went to Larry Gelbart and Murray Schisgal.)

One of the things that Hollywood used to be good at was producing enjoyable, seemingly effortless entertainments, such as the Hepburn-Tracy "Pat and Mike," Jean Harlow in "Bombshell," Claudette Colbert in "Midnight," Jean Arthur and Ray Milland in "Easy Living," the Hepburn and Grant "Bringing Up Baby," and, later on, "Some Like It Hot"—films that were factory products and commercial as all hell but took off into a sphere of their own. Those movies continue to give so much pleasure that they have a special glamour. "Tootsie"—a modern addition to this company—has what the best screwball comedies had: a Can-you-top-this? quality. (And they often got it from relays of top writers—who were on the payroll, anyway, in those days.) Paying off this project's earlier writers and directors added heavily to its cost, and it took a rather scandalous one hundred shooting days—some of them, according to press and TV accounts, given over to squabbles between Hoffman and Sydney Pollack. But when the result is a "Tootsie" the expenses seem justified. And when Hoffman delivers the kind of performance he gives here, the talk in the media about his being overpaid seems beside the point. This movie is inconceivable without him. Once Hoffman was committed to the project, the scriptwriters began to shape the central character to fit him, and then they went further. In its final form, "Tootsie" is based on Dustin Hoffman, the perfectionist; he's both the hero and the target of this satirical farce about actors.

The central character, Michael Dorsey, is a brilliant, "uncompromising" New York actor whom no one wants to hire, because he makes things hell for everybody. A stickler for the "truth" in an actor's performance, he overcomplicates things. He's a nut—acting is his mania. So, despite his gifts and his reputation among the young actors whom he coaches, at thirty-nine he's still frustrated—scrounging for a living and finding jobs as a waiter. At the start of the movie, he hasn't had any acting work in two years, and when his girlfriend (Teri Garr) goes up for an audition for a role in a soap and is rejected as the wrong type, he decides to try for the part himself. Made up as a woman, he presents himself as Dorothy Michaels, and lands the job.

Michael is dressed in skirts for about half the movie. This isn't a simple female impersonation, on the order of "Charley's Aunt." Michael finds himself when he's Dorothy—not because he has any secret desire to be a woman but because when he's Dorothy he's acting. He's such a dedicated, fanatical actor that he comes fully alive only when he's playing a role, and you can see it in his intense, glittering eyes. There are always several things going on in Hoffman's face. He lets us see that Michael's mind is working all the time, and that he's making an actor's choices. Michael is thinking out Dorothy while he's playing her—he's thinking out what a woman would do. When he's giving a performance as Dorothy, he feels a freedom that he doesn't have when he's just Michael. Dorothy, in her fussy, high-necked dresses, has a definite personality—we in the audience become fond of her. She's a flirt, a joker: *she* doesn't have to take herself

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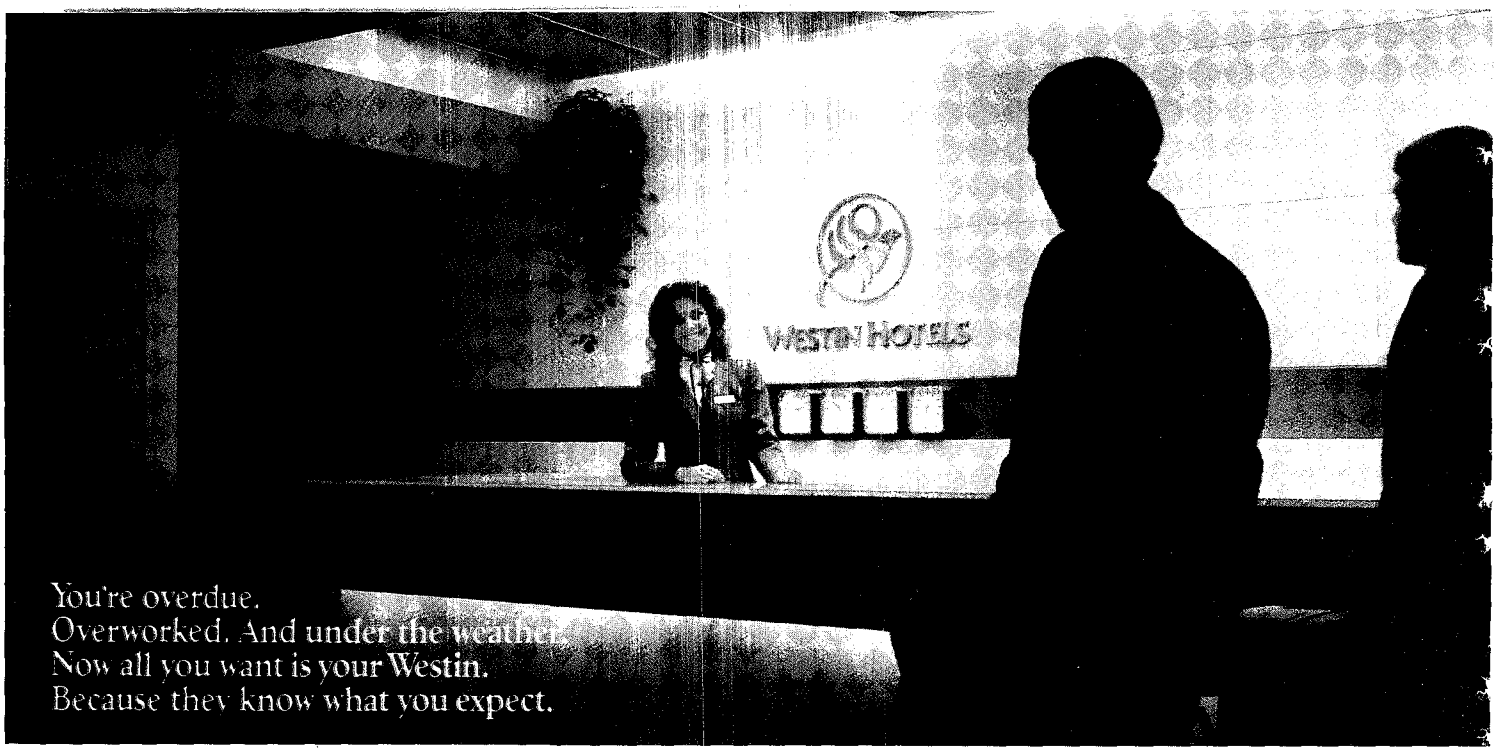
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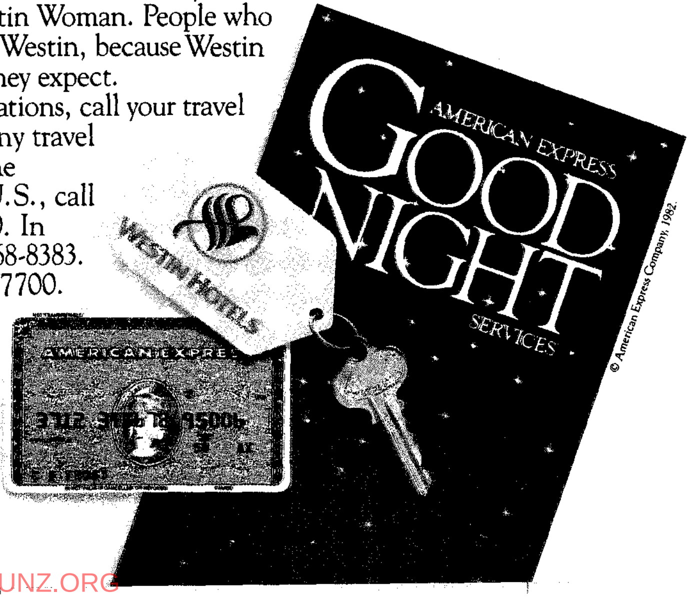
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as seriously as Michael, the artist (who's all nerves), takes himself. She has a much less knotted personality than he has—he allows her to have the charm he denies himself. She also has a Southern accent, and a rather troubling voice; it slips around in a hoarse, neuter sort of way. But Michael is a meticulous actor: Dorothy's vocal patterns and her phrasing are very different from his. And when she's at the TV studio, playing the role of Emily Kimberly, the hospital administrator in "Southwest General," she takes on a brisk huffiness. Hoffman's performance works at so many different levels in this movie that when Michael is in women's clothes you keep watching his crooked, lipsticky smile and his mascaraed eyes, to see what's going on in his head. And when Michael is only Michael, you miss Dorothy, and Emily, too. You can believe that Michael would be a hit playing Emily Kimberly, because this scrappy woman, with thick wrists and oddly sharp, crooked teeth and a bouffant red hairdo, is more eccentrically, believably alive than anyone you're likely to have seen on the soaps. The performers I've caught (in my limited exposure as I flick from one channel to the next) have been a glazed, strangely slowed-down race of people, plagued by uncertainty; they move as if they were under water and seem to spend their lives on the telephone. Emily, who's fast-talking, overexcited, and absolutely sure of everything she says, would be bound to stir things up.

It's the film's notion that when Michael plays Emily he is driven to depart from his scripts and improvise whenever he feels that the lines she has been given aren't true to her character, and that his improvisations—his peppery rejoinders when the male head doctor is being condescending to Emily—endear him to women viewers. It would be easy to say that the movie was itself being condescending to women—that it was suggesting that it took a man to be tough and forthright enough to speak up for women's rights. Dorothy does seem to be bringing enlightenment into her co-workers' lives, and there's an element of self-congratulation (and self-aggrandizement, too) in the way Michael delivers his spontaneous feminist speeches. But it's also perfectly in character for Michael, experiencing male condescension for the first time, to feel it as an insult to Emily, his creation, and have her erupt in anger. Michael loves his characters more than he loves himself—Emily has to be fearless, a standard-bearer. Michael compulsively embroiders on the role of Emily and enlarges it; even in a hospital soap he's on a quest for the truth of his character. Michael isn't adaptable; he's a total, egocentric idealist. That's what has made him too cantankerous to be a working actor.

When Dustin Hoffman smiles—as Dorothy—he may be more sheerly likable as a movie star than he has ever been before. He gives a master actor's performance: he's playing three characters, and they're shaped so that Dorothy fits inside Michael, and Emily fits inside Dorothy. Even Hoffman's self-consciousness as an actor works in this performance; so does his sometimes grating, rankling quality (which is probably his idea of sincerity). The climactic scene that ends Michael's imposture isn't as well thought out as the rest of the picture, and the cutaway is abrupt; the scene needs reverberations or an aftermath—it's just shucked off. And there's an undercurrent that I could do without: the suggestion that Michael, through playing a woman, becomes a better man—more in touch with himself and all that. This doesn't come through strongly enough to do the movie much harm. It's the kind of increment of virtue that actors and directors speak of proudly, though, when they're giving interviews to papers or on television; they can make it sound as if this were why they made the picture—to improve our characters and their own, too.

What's good about Michael's playing Dorothy is that it enables Hoffman to show a purely farcical side of himself, and he has some inspired moments. After Michael has fallen in love with Julie (Jessica Lange), the star of "Southwest General," who has become very much attached to Dorothy, he has a scene in which he eagerly agrees to babysit with her infant, without having the faintest idea of what he may be letting himself in for. We can see Michael's harried mind clicking along inside Dorothy even during the babysitting. He tries everything he can think of to amuse the child, and after he has been sitting on the floor trying to quiet the kid by stuffing food into her, he falls back in

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exhaustion. With his legs spread out under his skirt and his big, fluffy head of hair sunk on his small body, he looks like a broken doll. And there's a brief gag scene with Michael, whose career has just been shattered, walking by a mime in Central Park who's in a precarious pose and knocking him over with a malicious touch—no more than a finger. This is the only time Michael ever shows any doubt about his vocation, and it's a passing, aberrant impulse—as if his head didn't quite know what his hand was up to.

Sydney Pollack, who was an actor in his earlier years, originally went to Hollywood (in 1961) as a dialogue coach for John Frankenheimer; essentially he's still a dialogue coach, and this works better for him here than it ever has before. Having dealt with stars most of his life, he knows how impossible they can be, and he has been able to make "Tootsie" something practically unheard of: a believable farce. The picture has more energy than anything else he has done; it's almost alarmingly well cast, and the lines of dialogue collide with a click and go spinning off. Pollack himself gives some jabbing, fast readings; he plays a major role—that of Michael's agent—with zest. Teri Garr has developed a shorthand style of comedy that's all her own, and the audience has such strong empathy with her that she can get her flighty, pent-up character across to us in a few terse movements and phrases. The actress she plays dramatizes her reaction to everything; she's always shrieking or on the verge of shrieking—in disbelief at what is happening to her. Yet Teri Garr always takes us by surprise; she has become the funniest neurotic dizzy dame on the screen. As Michael's roommate, an avant-garde dramatist, Bill Murray keeps dropping into the movie and making an observation or a comment, and his inflections break up the audience every time. (He is said to have ad-libbed his role.) As a lecherous, foolish old ham who plays the head doctor in the soap, the veteran performer George Gaynes has a small comic triumph: once you've laughed at him, even the sight of him triggers more laughs. Dabney Coleman, as the director of the soap, doesn't seem to have come up with anything fresh, but Charles Durning, who plays Julie's farmer father, does some shrewd underplaying, especially in a scene in which you can feel how badly he wants to wallop Michael.

When Jessica Lange appears, the movie changes from the crackling, rapid-fire presentation of the hopes versus the realities of out-of-work actors' lives to something calmer, and perhaps richer. She has a facial structure that the camera yearns for, and she has talent, too. Her face is softer here than in "Frances;" her Julie is a dream girl, and she's like a shock absorber to Michael. When he, dressed as Dorothy, sees her, some of his irascibility melts away. Julie has honey-colored hair and a friendly smile; she looks freshly created—just hatched, and pleasantly, warmly spacy (enough to be deeply impressed by Dorothy's high-principled talk about the theatre). Jessica Lange helps to keep the movie from being too frenetic. There is none of the usual actress's phoniness in her work; as Julie, she says her lines in such a mild, natural way that it makes perfect sense for Michael to stop in his tracks and stare at her in wonder. The picture is marvellous fun.

LEAVING the theatre where I saw "Gandhi," I felt the way the British must have when they left India: exhausted and relieved. Directed by Richard Attenborough, the film (which runs three hours and eight minutes) has no dramatic center; perhaps in compensation, the action all seems to take place in the dead middle of the screen. In his interviews, Attenborough appears to have an instinct for the telling detail, the anecdote that reveals character, but that's part of what he lacks as a moviemaker. "Gandhi" is reverential and holy, like the pictures that used to be made about Jesus. Gandhi, too, goes by in a cloud of serenity, and everyone who sees him knuckles under (with the exception of a few misguided fellows, of course). Ben Kingsley, the English actor of half-Indian extraction who plays the Mahatma, looks the part, has a fine, quiet presence, and conveys Gandhi's shrewdness. He has also mastered a smile that's part compassion, part wince of pain. Kingsley is impressive; the picture isn't. It isn't a disgrace—it just isn't much of anything. The first half builds up considerable interest in Gandhi; the second half is scattered—as if it had been added to or subtracted from at random. And Kingsley can't give his role a core, because it has been written completely from the outside. During the picture, we never feel that we know Gandhi, and when it's over we still have no insight into what went on in his head. All we get to take home is the shine in Kingsley's eyes.

Members of the press have been congratulating Attenborough for making an old-fashioned movie, but that was hardly a matter of choice for him. Attenborough works in the tradition of orderly, neat imagery: in his India even poverty is clean and barbered. His sensibility is conventional, like that of the studio heads of three or four decades ago. The picture is respectable. It skitters over some of the principal events in Gandhi's public life and tidies up his rather kinky domestic relations. Spanning fifty-five years, it's a schoolbook Life of Gandhi, and can be regarded worshipfully.

There are many famous performers in the cast: the British brigade includes John Gielgud, Trevor Howard, John Mills, Michael Hordern, John Clements, Ian Bannen, Ian Charleson, and villainous Edward (twisty-face) Fox; Athol Fugard plays General Smuts, Candice Bergen is supposed to be Margaret Bourke-White, and Martin Sheen is a reporter, though he can't have much to report, because when historic encounters are going on in front of him he's looking down at his feet. Several of the Indian actors are look-alikes for the figures they're playing, but the Nehru look-alike (Roshan Seth) doesn't have Nehru's elegant presence, and Gandhi's enemy Jinnah (Alyque Padamsee), who wants India to be divided into two countries (as indeed it was), is too obviously a decadent bad guy. There are some amiable people on the screen, such as the round-faced Saeed Jaffrey as Patel, but except for Gandhi there are no characters of any consequence, and the material is unshaped—you can't tell what goes on in *anybody's* head. The film's Gandhi is a one-man independence movement; he doesn't discuss nonviolence with other Indian leaders or with his own aides—he lays it down as a decree. And the only drama is in his courage and the courage of his nameless followers, as they carry out acts of civil disobedience and allow themselves to be beaten, maimed, killed. Nonviolent resistance can be very appealing to movie audiences—nonviolent rebels pose no threat to us. And, of course, audiences here can make the association and recall that this policy worked for Martin Luther King, Jr. It worked for King as it had for Gandhi—because he, too, was able to publicize the confrontations, and thus to shame white Americans, as Gandhi shamed the British. But in countries where movements for freedom don't have access to television and the press, nonviolent resistance isn't a political maneuver—it's just a morally superior way of getting yourself mangled. (The soldiers who attacked the refugees in the Lebanese camps were probably delighted that their victims were unarmed, and the Nazis who ran the death camps took pains to insure that theirs wouldn't put up a fight.)

There's a great subject here—a man without any public office, or even a clerical title, who becomes the leader of a nation by sheer force of spiritual authority. But can Gandhi's story be told without a trace of irony? Gandhi didn't use his fasts and his emaciated body just to embarrass the British; he used them against his own people, too. And here is his replica on the screen using his own martyrdom as a tactic—pushing guilt on everybody and getting his way. Basically, he's using the same diabolical tricks as the Jewish mothers that TV comics complain about. And Gandhi had a manipulative genius for timing and publicity. He made a virtue of what was practical. He was also often rigidly impractical—a side of him that, understandably, is omitted from the film. Many scenes break off as if they'd been cut before they were played out. Possibly, the script, by John Briley (there was an earlier version, by Gerald Hanley, and another, by Robert Bolt, and some rewrite work by Donald Ogden Stewart), suggested more of what formed Gandhi and set him apart. Still, it must have been written basically as the life of a saint. When the film's Gandhi says things like "All through history, the way of truth and love has always won," we must be meant to take them straight, be uplifted, and burn incense.

Attenborough himself is no slouch when it comes to publicity—the *Times* alone has had at least eight articles and news stories about the movie—and the accounts of his twenty-year struggle to get it made sit heavy on reviewers' heads. I don't think these accounts are necessarily false, or exaggerated; he has probably gone through some gruelling bad times to make this movie, and the subject may very well have become an obsession with him. But that doesn't mean that he's an obsessive artist. He steered a middle course so that the picture wouldn't offend people. What this amounts to is an empty, schoolboy's

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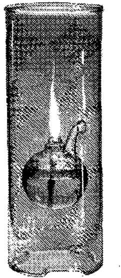

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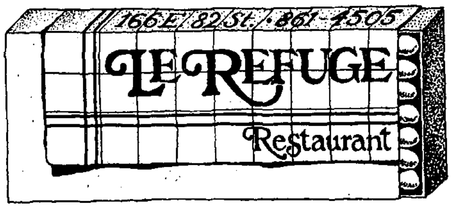
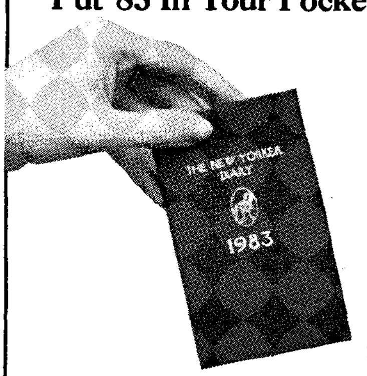


(or actor's) form of hero worship. Attenborough seems, more than anything else, infatuated with Gandhi. (Attenborough to a *Newsweek* correspondent: "I adore courage.") The movie is, as he hoped, generally inoffensive, but, apart from those scenes in which the unarmed Indians wait to be attacked by their armed adversaries, it's also, I think, unaffecting. This has to do with the kind of moviemaker Attenborough is. He has scenes with crowds of perhaps hundreds of thousands, but his images are less expressive than the footage we could see on television every night when masses of Iranians gathered in the streets to do obeisance to Ayatollah Khomeini. You have to read about Attenborough's deep commitment to the subject, because you couldn't guess it from what's on the screen. There is no trace of a point of view; the film feels as if it were directed by a committee. The movies that Satyajit Ray has made and the ones that Louis Malle shot in India in the late sixties—the feature-length documentary "Calcutta" and the seven-part series "Phantom India"—have the spirituality that this officially approved, laundered "Gandhi" doesn't have. When I've seen the Satyajit Ray films or those by Malle, I've felt that I was beginning to perceive something of the torpor and beauty of India; "Gandhi" makes me feel that I've been on a state visit.

"SOPHIE'S CHOICE," an unusually faithful adaptation of William Styron's Holocaust Gothic, is, I think, an infuriatingly bad movie. It comes to us stuffed with literary references and encrusted with the weighty culture of big themes: evil, tortured souls, guilt. The director, Alan J. Pakula, did the screenplay himself. He didn't write it, he penned it, and the film tells us that (1) survivors of the death camps carry deathly guilt within them and (2) William Styron is right up there on Parnassus with Thomas Wolfe, Walt Whitman, Emily Dickinson, and Hart Crane.

As Sophie, Meryl Streep is colorful in the first, campy, late-forties scenes, in a Brooklyn house divided into apartments and known as the Pink Palace, when, red-lipped and with bright-golden curls, she dimples flirtatiously and rattles on in Polish-accented, broken English, making her foreignness seem zany. This giddy, triste Sophie charms Stingo (Peter MacNicol), a young Southern writ-



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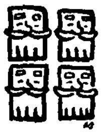
er—the stand-in for Styron—who has moved into the room right under hers. And there's an oddly affecting (though stagey) comic scene when Sophie and her lover, Nathan (Kevin Kline), babble to Stingo at the same time, seemingly unaware that each is drowning out the other. But once the flashbacks to Sophie's tormented past start up and the delayed revelations are sprung on us, and we know we're supposed to feel the lurid thrill of everything she did to survive, I felt more sympathy for Meryl Streep, the actress trying to put over these ultimate-horror scenes, than I could for Sophie herself. Streep is very beautiful at times, and she does amusing, nervous bits of business, like fidgeting with a furry boa—her fingers twiddling with our heartstrings. She has, as usual, put thought and effort into her work. But something about her puzzles me: after I've seen her in a movie, I can't visualize her from the neck down. Is it possible that as an actress she makes herself into a blank and then focusses all her attention on only one thing—the toss of her head, for example, in "Manhattan," her accent here? Maybe, by bringing an unwarranted intensity to one facet of a performance, she in effect decorporealizes herself. This could explain why her movie heroines don't seem to be full characters, and why there are no incidental joys to be had from watching her. It could be that in her zeal to be an honest actress she allows nothing to escape her conception of a performance. Instead of trying to achieve freedom in front of the camera, she's predetermining what it records.



Meryl Streep's work doesn't hold together here, but how could it? Sophie isn't a character; she's a pawn in this guilt-and-evil game played out by Sophie the Catholic, Nathan the Jew, and Stingo the Protestant. Styron got his three characters so gummed up with his idea of history that it's hard for us to find them even imaginable. And, with Sophie as the careworn flirt and Stingo as the heir to Southern chivalry, Nathan *has* to be unpredictable, or nothing would happen. (Maybe that's the reason for psychotics in fiction.)

MacNicol, in the usually lifeless part of the onlooker who's going to write the story we're seeing, gives the best and the only sustained performance: his auburn hair is cut very short, and he looks the twenty-two-year-old he's meant to be; he keeps an intensity going—he's right there, completely involved in the lovers' sadomasochistic trials. In the ads for the movie, Meryl Streep and Kevin Kline are posed like Garbo and John Gilbert—older Endless Lovers. But Kline is saddled with the kind of flamboyant role that never works—the brilliant, suffering genius. What is a poor actor supposed to do when he's given florid, tortured speeches to deliver? I kept waiting for him to cry "O Bright Ironic Gods!" It's an unplayable part—there's not a single believable moment in it.

What Pakula never figured out was how to get all this crazed romanticism in motion. There's nothing to move the picture forward during the scenes in which Nathan discovers that Sophie has "Look Homeward, Angel" in Polish, or Stingo receives "Leaves of Grass" as a present from Sophie and Nathan, or Stingo recites Emily Dickinson to Sophie, or the three of them are having an epiphany on Hart Crane's Brooklyn Bridge. The movie is a novel being talked to us. And Styron's novel is all come-on. The book has the kind of plotting that points relentlessly at a character's secret and then has to have the character lying constantly, so that the lies can be stripped away. Styron does a dance of a thousand veils with what he regards as the Mystery of Our Time. The movie, following the book, is a striptease. Styron builds the novel toward momentousness, but it's a structure of titillation. And maybe he's afraid we might be tired of the Nazis, so he works to nab us: he sweetens things along the way, throwing in Gothic goodies like the Pink Palace. (Was it inspired by the 1963 movie "What a Way to Go!," with Shirley MacLaine trying to cheer up her husband, Pinky, by having the rooms in their mansion all painted pink?) The whole plot is based on a connection that isn't there—the connection between Sophie and Nathan's relationship and what the Nazis did to the Jews. Eventually, we get to the Mystery—to Sophie's Choice—and discover that the incident is garish rather than illuminating, and too particular to demonstrate anything general. When you read the book, you can see that there are no unmarked cards in Styron's deck, and you feel you're being played for a sucker. The inert movie takes the book so seriously that you may feel it's Pakula who's the sucker.

—PAULINE KAEL

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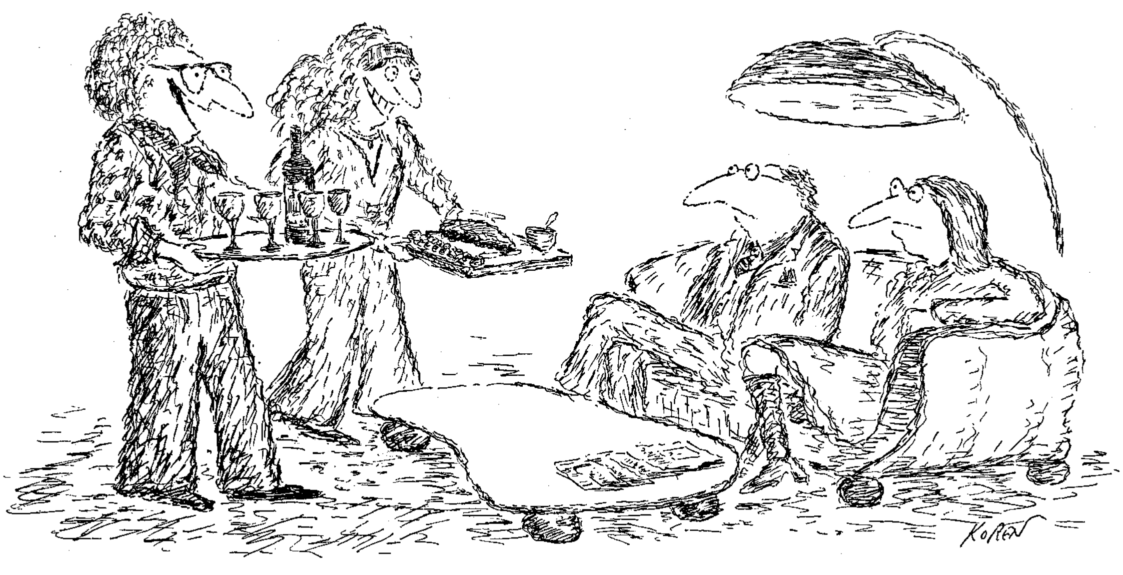
BOOKS

Lalla and Mervyn

Michael Ondaatje is a thirty-nine-year-old poet and novelist who was born in Ceylon and lives in Toronto. His new book, "Running in the Family" (Norton; $12.95), should not surprise us. Several years ago, he wrote a unique "novel," about the semilegendary New Orleans cornettist Buddy Bolden. Called "Coming Through Slaughter," it was a meditation on madness and on the peculiarly dense atmosphere of black New Orleans at the turn of the century. (Bolden went mad in 1907, and died in a state institution in 1931.) "Running in the Family" is offered as autobiography, but it is no more an autobiography than the Bolden book was a novel. It is an account of what Ondaatje found out about his family—in particular, his maternal grandmother, Lalla, and his father, Mervyn—when he visited Ceylon (now Sri Lanka) a couple of years ago. (He had left the island when he was eleven.) It is a kind of travel book—eloquent, oblique, witty, full of light and feeling—that keeps spilling over into poetry (six of its often short chapters are poems), into fiction, into slapstick and high-class adventure. But it is only partly about the heat and mountains and jungle of Ceylon. Rather, it concentrates on the queer, wild, uncontrollable countries that Lalla and Mervyn turned their lives into.

The Ondaatjes settled in Ceylon in 1600, and the family is an impenetrable mixture of Sinhalese, Tamil, and Dutch. When one of Mervyn's contemporaries was asked by a British official what his nationality was, he replied, "God alone knows, Your Excellency." The Ondaatjes' world was totally separate from that of the ruling British, who were regarded as "transients, snobs, and racists." (See Leonard Woolf's "Growing," a rueful account of seven years he spent on the island as an "imperialist" British civil servant.) This world seems to have been eccentric, joyous, proud, strong-minded, short-tempered, and heedless, especially in the nineteen-twenties, which Lalla once described as being "so whimsical, so busy that we were always tired." No one in Ondaatje's family remembers Lalla's childhood, but at twenty she married, on the rebound, a champion cricketer named Willie Gratiaen. (She was rebounding from the handsome, "utterly selfish" Shelton de Saram, who had suddenly married the wealthy Frieda Donhorst, newly arrived from England.) Before Lalla was thirty, Willie Gratiaen fell ill and died, leaving her a house and three acres, a dairy with thirty-five cows and some chickens, and two children—Noel and Doris, who became Ondaatje's mother. Lalla evolved her own laws and social codes. When one of her cows came down with the dreaded rinderpest fever, she shot it, burned it, and buried it instead of notifying the authorities, who would certainly have closed her dairy. She hid the head milkman after he stabbed to death a man who had made passes at a servant girl. (Later, at a hearing, Judge E. W. Jayawardene, a notoriously ugly man who often played bridge with Lalla, asked her if her milkman was good-looking. She replied, "Good looking? Who can say, My Lord My God, some people may find *you* good looking"—a remark that is still on record at the Buller's Road Court Museum, in Colombo.) She compulsively stole flowers and then gave them away, as she gave everything away, even when she had no money. "A lyrical socialist," Ondaatje calls her. She delighted in making fantastic costumes for her children, and once sent Doris to a masquerade ball as a lobster. When her children were grown, she sold her property and opened a boarding house, but that didn't last, and she began drifting from friend to friend, drinking more and more, and rarely letting a day pass without a game of high-ante bridge. (Gambling was an obsession in Ceylon.) She was often seen with old beaux like Shelton de Saram. She grew stranger and stranger. She and her younger brother, a bachelor named Vere, went on binges together and took fast moonlit motorcycle rides. Ondaatje writes of her, "She could be silent as a snake or flower. She loved the thunder; it spoke to her like a king. As if her mild dead husband had been transformed into a cosmic umpire, given the megaphone of nature. Sky noises and the abrupt light told her details of careers, incidental wisdom, allowing her to risk everything because the thunder would warn her along with the snake of lightning. She would stop the car and swim in the Mahaveli, serene among currents, still wearing her hat. Would step out of the river, dry in the sun for five minutes and climb back into the car among the shocked eyeballs of her companions, her huge handbag once more on her lap carrying four packs of cards, possibly a fish." Her death, early on the morning of August 15, 1947, becomes a mythological happening, and Ondaatje's description of it, just under two pages long, is high lyricism.

It could not have been easy for Ondaatje to track down his father's



"Cathy and I are going to mellow you out."

life. Estranged sons crave good news of their fathers, and Mervyn Ondaatje does not appear to have offered much. When his parents sent him to England to enter a university, he wrote back that he had been accepted at Queen's College, Cambridge. They forwarded tuition for three years, and just before that time was up they found out that Mervyn was living extravagantly in Cambridge, in the forefront of good taste, never having passed his entrance exams. He was already an expert diversionist. In rapid succession, each act partly erasing the preceding one, he became engaged to a wealthy English girl, returned to Ceylon and became engaged to Doris Gratiaen (allowing his sister to terminate his first engagement), and joined the gentlemanly Ceylon Light Infantry. After he and Doris were married, he became the sort of drunk who goes alcoholically mad for several weeks and then doesn't touch a drop for months. He and Doris had four children, of whom Michael was the youngest. After fourteen years, Doris divorced Mervyn. He remarried and had two more children, and he spent his last days sitting, huge and moribund, on the veranda of a chicken farm and listening to his wireless. Ondaatje bears him no anger. He grieves only because he doesn't know much more now than when he undertook his quest. He writes as if to his father, "In the end all your children move among the scattered acts and memories with no more clues. Not that we ever thought we would be able to fully understand you. . . . Whatever brought you solace we would have applauded. Whatever controlled the fear we all share we would have embraced." Ondaatje's knowledge of the fragility and luck of life is very clear. So, too, is the grace and originality of his prose. —WHITNEY BALLIETT

BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

RABBIS AND WIVES, by Chaim Grade, translated from the Yiddish by Harold Rabinowitz and Inna Hecker Grade (Knopf; $15.95). Three novellas set in Lithuania between the two World Wars, by a Lithuanian writer who came to New York in 1948, and who died earlier this year. The title they share is a good one; "Rabbis and Rebbetzins" might have been more accurate, but it would not have suggested the tension, in all three stories, between the more spiritual and the more worldly

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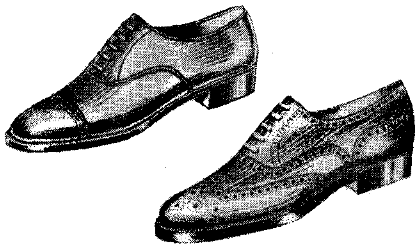

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members of the various towns' important families. In "The Rebbetzin," a small-town rabbi's shrewish wife ruins his quietly successful career in a perverse attempt at revenge on another, more successful rabbi, who was her first fiancé. "Laybe-Layzar's Courtyard" begins with a rabbi and a locksmith happily studying in far corners of a small synagogue; long before the end their wives and neighbors have enmeshed them in a complex series of feuds. "The Oath," about a dying husband's last request—that his son leave the university to study the Talmud full time with a scholar known as the Divorced Rabbi—is the cleverest of the three stories: while whole families misbehave, the Divorced Rabbi remembers that rabbis without wives would have no worries but also no reason to study, and to preserve, their sacred books. A good translation, with a valuable glossary.

CHARLES RYDER'S SCHOOLDAYS AND OTHER STORIES, by Evelyn Waugh (Little, Brown; $12.95 cloth, $5.95 paper). To begin with, the title piece here is not by even the most contemporary definition a story. It is a fragment, concerning the narrator of "Brideshead Revisited," and covering a couple of days at the beginning of a new term at his public school; it deals entirely with student politics and peer rivalries, and has neither beginning nor end. There are eleven other pieces. One of them is called "By Special Request," and is a thirteen-page alternative (and innocuous) ending to "A Handful of Dust," which entirely eliminates the savage Brazilian chapters. The rest of them were published in "Mr. Loveday's Little Outing" (1936), and most appeared again in "Tactical Exercise" (1954). None of them—not one—has any literary stature. Waugh, brilliant novelist though he was, was simply not a storyteller.

GENERAL

THE GIFT, by H.D. (New Directions; $14.95). A strange and lovely memoir by the Imagist poet, written (about forty years ago) from a child's point of view. Hilda Doolittle grew up in Pennsylvania at the turn of the century in a large family that included five amiable brothers, a variety of kindly uncles, aunts, and cousins, and a psychic grandmother. A fortune-teller told Hilda's mother that one of her children was gifted. Hilda was the one (although her mother didn't guess it), and she inherited the gift (or "the Gift," as she calls it) from her mother's mother, Mamalie. Mamalie had a way of "remembering" the memories of her eighteenth-century ancestors, a mystical group of Moravian settlers in Pennsylvania who befriended, for a while, the local Indians. In a crucial scene, Mamalie, in a trance, tells Hilda (who wonders if she herself is dreaming) about a prophecy featuring "the terror of burning and poisonous darts," which begins to make sense at the end when Hilda, now a writer and mother, lives in London during the Blitz. Most of her memories come in two parts: a pair of small alligators, for instance, named Castor and Pollux (given to her father, a renowned astronomer) inspire thoughts of Greek myths, the brothers Grimm, and ancient Egypt, but then one of them also makes local history when it crawls out an attic window and frightens the gardener. In a helpful introduction, Perdita Schaffner, H.D.'s daughter, recalls the day (during the Blitz) that "the Gift" was "triggered," by "a very special jar, Fortnum & Mason, prewar apple jelly, which she was saving for Edith Sitwell."

THE SUN, OUR STAR, by Robert W. Noyes (Harvard; $20). The sun is in fact "our" star. It is the star closest to us, and the one that we know the most about. But it is, by terrestrial standards, a very strange object —governed by physical effects on such a large scale as to make thinking about them difficult. Professor Noyes, of Harvard, is clearly on top of all the latest solar research. His book is a splendid introduction to solar astronomy for a serious and curious reader.

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Agreement on the overall objective of decision usefulness was a prerequisite to the establishment of a conceptual framework. Now, at least, we know where we are headed.—*The Week in Review, newsletter of Deloitte Haskins & Sells.*

Thank heaven.

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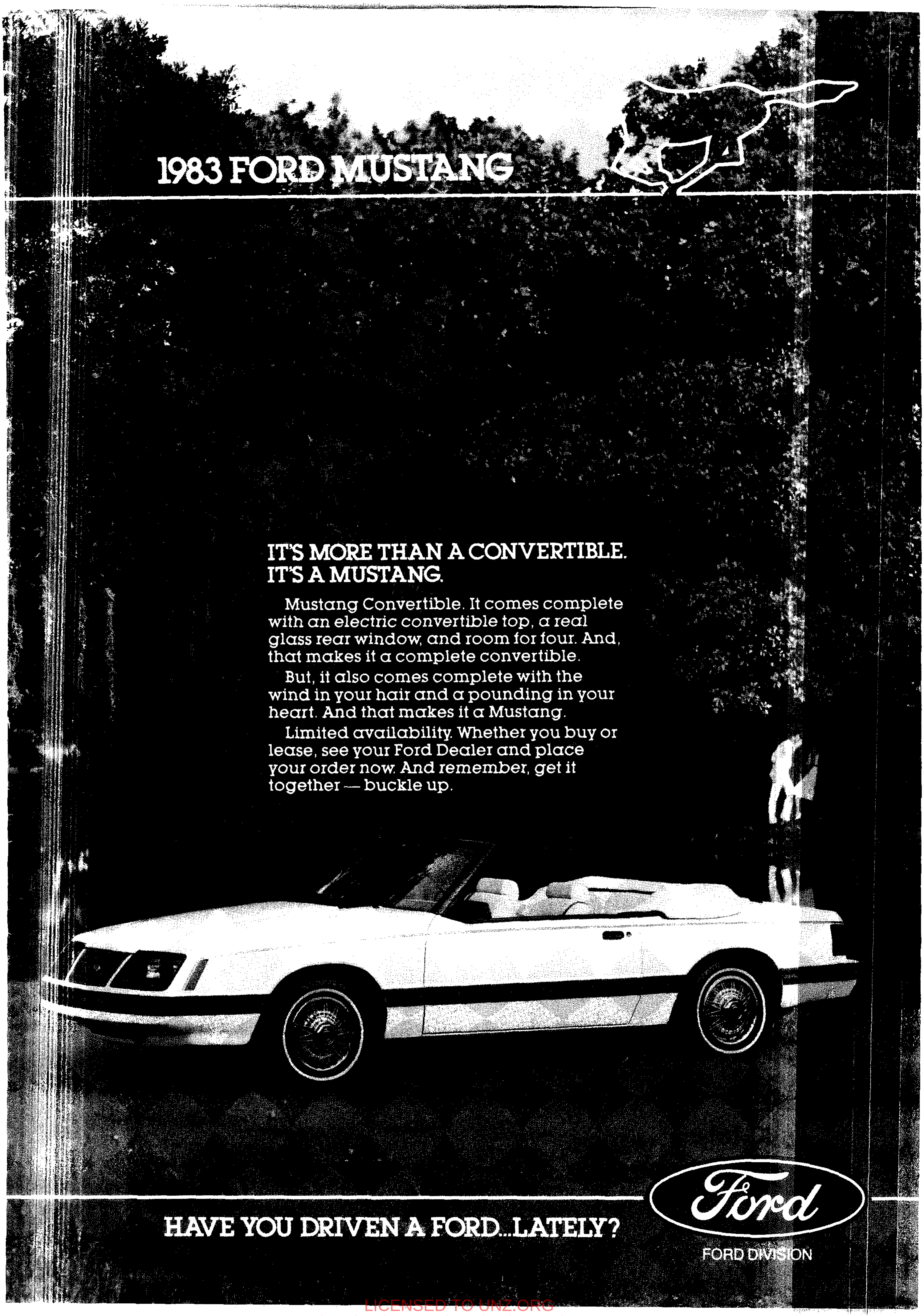

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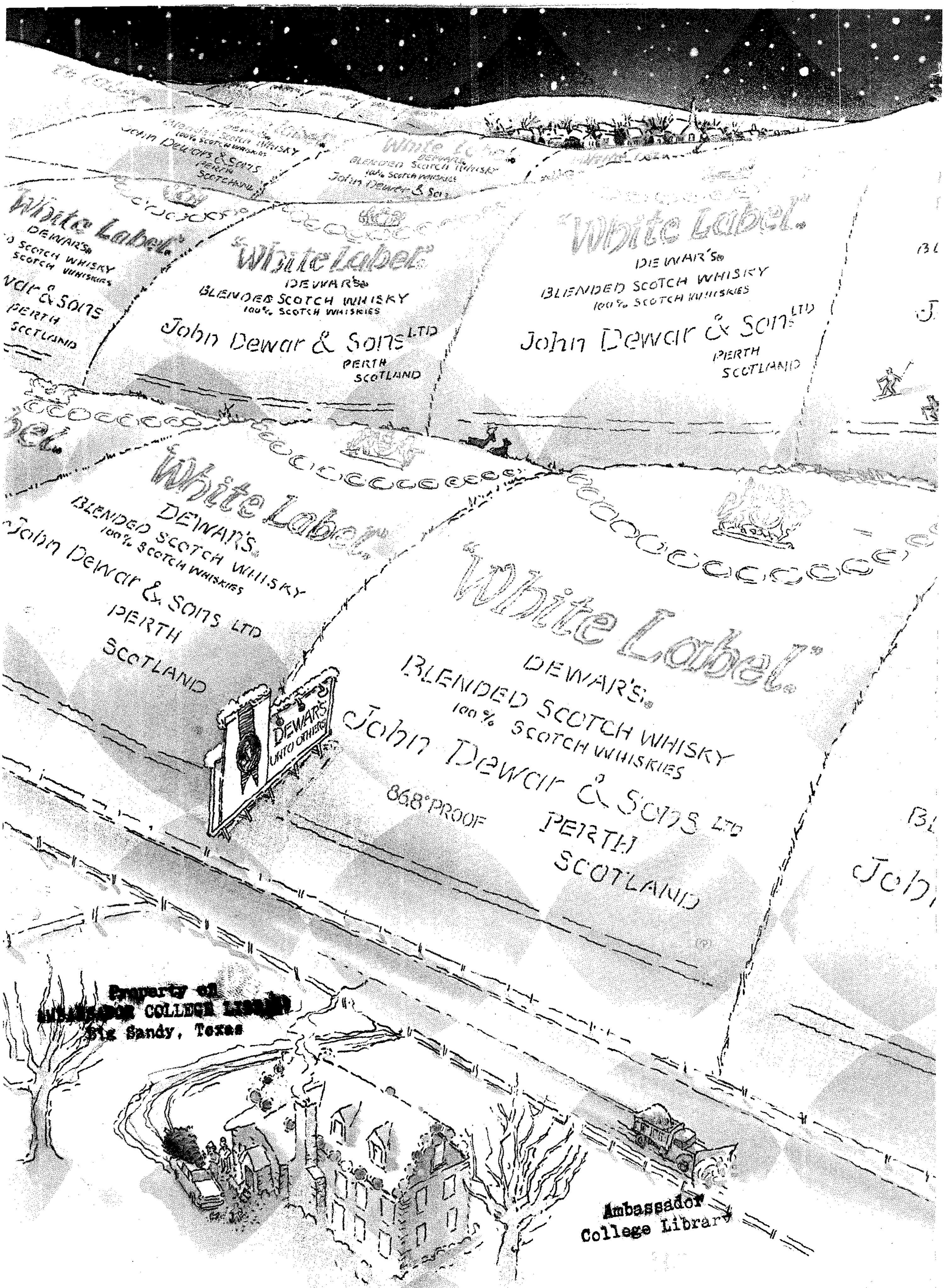
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